

LIFE



SIMPSON
OF THE NINTH

MARCH 12, 1945 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50



QUALITY CRAFTSMANSHIP STYLE

Forstmann
100% VIRGIN WOOL
COPY. F.W.CO.

FORSTMANN WOOLEN COMPANY
PASSAIC, N.J.



Mr. Phillipov is gathering tire seeds

IT'S NO CINCH to pick dandelion seeds. So Mr. Phillipov, shown here in a Russian field, invented this machine for gathering the fuzzy heads before they blew away. Russians call their dandelion kok-saghyz (kawk-sa-jeez'), "the root that can be chewed."

The reason the root can be chewed is that there is rubber in it—high grade rubber. That's why it's important to gather the seeds, which will grow in America as well as in Russia.

But no one knew just how to use the rubber best . . . or what it might offer for future tire improvement. So B. F. Goodrich men, working with the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, have gone out to get all the information. They have made and tested tires from this rubber.

Five years ago these same men had gone out to get information about use of *synthetic* rubber. By June, 1940—eighteen months before the war—they were making and selling tires containing

synthetic. That was three years ahead of any other rubber company. They had started manufacturing it commercially in 1937; and, up to the time the government plants were built, B. F. Goodrich made more tire-type synthetic than the rest of the industry combined.

This B. F. Goodrich search for improvement extends to every type of material . . . to every type of construction . . . and to every type of tire—passenger car, truck, airplane, farm service and

others. When and if you can buy tires, you'll get extra value if you buy those backed by extra experience and this policy of constant improvement. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, O.

In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

This One



NZUL-WFD-W15X



CAUTION... eyes at work




Have a care for young eyes, parents! Nature intended eyes for daylight seeing—very different from the reading and other close work they do indoors. Be

sure they have the best possible lighting—free from glare and shadows, well diffused and plentiful. Today Westinghouse bulbs are only 10¢ for sizes up to 60 watts . . . only 15¢ for the big 100 watt size! So why not fill every socket in the home with bright, long-lasting bulbs? For better See-ability, better buy Westinghouse bulbs. Write for the modern lighting booklet, "The Lighter Side of Life." Free from Dept. F-2, Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Company, Bloomfield, New Jersey.

LIGHT, HEAT AND AIDS TO HEALTH

Tomorrow, light won't be the only thing brought you by Westinghouse Lamps. You'll take a new "R.S." sun-lamp—and acquire a healthy tan! When

muscles ache, you'll direct radiant heat from a new Heat Lamp—and the snap of a switch will almost instantly bring soothing heat!



Westinghouse
PLANTS IN 25 CITIES . . . OFFICES EVERYWHERE
MAZDA LAMPS FOR SEE-ABILITY

WESTINGHOUSE PRESENTS John Charles Thomas, Sunday, 2:30, EWT, N. B. C.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

PSYCHOSOMATIC MEDICINE

Sirs:

As defined in your article, "Psychosomatic Medicine" (LIFE, Feb. 19), I am an ectomorph dominated by an outsize nervous system.

For 12 long years I have played unwilling host to a peptic ulcer. I have consulted 12 doctors, had my stomach X-rayed in every conceivable position and spent in excess of \$3,000 for diagnosis and treatment.

When I realize that for exactly 10¢ LIFE has given me a clearer picture of the seat and cause of my gastric disturbances than I had ever received before, a queer sensation, arising in my cortex, travels to my medulla and, passing through both vagus nerve and esophagus, reaches my stomach, setting up a severe pang in my old friend the peptic ulcer!

GEORGE A. MCCURRACH

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sirs:

I have been classified as "allergic." If I am psychoneurotic, as I well may be, is it not probable that the neurotic symptoms are the result of the allergy? This theory is held by the many doctors who have tried to cure me. I asked these doctors their opinion of the psychosomatic theory. They were all opposed to it as unproved and unanimous in their opinion that an allergy is probably the result of glandular disturbance. You stated that the glands are controlled to some extent by the emotions. But in earliest babyhood I suffered from asthma and eczema. Thousands of infants and children are allergic. Are they neurotic?

ELIZABETH CROWLEY

Brattleboro, Vt.

● Yes, a great many of them are neurotic. Their neuroses are sometimes caused by allergies, sometimes vice versa. In any case, neuroses and allergies usually aggravate each other.—ED.

Sirs:

The very interesting article, "Psychosomatic Medicine," contains some statements that lend themselves to erroneous interpretation and distorted impression.

The writer states that emotions fre-

(continued on p. 4)

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LIFE
March 12, 1945

Volume 18
Number 11



1—Want a Quick, Clean, Comfortable shave EVERY TIME? Then—try Palmolive Brushless!



2—Want a Face so GOOL you need no After-Shave Lotion? Then—try Palmolive Brushless!



3—Want a Fast, Smooth Shave, even with Cold or Hard Water? Then—try Palmolive Brushless!

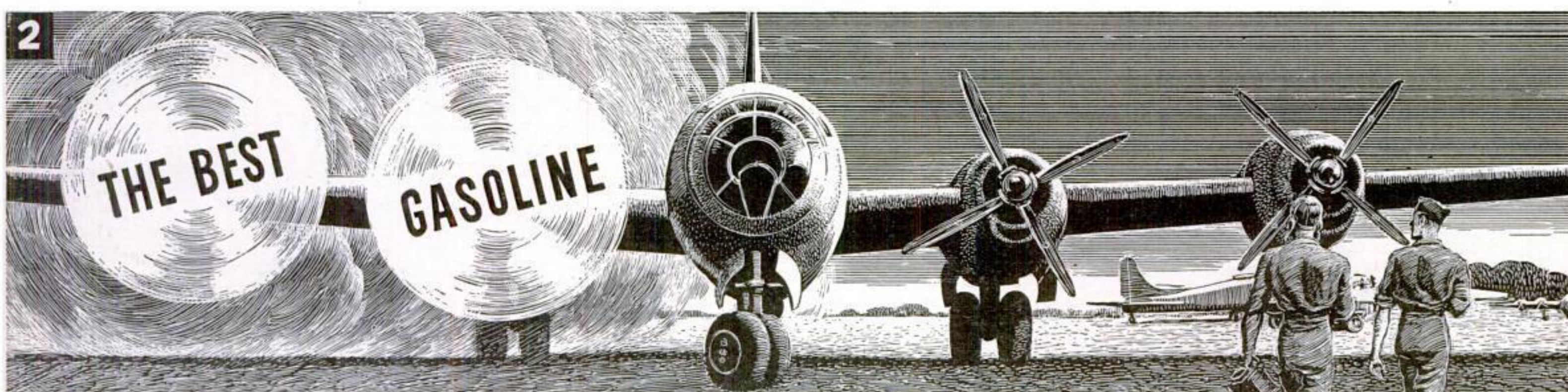
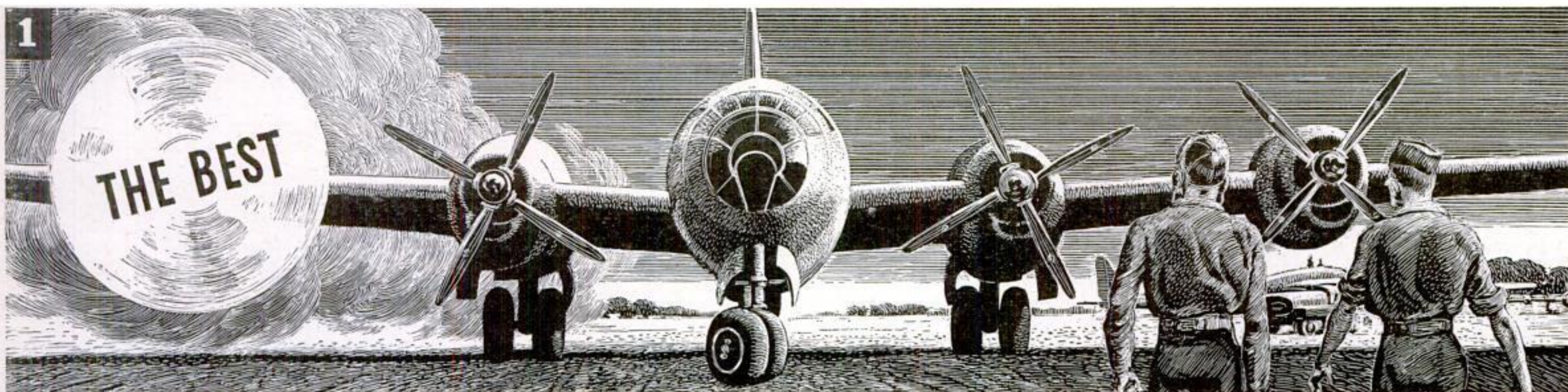


4—Want a shave that allows no Bite, no RAZOR BURN? Then—try Palmolive Brushless!



Only PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS
Guarantees* You 4-Way Shaving Comfort!

*Yes, Palmolive Brushless—no other shave cream—guarantees you 4-way shaving comfort! That's because Palmolive Brushless not only wilts whiskers fast, but at the same time lubricates your skin—cushions it against your razor. Try it and see! You get shaving comfort—4 ways—or, mail carton top to Palmolive, Jersey City 2, New Jersey, and we'll refund your money!



A single B-29 carries more gasoline than the average motorist would use in ten normal years. What's more, every drop of this gasoline is of super-quality and improved with Ethyl fluid . . . so it isn't difficult to see why home-front supplies of gasoline are short on both quantity and quality.

In fact, there's only one thing that

we know of that will greatly improve your chances of getting the gasoline you want. That's complete, final Victory. Only then can you expect unlimited quantities of high-quality, post-war gasoline. Only then can we promise you the Ethyl of the future, the Ethyl gasoline that will bring out the best performance of your car.

Ethyl



ETHYL
IS A
TRADE MARK
NAME

CORPORATION
CHRYSLER BUILDING NEW YORK, N. Y.



The two-way stretch freedom that makes you feel lithe as a dancer is back in foundations by Munsingwear! It has all its old smoothness and fluid control...its same special talent for making the American girl look so well in her clothes. Three years of planning have made these new Foundettes not wartime makeshifts but basically the styles you've always liked so much in Munsingwear. See them soon, created of Lastex* yarns, at better corset departments everywhere.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MUNSINGWEAR *Foundettes*
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Fine Foundation Garments • Also Underwear, Sleeping Wear, Hosiery

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS CONTINUED

quently lead to the production of "fatal physical illnesses." This assertion, to my knowledge, appears to be erroneous. A condition of emotional instability or strain may produce some of the symptoms of a syndrome (chain of symptoms) of the particular physical disease which it may simulate, but it does not cause the actual disease. The condition of pseudocyesis, or imaginary pregnancy (not false pregnancy), is not at all a physical disease. It is merely an abnormal mental state of the individual female, manifested by some indefinite symptoms of a true pregnancy. There are no pathological changes present in any of the tissues or in the generative organs during this period of the "pregnancy."

This branch of medicine has limited usefulness and to claim any sensational possibilities in the future for it is to exaggerate its real significance and therapeutic potentialities.

D. DEUTSCHMAN, M.D.
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I beg to differ with your description of the typical ulcer patient. He does not look like Humphrey Bogart. If he does—all men should have ulcers!

ANNETTE DWORKIN
Detroit, Mich.

GIFT SHOW

Sirs:

I want to voice my opinion on the article, "Big Gift Show" (LIFE, Feb. 19). Why do people always pick on the farmer?

My farmer-husband wouldn't even give the tropical dream island lamp a place in his workshop!

CATHERINE C. SCOTT
Mattoon, Ill.

Sirs:

Will you permit an old-timer in the gift field to comment on your article, "Big Gift Show"? You have rendered a real service to the industry as a whole, as well as to the general consumer. It is a deplorable state of bad taste that such "junk" can possibly find a market.

But perhaps we are going through a period similar to that which existed during and immediately after World War I. Many of us can remember the monstrosities of 25 years ago. Who can ever forget such "works of art" as the plaster replica of Venus with the alarm clock set into her anatomy where the navel was supposed to be?

During every period of war prosperity a new group of purchasers of gifts appears in the market. Since these war-prosperity workers never had the opportunity to learn the primary elements of art they unfortunately always seem to have to start from the bottom. But those very people, once having tasted "art" in its worst form, will eventually develop their taste for the better things.

I can testify from my own sales that the worst offenders with regard to taste are in the new war-plant centers of the country, indicating that it is the factory workers, not the farmers, who are indulging in this form of "art." Let them do it. Let them find out later on what they have been spending their money. It will only make them hungrier for the better things.

HERMAN KASHINS
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

I was delighted to see the article on arty junk. But this kind of "home decoration" is not an American specialty. It is international. The Germans were always tops in producing it and cluttering their homes with what they called *nippes*, a French word meaning shabby clothes and junk. *Nippes* could be patriotic, naughty, sentimental or cute. Most of the time they were atrocious.

(continued on p. 6)

BETTY HUTTON...
PARAMOUNT'S dynamic star
is always a dependable performer. You'll see her soon in
"Here Come The Waves."



*Dependable
Performers*



You can depend on a Stratford to put rhythm in your writing. Its satin-smooth point glides swiftly over paper...keeping pace with your every thought. You can refill your Stratford quickly...easily. Its handy push-button requires but one stroke of your thumb. Select your streamlined Stratford Conqueror, today, at any reliable pen counter. It's a good pen...and a good value. In Black, Dubonnet, Gray, and Jade Green.

The Conqueror
Illustrated Actual Size



SALZ BROTHERS INC. • SALZ BUILDING • NEW YORK 1, N.Y.



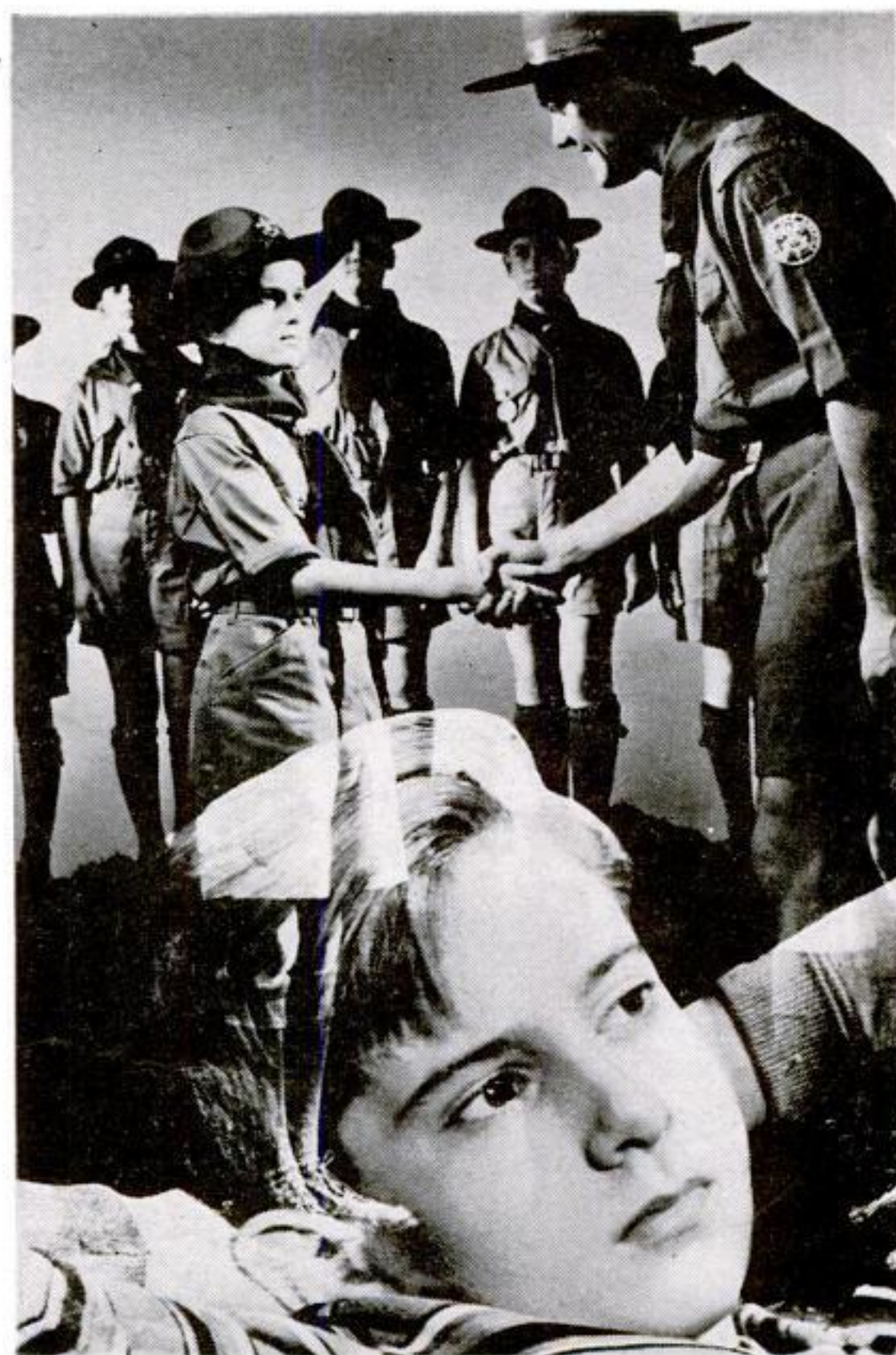
SHE SAID "I DO"...

HE BECAME THE LEADER
OF THE RATTLESNAKE PATROL

Music... and the two dreaming, and living their dreams. She at the church with fluttery knees and heart, and a vision of a man who must come true. The boy, seeing himself for the moment not as tenderfoot but as envied leader of the best patrol in town.

If you are moved by music... you know well how it awakens your memories, kindles dreams and ambitions. And you know, too, how much more you get out of your kind of music—be it symphony or swing—when you hear it at its best.

With Stromberg-Carlson FM you will hear music and all radio programs virtually without static and interference! Some radios may fall short of the full glorious range of tone possible through FM... so be sure you listen to Stromberg-Carlson FM before you buy your post-war radio or phonograph combination.

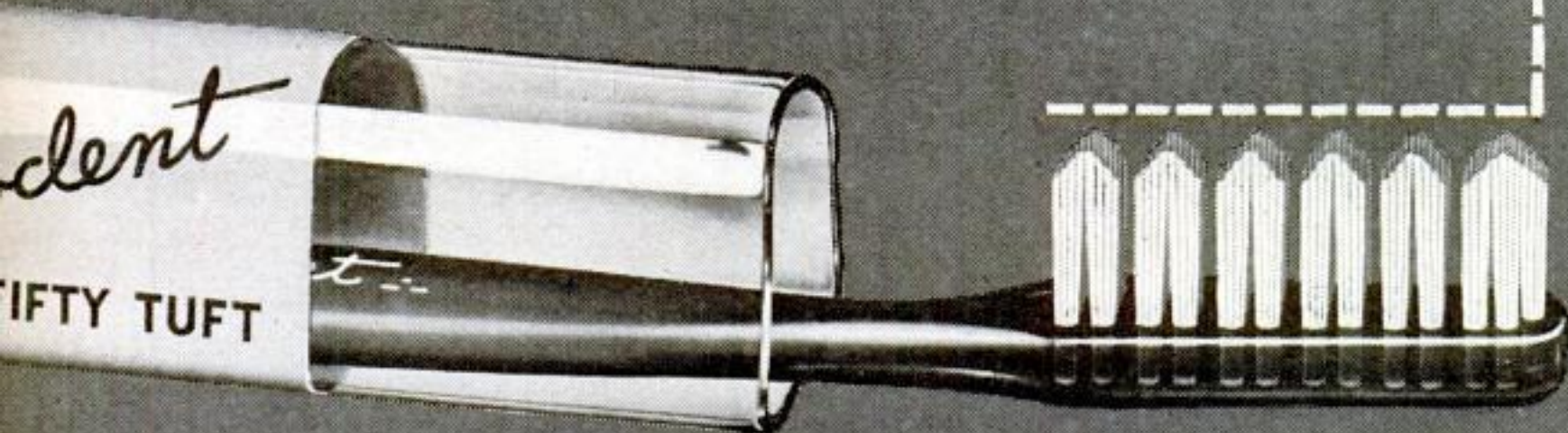


MORE THAN 300 RADIO STATIONS APPLY FOR FM: Within 18 months broadcasting facilities will be rushed to completion to serve 100,000,000 Americans through the miracle of FM. Yes... and Stromberg-Carlson plans FM receivers over a wide range of prices with models for every taste.

For the main radio in your home...there is nothing finer than a **STROMBERG-CARLSON**

©1945, STROMBERG-CARLSON COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Every Pepsodent Brush has the Straight Line Design most dentists recommend



**Straight Line Design
CLEANS TEETH BEST
SAY DENTISTS 2 TO 1**



How Dentists Voted in Nationwide Survey



There are only these 3 basically different brushing surface designs among all leading tooth brushes sold today:

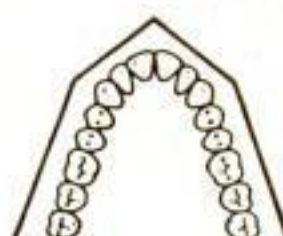


Straight Line Design Concave Design Convex Design

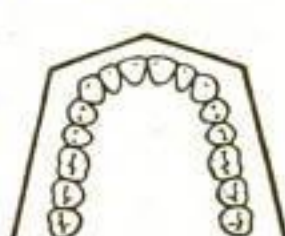
When 30,000 dentists were asked which of these designs cleaned teeth best—by overwhelming odds, by more than 2 to 1—the answers were: "Straight Line Design"!

Why Pepsodent's Straight Line Design Cleans Teeth Best

Despite popular belief, most teeth in the average mouth actually lie in a series of relatively straight lines.



These diagrams represent the two extreme types of dental arch. Even in these extremes, note that most teeth are in relatively straight lines. Pepsodent's



Straight Line Design fits more teeth better than convex or concave designs... actually cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.

**Get a
Pepsodent
Tooth Brush
Today!**

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS CONTINUED

A witty art professor at Stuttgart founded a museum which exhibited nothing but trash in order to educate popular taste. Not a bad idea.

RECHA A. JÁSZI

Worcester, Mass.

RADIOTOKYO

Sirs:

"Radiotokyo" (LIFE, Feb. 19) was the favorite comedy program in the westward Aleutians during my tour of duty in 1943 in that treeless and weather-bound outpost beyond civilization where many a good Joe goes "tundra happy" and blows his top in the rugged land of the willwa and the blue fox. At dinnertime each day Tokyo Rose, their woman announcer, would start her program with "American music" and then comments on the war.

These always followed about the same pattern. So many American ships sunk, so many damaged, the balance fleeing in disorder. More particularly, so many "American planes shut down." Her "shot" was always "shut." The bigger her stories, the more laughs she got. We used to get a big kick out of it all and often wondered whom they thought they were fooling. Not us, anyway.

GEORGE D. BARR

Arlington, Va.

MAY CRAIG

Sirs:

I enjoyed your excellent story about my good friend May Craig (LIFE, Feb. 19) but think you should have included one important bit of information. May just returned from the European theater



WAR CORRESPONDENT CRAIG

where she was the only grandmother among the correspondents in the ETO.

We spent much time battling all over England, Scotland and France with May—in combat areas and out—and I never knew May to ask any quarter. She ate K rations, bathed in her helmet, lugged her own duffle and was a regular fellow in general, winning the respect of all the correspondents over there.

HOWARD L. CHERNOFF
Managing Director

West Virginia Network
Charleston, W. Va.

DALAI LAMA

Sirs:

I am glad to see that A. T. Steele, who photographed the "Dalai Lama" (LIFE, Feb. 19), can still get into out-of-the-way places of the world. I was living in Tsitsihar, Manchuria in 1932 or '33 when I first learned how long his nose for news was. The Japanese were then saving Manchuria from the rest of the world and from Chinese General Ma Chen-Shan in particular. The wily general had slipped away from the Japanese and they were hoping to capture him. Mr. Steele had also slipped away from the Japanese who were carefully guarding his footsteps and, according to rumors, had gone to interview the Chinese general.

One day two Japanese reporters tried to extract some information from

(continued on p. 8)

**MILLIONS
of MEN**

Walk in
PORTO-PED
comfort



PORTO-PED Air Cushion

- ★ Yields with every step
- ★ Absorbs shocks, jars
- ★ Keeps you foot-fresh




THE MacRAE
Model 2354
Hand Stitched
Tip and Vamp

You're invited to join the millions of men who breeze through strenuous days — their footwork made easier by Porto-Peds. Real foot comfort will be yours from the day you ease your feet into Porto-Ped Shoes with their built-in patented, resilient air cushion and exclusive, flexible Arch Lift. But that's not all — Porto-Peds are distinguished for smart styling, fine leathers and superior craftsmanship — you'll be proud to wear them. See your Porto-Ped Shoe dealer — or write us for his name.

PORTAGE SHOE MFG. COMPANY
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin
Division of Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Company

PORTO-PED
Air Cushion Shoes
\$7.85 — Some Styles Higher

PHILIP MORRIS PRESENTS



TWO FINE PIPE MIXTURES

with the *bite out* and the flavor *in*!

And a world of new pleasure for the man who loves his pipe

Don't blame your pipe when it goes "haywire" to your tongue.

Instead, take this suggestion.

Try these two unusual pipe-mixtures. Try *both*. Perhaps even mix them, and try the combination.

You're almost certain to find *one* is exactly the pipe tobacco you've been looking for.

Exactly the blend to make any pipe you own *taste* better—with

far more pleasure in every puff.

Each mixture is well above average . . . in quality, blending and remarkable lack of bite.

Both represent a big step forward in preparing fine pipe tobacco . . . a Philip Morris advance that keeps the flavor in, but "the bite out!"

Today—at your favorite tobacco counter—*act* on this suggestion. This evening, you'll relax and really enjoy that pipe of yours!

PROOF A-PLENTY!

Laboratory measurement of the irritation ("bite") in smoke, indicates that the average of six other leading pipe tobaccos is over THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING as REVELATION! Since BOND STREET also is produced by the same Philip Morris method, you'll find this goes for BOND STREET too!



REVELATION

*One of the world's most Perfectly
Balanced Blends*

A magnificent "flavor-balance" of five different, superb tobaccos . . . cut five different ways; it packs well . . . smokes clean, cool and even—every puff a pleasure!

*Either—
15¢*

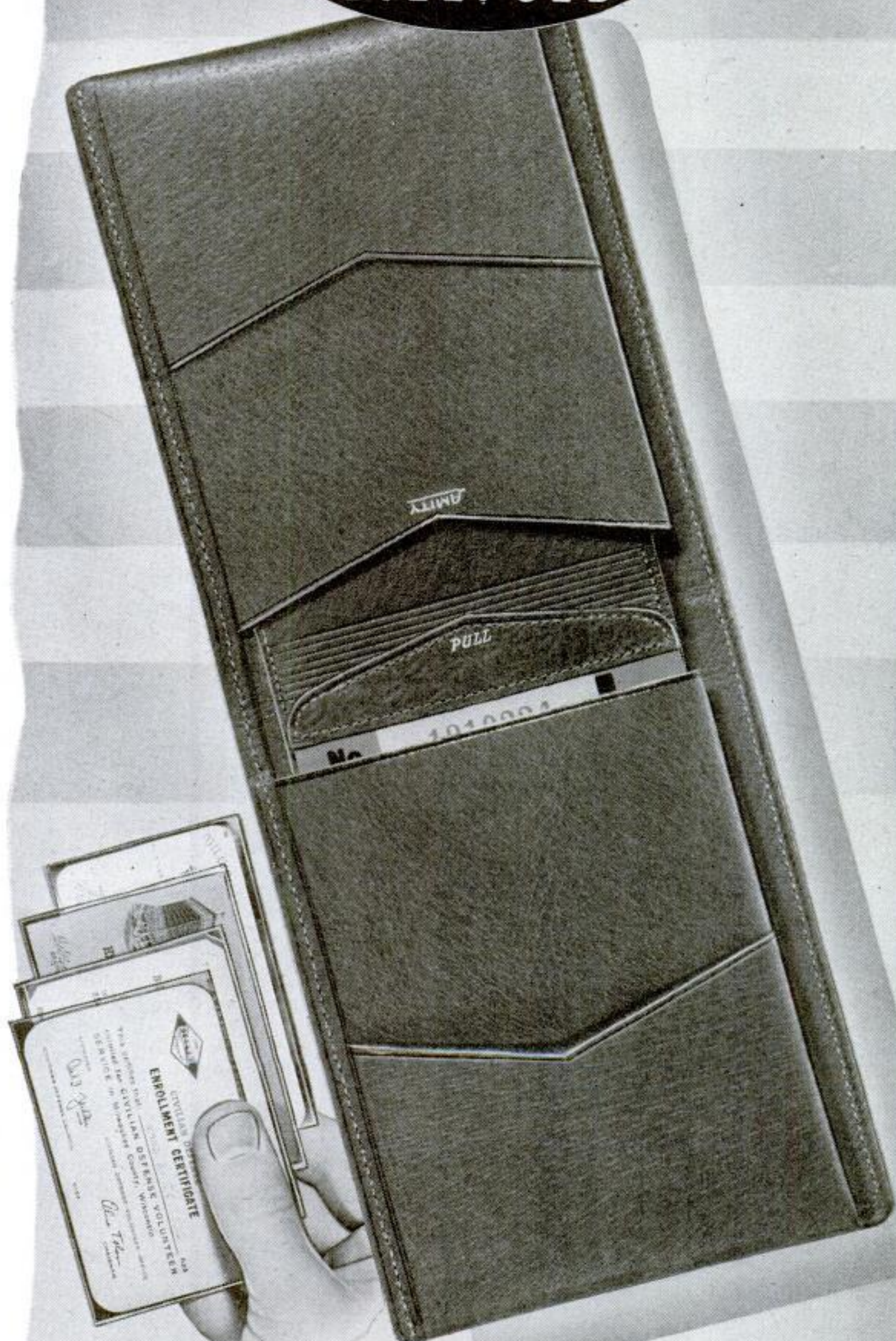
BOND STREET

*A Genuine and very different
Aromatic Mixture*

Contains a rare aromatic tobacco never before used in popular-price blends . . . wonderful flavor . . . aroma . . . even the ladies approve. Smooth, cool, clean-burning.

Carry all those vital cards
...in a slim, trim...

AMITY
"DIRECTOR"
8-FEATURE
BILLFOLD



Present identification—
without parting with
your billfold!

Baffled about all your essential identification cards, passes, photos, etc.? Then the Amity "Director" Billfold was made for you! Gives you FOUR celluloid envelopes for 8 visible cards. And each is instantly removable, with the patented sliding card pocket. Yes, and the eight great features...such as secret currency pocket, spare key pockets...make the Amity "Director" your best buy in billfolds. Workmanship and leathers guaranteed. At good stores everywhere...\$3.50 up plus tax.

AMITY LEATHER PRODUCTS COMPANY
WEST BEND, WISCONSIN

**LETTERS
TO THE EDITORS**

CONTINUED

us. They knew no English and we knew no Japanese—not even enough to guess what "Suteeru" might mean. Finally one Jap wrote "Stelse" and we guessed it. But he got no more from us. Then, disgusted, he wrote in Chinese, "Gone. Dead or alive, don't know. Very dangerous."

We are glad to know they haven't caught Steele yet.

ROSE A. HUSTON

Sandy Hook, Ky.

GYPSY ROSE LEE

Sirs:

Only one thing wrong with the tender picture of Gypsy Rose and young Eric (LIFE, Feb. 19)...in best maternal circles the safety pin is not held in the mouth. Baby is liable to try it some day. Certainly Miss Lee knows the ins and outs of the power of suggestion!

DOROTHY S. POTTER

Hudson, Ohio

Sirs:

I confess I can't strip the way Gypsy can, but under duress I can diaper our baby in one minute flat.

S/SGT. NAT BEGUN

Newark, N. J.



BEGUN AND FAMILY

ON TO TOKYO

Sirs:

Your story, "On to Tokyo" (LIFE, Feb. 19), is brief, to the point and, in the main, accurate. Two glaring inaccuracies are due to editorial desire to emphasize a point which is a general American misconception. Japanese children are not trained in warfare nor its imitations any younger than are American children who like to act out what they see in the movies, using wooden guns or hand grenades.

"Willness is taught Japs early" shows two little kindergarten girls playing what you thought was "Go." They are actually playing with glass objects shaped like cherry blossoms, a game wherein each player attempts to take as many "blossoms" as possible. There is no more willness in playing this game of "Go" than in playing chess, and also no more likelihood that a youngster in Japan would play that game at an early age than that a child would play chess in our country.

"Combateness is taught Japs early" is also propagandistic rather than correctly interpretive, inasmuch as the boys shown wrestling are simply imitating older boys and professional wrestlers. Boys in Japan very rarely have personal fights such as one knows take place among our youngsters and of which so many of our parents are really proud!

LEEDS GULICK

Chicago, Ill.

RETURN TO THE PHILIPPINES

Sirs:

Here is the "Flame of friendship" Miss Japan brought to the New York World's Fair from Tokyo in 1939. The

Check yourself for these symptoms of
ATHLETE'S FOOT

- ☐ Peeling & cracks between toes
- ☐ Soft, soggy skin
- ☐ Itching



**HAVE YOU
GOT IT?**

You probably have Athlete's Foot or will get it unless you guard against the infection. Surveys show 70% of adults infected each year! And even a mild case may suddenly become serious. Now science offers new hope. Millions are fighting Athlete's Foot successfully with Quinsana powder this easy way—

EASY 2-WAY TREATMENT



ON FEET

1. Use soothing Quinsana on feet daily to aid in protection and relief. The great majority of Chiropodists recommend Quinsana.



IN SHOES

2. Shake Quinsana into shoes daily (absorbs moisture, reducing chances of re-infection from shoe linings). For the whole family.



(continued on page 11)

* Imagination in testing



• Measuring the fuel economy of a carburetor on special Chrysler-developed equipment.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

IN WAR AND PEACE, IMAGINATION HELPS MAKE BETTER THINGS FOR YOU!

Imagination wears things out before they are made; it pries loose the secrets of materials, tortures products to learn to make them better for you.

Imagination invents inquisitive devices to test the parts of cars and trucks — or tanks and guns — to make sure they'll stand up in service.

Imagination drives, weathers, ages and punishes Chrysler Corporation products to discover how they will behave when you use them. Such tests often show how a particular part can be changed to last longer and serve you better.

In all our activities, from buying raw materials to final testing of the completed product, imagination goes one step farther to find how to improve the performance of a car, a truck — a cannon, a tank, an aircraft part.

Imagination inspired all the important car developments Chrysler Corporation has pioneered. It made possible Fluid Drive and Floating Power — and the smooth, economical performance they bring you. After the war, it will again put extra value into the cars and trucks we make for you.

Imagination is serving in war, helping to apply our "engineered production" methods to improve and speed the huge quantities of tanks, guns, shells and other military equipment we build.

* IMAGINATION IS THE DIRECTING FORCE AT

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

YOU'LL ENJOY MAJOR BOWES PROGRAM THURSDAYS, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.

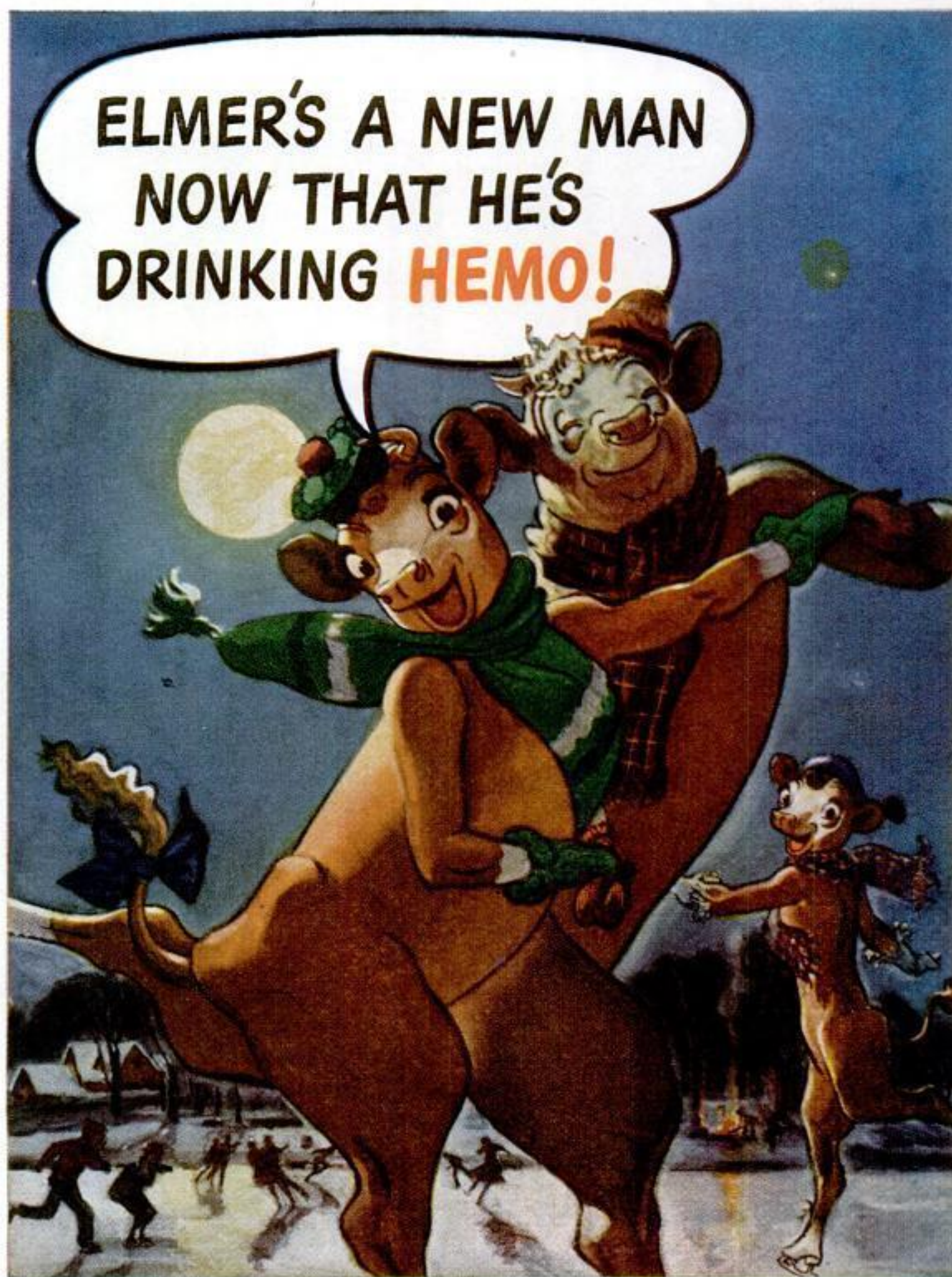
Plymouth
DODGE
DeSoto
CHRYSLER

AIRTEMP
Heating, Cooling, Refrigeration
CHRYSLER
Marine and Industrial Engines
OILITE
Powdered Metal Products

BEFORE HEMO!



AFTER HEMO!



Get your vitamins the better **HEMO** way!

You can't act "alive" if you don't feel "alive."

And you can't feel "alive" if you're not getting *enough* vitamins and minerals (3 out of 4 families lack diet essentials!).

There are several ways to get your vitamins and minerals. And dietetic authorities say they do you more good when taken *together*.

You get them *together* in HEMO!

And HEMO is a *real* food! The most glorious-tasting chocolate food drink ever!



Just 2 glasses of HEMO made with milk supply YOUR FULL DAY'S NEEDS—according to government standards—of Vita-

mins A, B₁, B₂(G), D, Niacin; Iron, Calcium, Phosphorus. *Plus* lots of proteins!

Compare the labels on *all* the vitamin-fortified drinks—and you'll buy HEMO! And really get your money's worth.

Try HEMO *pipin-hot* or cold! 59¢ for the pound jar at grocery and drug stores.



HEMO exceeds adult requirements!

Minimum daily needs set by U. S. nutritionists	2 servings of HEMO, made with milk, give
4000 USP units	VITAMIN A 4900 USP units
333 USP units	VITAMIN B ₁ 400 USP units
2 milligrams	VITAMIN B ₂ 3 milligrams
400 USP units	VITAMIN D 410 USP units
(Not set)	NIACIN 10.3 milligrams
10 milligrams	IRON 15.7 milligrams
750 milligrams	CALCIUM 950 milligrams
750 milligrams	PHOSPHORUS 750 milligrams

©Borden Co.

Borden's Hemo

Drink your vitamins and like 'em!

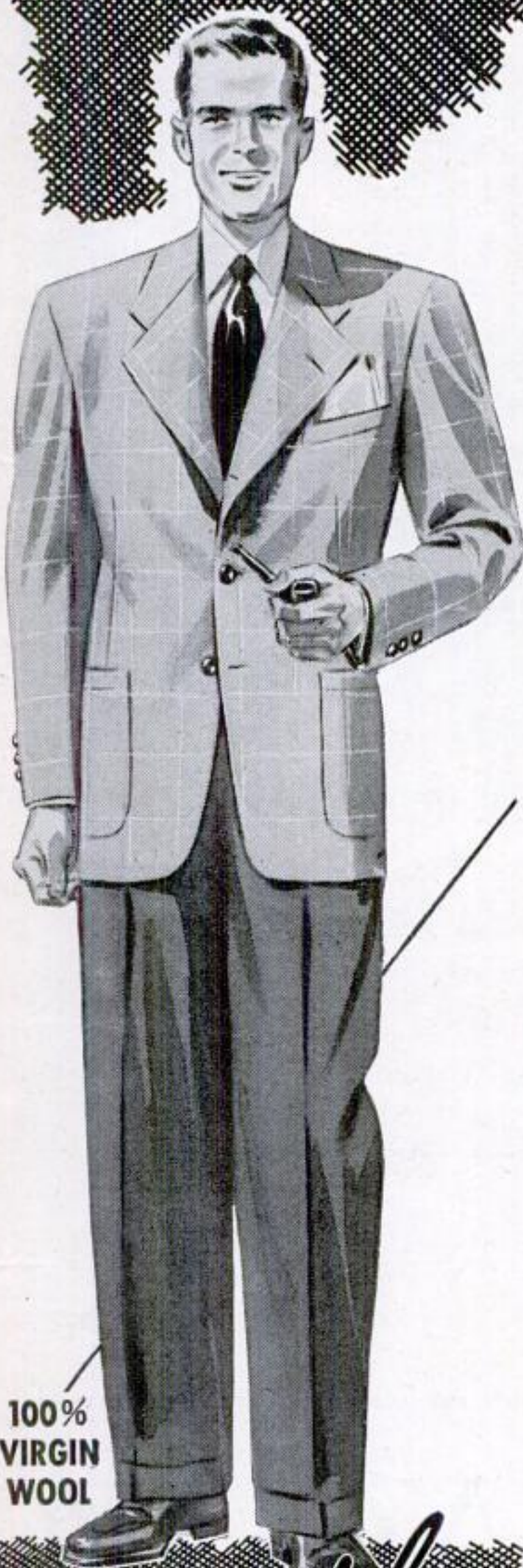
JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:

- The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!
- PLUS
- The Vitamin B₁ in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!
- PLUS
- The Vitamin B₂ (G) in 4 servings of spinach!
- PLUS
- The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!
- PLUS
- The Niacin in 3 servings of carrots!
- PLUS
- The Iron in ½ pound of beef!
- PLUS
- The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!



IF IT'S BORDEN'S
IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

Aldens
TWO-SOMES...
Backbone of Your
Sports Wardrobe!



100%
VIRGIN
WOOL

Colorful

SPORTS COAT TAILORED SLACKS

Mix 'em, match 'em, they're right on the fashion beam! Coat is soft, Shetland-type fabric, smartly tailored in new "window-pane" check. Sporty patch pockets. Tops for town or country wear. In Medium Blue or Camel Tan. Rich worsted covert slacks. Pleated. Talon zippered. Expertly tailored. In Deep Blue or Dark Brown. Coat \$13.95. Slacks \$7.95. Boy's only \$21.50. Shop by mail from Aldens as 5,000,000 families do. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

sign says, "In token of eternal friendship between America and Japan." After reading the exciting news of our return



FLAME OF FRIENDSHIP

to the Philippines (LIFE, Feb. 19), I thought we could make good use of it after all. We might set Tokyo afire with the flame—when we get there.

JAMES L. KLINE
State College, Pa.

Sirs:

Your editorial, "Return to the Philippines," reminded me of those first horrible months early in the war and how it all started. I remember reading late in '41 that two Japanese peace emissaries



MISS KURUSU & FRIEND

had come to patch things up and while they were in Washington, their countrymen attacked Pearl Harbor. One of those men was Saburo Kurusu.

In June 1919, I crossed over on the *Siberia Maru* from San Francisco to Yokohama. The cabin next to me was occupied by Kurusu, his American wife and his two children. He was then Japanese consul in Chicago. En route I took a picture of his little daughter with a young passenger-playmate. I have heard that when her father was ambassador to Germany, she married a German nobleman.

JOSEPH KARR
Philadelphia, Pa.

IMPORTANT NOTICE to LIFE subscribers in the Armed Forces

When you return to civilian life you are still entitled to the full unexpired term of your LIFE subscription at the special military rate.

Whether you subscribed for one year at \$3.50, two years at \$6 or three years at \$9, you will receive the full number of copies you ordered and paid for at these special rates—at no increase in price.

To be sure of receiving all your copies of LIFE please keep us informed of your latest address—military or civilian.

New type ink protects pens ...keeps them trouble-free!



1. No clogging ... no gumming

Does ink gum and thicken in your pen? Then try Quink—it can't gum, can't clog! Every drop contains *solv-x*, an exclusive fluid that keeps Quink always free-flowing. There's no other ink like it, for Quink is

THE ONLY INK CONTAINING *SOLV-X*



2. Cleans pen as it writes

You'll see the difference in the way your pen writes! Quink's *solv-x* cleans off ink that has hardened on the nib! Many businesses, where ink is a big expense item, insist on Quink... it's

THE ONLY INK CONTAINING *SOLV-X*



3. Dissolves, flushes away sediment

Sludgy deposits that so often cake in a pen dissolve when Quink with *solv-x* is used. And in addition to providing this miracle cleaning action, *solv-x* keeps Quink fresh to the last drop in the bottle. Remember, Quink is

THE ONLY INK CONTAINING *SOLV-X*



4. Ends rubber rot, metal corrosion

Ordinary ink causes 65% of all pen breakdowns. But that needn't worry you. You can keep your pen in tip-top shape with *solv-x* protection. Get a bottle of Quink today. It costs no more than ordinary inks! 9 colors. Regular size, 25¢. School size, 15¢. Specify Quink... it's

THE ONLY INK CONTAINING *SOLV-X*



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MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS!

PARKER Quink
THE ONLY INK CONTAINING *SOLV-X*



THE MOST FAMOUS ANTI-INVASION PILLBOX, CAMOUFLAGED AS A BOOKSTALL, STANDS IN FRONT OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY. IT COMMANDS PARLIAMENT SQUARE AND WHITEHALL.



Close-up of newsstand above shows camouflage detail. Even the attendants have been painted in. The camoufleurs came back every once in a while to freshen up the magazines and the paint.

*SPEAKING OF
PICTURES . . .
. . . ENGLAND'S PILLBOXES LOOK
LIKE A LOT OF OTHER THINGS*

These pictures of camouflaged pillboxes in England will come as a big surprise to many Americans. It is four years since the English expected an invasion from Europe. So many big things have happened since then that the rest of the world has nearly forgotten the danger ever existed.

The English have never forgotten. When people visit the beaches of the Channel coast they walk through barbed-wire entanglements and concrete tank barriers. They carefully skirt places marked with signs warning of minefields. Farther inland, in the country and in the towns, pillboxes have been set up to command the roads and streets. The English have kept these defenses a secret for a long time, but now that the danger of invasion from Europe has vanished, they have released these first pictures of them.

The English worked hard to camouflage many of the anti-invasion defenses. The pillboxes were carefully masked as shacks and roadside stands so that the enemy could not map the defenses with spies or aerial reconnaissance pictures. The camouflage is so realistic that a lot of sheepish people have admitted asking for the London *Times* at the newsstand above. The camouflage experts tried to prevent this by hanging little signs which say dryly, "Closed on Sunday. Not open on weekdays."



An "information booth" in Trafalgar Square appears to have windows which are only lattice-work over solid concrete. People from out of town looking for streets often try to walk inside.



Pillbox on a bridge, camouflaged as a refreshment stand, caused many truck drivers to stop for snack. Standing beside it are big concrete cylinders which can be put in the road to stop tanks.



Bus-stop pillbox has its gun slits masked by dummy windows made of lath and chicken wire. At right is a portable wire barrier which can be thrown across the road when pillbox is manned.



A lonely wooden shack is the simplest kind of pillbox camouflage. After the pillbox is built, the shack is built around it. When the pillbox has to start shooting, the shack is knocked down.



A tree-covered pillbox is also concealed by a plywood board artfully painted to fade into an ivy-covered wall. The fence post at the left is real but the other two are painted on the board.



Outside a church a Gothic pillbox blends into the architecture. This disturbed some church-goers who thought that it violated international rules of war against fortifications in churches.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

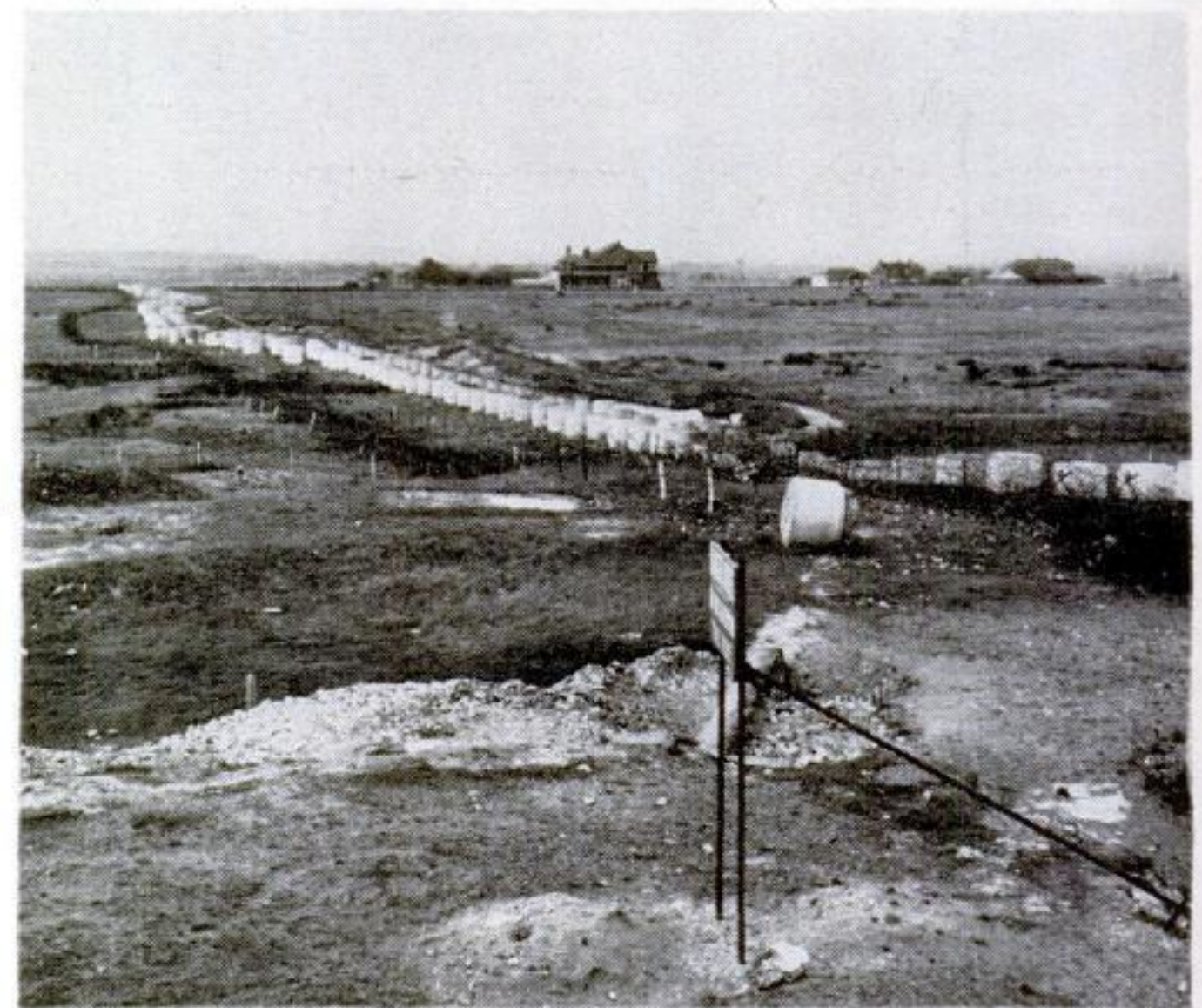
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England's beach defenses are also partly camouflaged. This sandbagged pillbox, supported by a big tangle of wire and a wall (right), is covered with sod and netting.



Framework of pipe and barbed wire protects a flat stretch of Channel beach. Land mines are buried between this barrier and the concrete antitank posts at the right.



Beyond the beaches a thick defensive line of barbed wire and antitank blocks runs through the fields. The sign in the foreground warns that there are mines behind it.

COLOSSAL! SENSATIONAL!

2 to 1 Bet

ON YOUR NEXT SHAVE

Accept "The Greatest Shave Bet on Earth" and WIN!

Join the Big Parade of men who are flocking to stores all over the country to accept our sensational 2 to 1 shave cream bet! Here are the terms: Either you prefer Mennen Shave Cream to *any* brand . . . OR — you get a handsome necktie! A necktie that *actually* costs Mennen \$1.



Compare Mennen Shave Cream—fairly and squarely—against *any* shave cream on the market today. See if you don't agree that Mennen gives you a faster, smoother, more comfortable shave! *A cleaner shave that keeps you presentable longer!* You be the judge! Let your wife (or lady friend) be the jury.

Unless you decide—after your first trial—that you like Mennen Shave Cream better than any brand you ever used, mail us the empty carton with a letter of explanation. We'll send you the necktie posthaste, and post-paid. *We can lose this wager . . . but you can't!* Accept this sensational 2 to 1 bet. Get Mennen Shave Cream—Lather or Brushless—today!

Bet expires May 31, 1945

MENNEN

Shave Cream

- Lather Shave (Plain)
- Lather Shave (Menthol-Iced)
- Brushless (Tube or Jar)



For a Luxury-Finish after a Perfect Mennen Shave...COOL...SOOTHE...PROTECT Your Skin with MENNEN SKIN BALM.



"I'm fighting a little war of my own..."

YOUR automobile is the battleground.
Cold, heat, friction, age, wear . . . these are the enemies.
War aims? Why, I'm fighting to keep your car . . . and a lot of other cars . . . on the road, for the duration. I think I'll win my little war — if you'll keep on bringing your car in for regular service!

I've got some wonderful peace plans ready for the day when this *little* war of mine ends. My old partner — now fighting in the big war — will be back on the job. And so will Texaco's great postwar line-up.

In the meanwhile, your car is part of the nation's transportation. Let me help you keep it rolling.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

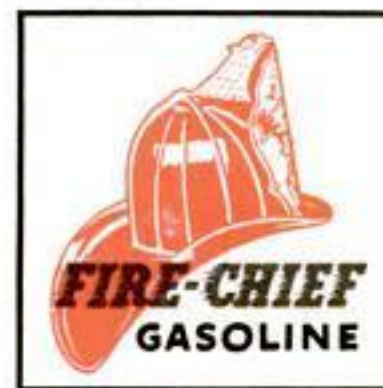
A great postwar line-up



Registered Rest Rooms — Inspected, registered, really clean!



All Night Service — On major highways from coast-to-coast!



Fire-Chief Gasoline — Wartime research will make it better than ever!



Sky Chief Gasoline — For those who want the finest for post-war driving!



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Marfak — Chassis lubricant especially made to stick to the job!



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★
★ **The New Promise** ★
★ **of** ★
★ **American Life** ★
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The advent of a victorious peace after the nefarious Axis has been smashed will yield substantial dividends.

At home, tranquillity will again bring an opportunity to set American workers and farmers free to concentrate on producing better living for 35 million American families.

The necessarily depressing effect of diverting in wartime at least 55% of all goods and services currently produced to government for the winning of the war and other purposes will be mitigated.

Peace may be expected to reduce the abnormally high cost of government.



Economical governmental housekeeping will enrich families by leaving for civilian use a much larger ratio of the year's production of goods and services.

When the opportunity comes to beat our guns into plowshares, the upswing in American living standards can be resumed.

In order to assure post-war prosperity, we should use the basic ingredients which produced affluence in the past.

These ingredients include both natural resources and man-made attributes.

As pace setters for the world, we must continue to give American workingmen and farmers tools with which to beat competition from any and every source.

Likewise, we must recognize that national growth and progress spring from a recognition of the essential harmony of interests of all American groups. This attitude is the very antithesis of destructive class warfare. It represents a quest for an equilibrium under which farmers, industrial workers and the great service groups are in balanced income relationships. Under such circumstances they can provide employment for one another through interchanging the specialized products of their year's labor.



In our interrelated national economy, the far flung Armour activities redound to the advantage of all groups—farmers, workers, customers, manufacturers and government itself. By way of illustration Armour's leadership in finding by-product uses for materials hitherto considered waste, improves the market for farm products while relieving meat consumers of part of the overhead cost of packing houses and while supplying industry with low cost domestic fats and oils to replace scarce foreign oils.

The fruitfulness of American industry points the way. The final and most important ingredient for postwar prosperity must be restoration in its full vigor of the essentials of the free American system of government and business organization.

Robert A. Wood
President, Armour and Company

Ninth of a series of statements on the American system of free enterprise which makes possible such institutions for service as Armour and Company.

All dressed up for your Easter table America's most delicious ham



What compliments you'll get when you bring to the table this tender, sweet, mild ham . . . in gay new dress for Easter!

And when you read the recipe given here, you'll see that this dinner is easy to prepare! Making the beautiful Easter eggs is really just a simple trick.

Although there will be fewer Armour's Star Hams this year, because so many are needed for

the armed forces, there will be some for you at home.

Each Armour's Star Ham is carefully selected for its promise of finest flavor and tenderest eating. Then these best hams are sugar-cured and slow-smoked over hickory and hardwood fires to bring out all their wonderful flavor.

Save both these recipes to give your family a wonderful feast and a grand supper another day.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

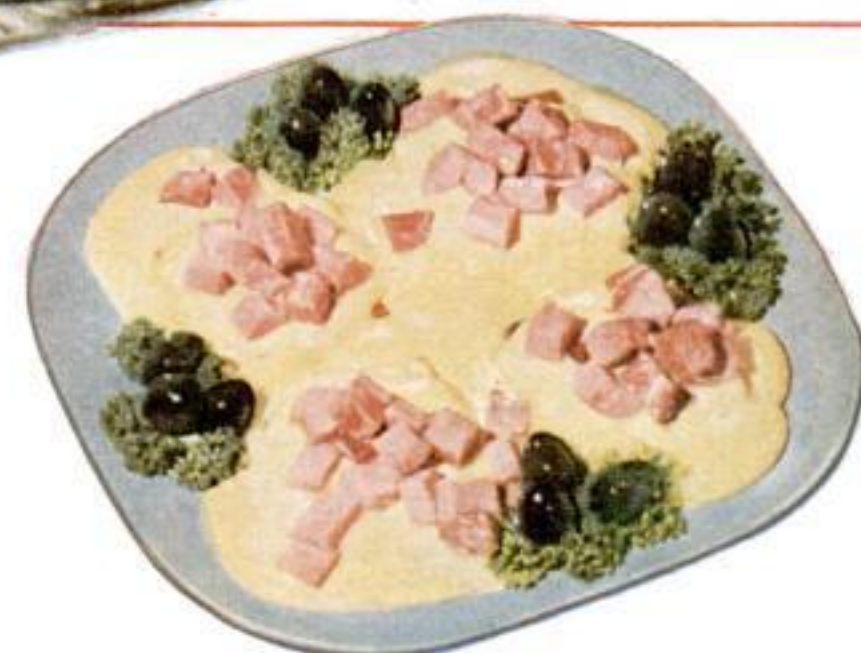


Armour's Star Ham and Easter Eggs

Shank half of Armour's Star Ham (about 6-8 lbs.)	$\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. prepared mustard
6 hard-cooked Cloverbloom Eggs	$\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. Worcestershire Sauce
3 tbsps. melted Cloverbloom Butter or Mayflower Margarine	$\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. salt
$1\frac{1}{2}$ tbsps. lemon juice or vinegar	$\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. pepper

Wrap the Armour's Star Ham in waxed paper or one of ham wrappings and set on rack in uncovered baking pan, cut side down. Roast in 325° F. oven for 25 minutes to the lb. or to an internal temperature of 150° F. When nearly done, remove paper, score fat surface and cover with 1 cup brown sugar mixed with 1 tbsp. vinegar and 1 tsp. mustard. Let finish baking. If ham is at room temperature (not chilled) when put in to bake, the time may be reduced to 22 minutes to the lb.

Easter Eggs: Remove shells from eggs. Cut eggs in two lengthwise and remove yolk centers. Add remaining ingredients to mashed yolk centers and beat until smooth. Refill shells and place two halves together. With pastry tube flute around edges of the joined halves. Garnish with water cress.



Armour's Star Ham Rarebit

1 cup cubed cooked Star Ham	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. Worcestershire Sauce
2 tbsps. Mayflower Margarine	$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt
2 tbsps. flour	$\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. pepper
1 cup milk	$\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. mustard
$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Cloverbloom Cheese, grated	4 slices toast

Melt margarine, stir in flour. Add milk gradually and stir until thick. Add cheese and seasonings. Add Armour's Star Ham and pour over toast that has been arranged on platter. Garnish with ripe olives and parsley.

Listen to Hedda Hopper's Hollywood every Monday Night over CBS. See Local Papers for Time.

© ARMOUR AND COMPANY

ARMOUR
and Company

LIFE'S REPORTS

GI CRIME IN FRANCE

Heavy punishment cuts down soldier offenses

by MARY WELSH

PARIS

On a recent night of wild and whirling snow three American soldiers, all AWOLs, sat around the kitchen table of the small, sleazy Hôtel Familia near the Porte d'Orléans of Paris. Madame, the *patronne*, sat with them, homely and comfortable and cheerful about her sparse English, which was the only thing sparse about her. A canary in his cage above the kitchen sink snoozed irritably.

With their soup cooling in chipped crockery bowls, the boys with the First Army insignia on their sleeves could feel snug and talk with satisfaction across the checked oilcloth table cover. They had been AWOL since September and they had done pretty well at making their living and keeping their girls. They had been smart. They could feel secure, for the present anyhow.

About the future they had already agreed. They had 14 weapons in the house including a machine gun. If the police caught up with them they would shoot it out. Might as well get it that way as in the back yard of some prison.

That was the way they worked it, when the Army's Criminal Investigation Division men, coming silently out of the snowstorm that night, knocked on the front door of the Hôtel Familia. All the police could hear in the darkness beyond the door was a soft shuffling. Then the boys in the kitchen started firing.

Walter, the leader of the gang, rushed into the hallway firing pistols with both hands. He seriously wounded two of the CID men before they laid him face down and dead on the cracked tile floor of the front hall. Jackie fired from the kitchen window, then died in mid-air as he jumped to the snow 15 feet below. Nickie, who jumped first, managed to escape.

For Walter, a white man, and his gang of four Negro GIs, it was the end of a pleasing arrangement for living outside the laws both of the U. S. Army and the French government. With three stolen Army trucks they drove regularly to front-line gas depots and drew loads of gas on faked requisition slips, mentioning "combat emergency." Then they drove back to Paris and sold the gas for about \$15 per five-gallon Jerrican.

How AWOLs get into trouble

It was merely accidental that an American officer, ordered to requisition the Paris garage where the gang kept their trucks, arrived there to take possession on a day when the trucks were inside. It was only by chance that he happened to notice that the identification markings of the trucks had been rubbed off and that the people of the neighborhood asked him when the sale of gasoline would be held.

A couple of days later MPs posted at the garage by the CID arrested one of the gang who went there. That led to the arrest of a second gangster, to the battle of the Hôtel Familia and finally to the arrest by the French police of an enterprising Frenchman, an ex-convict, whom the gang named as their business manager and gas salesman.

There are now in the ETO 2,500 long-term unrepentant AWOLs like Walter and his gang. Besides them an average of 600 soldiers are reported AWOL daily from all over the theater. Only a few of these are actual deserters or criminals. About 40% of them are temporarily AWOL from reinforcement centers, merely thumbing lifts back to their old outfits. MPs pick up most of the others before they get involved in serious crimes. (The story that there are 18,000 permanent AWOLs in the ETO is inaccurate.)

Usually it is an AWOL's need for money in a strange and hungry land that leads him to prison. One pair of AWOLs bought a hand press and printed impressive stacks of the Army's paper money before they were caught. Another boy made a comfortable living for a while by selling counterfeit Army post-exchange ration cards.

Even soldiers who are not AWOL are apt to attempt business side-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



"If I were getting married again..."

IF BRIDES could only do a little crystal-gazing...there's many a girl would see that some things worked out differently.

Take, for instance, Mrs. Kathryn Wilson of North Tonawanda, N. Y. She wrote us this interesting story:

"When I was married, my friends gave me a wonderful bedroom shower. Among the many gifts were six fine-looking sheets. One was a Pequot."

A fine gift? Seemed so. But wait! Says Mrs. Wilson:

"That was nine years ago. The other day I took an old sheet from the linen closet and used it to cover the family ironing board. I looked at the label...it was that faithful Pequot. The other five had worn out years before."

What's more, Mrs. Wilson explained, all six sheets had been used in rotation and had the same good care. Do you wonder she enthuses about Pequot sheets...that

she ends her letter by saying:

"If I were getting married again, I'd try to hint to 'showering' friends to make all my gift sheets Pequots."

If your local store is out of Pequots, please be patient...because the needs of our armed forces must come first. We're doing our very best to supply *some* Pequots for civilians. Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass.

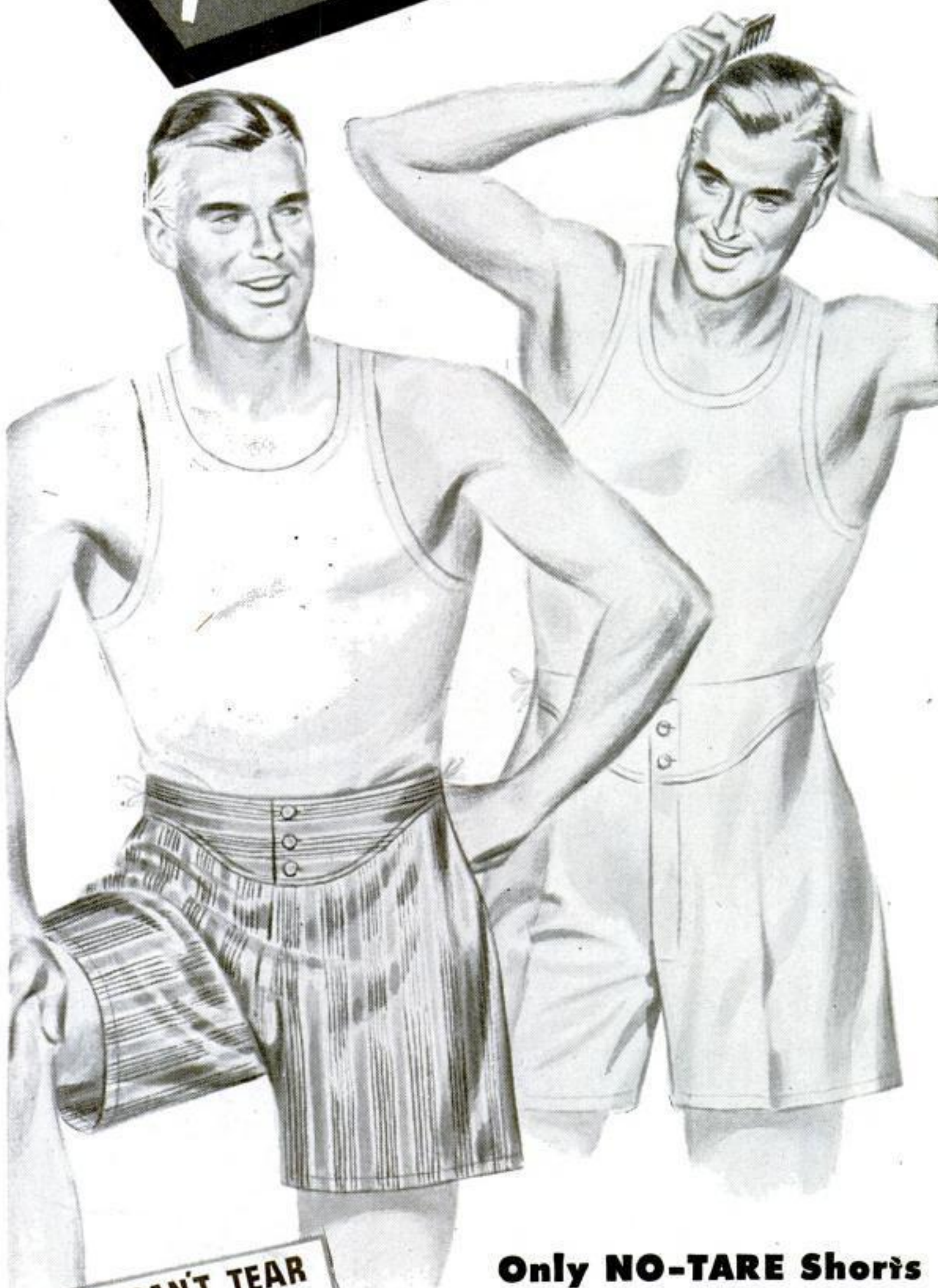
PEQUOT SHEETS

so good-looking



so long-wearing

BUY MORE WAR BONDS



Only NO-TARE Shorts Can Pass This Test

No-Tare . . . and *no other* shorts . . . offer you the famous, *patented* feature illustrated above. Other Reliance quality-factors make No-Tare shorts longer wearing, better fitting, more comfortable. As handsome as they are sturdy. Gleaming rayons of soothing softness . . . in dashing solid colors or "swanky" blazer stripes. Wear-tested broadcloths . . . smart poplins. All cut and needled with the unsurpassed craftsmanship that won Reliance the "E". No-Tare shorts are sold by better stores as often as our civilian production permits.

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LIFE'S REPORTS (continued)

lines in Paris where their Army pay lasts so briefly. One astute GI businessman here has for months been exporting fine French perfumes, addressed as gifts to various members of his large family. The scent goes on sale at the family's shop. Another dogface manages to live a little better than most major generals by running the poker and crap games in his outfit. It nets him about \$200 a week.

Since January, when courts-martial started handing out sentences of 25 to 50 years at hard labor for the sale of Army property and *Stars and Stripes* began to publicize them, the amateur and small-fry lawbreakers have been closing up shop. But the stiff sentences, particularly death for desertion, are turning the tougher lawbreakers into desperadoes, hard to catch alive. Like the trio of the Hôtel Familia, they prefer the risk of shooting it out with Army police.

It is amazing for what paltry pleasures the tough guys risk dishonorable death. Paris has little to offer this winter and the little piles of junk confiscated by the police from GI criminals show they acquire only the cheapest of the city's luxuries, sleazy scarves and nighties for their girls, fancy guns and knives for themselves, little else except the girls themselves and black-market meals.

To date the CID of the whole ETO has handled about 600 major cases of theft of Army supplies, among the 2,100 major crimes investigated since the U.S. armies hit France. Among thefts, gasoline and the trucks containing it have been the biggest, most serious items. Cigaretts are next in importance. But GI thieves have also made away with impressive quantities of food, mostly in ten-in-one rations and such PX items as razor blades, soap, chocolate, also GI boots and clothes. For all of these items black-market prices have remained unfluctuating for several months. A big Hershey bar sells for 100 francs, about \$2; a khaki shirt for \$20; cigarettes for \$2.40 a pack; a two-and-a-half-ton truck for \$4,000.

After the breakthrough in Normandy the Army's concern with rolling supplies forward was so great that no one bothered much about policing the supply lines. But when the gas and cigaret shortages started to grow acute, two husky young CID lieutenants, simply disguised as GIs, were sent into an Army reinforcement center. Within a few days they managed to get themselves assigned as firemen to an Army railway battalion which operated trains carrying supplies to Paris. "We didn't have to lie," says Lieut. Robert O'Reilly of Arlington, Mass. "No one asked us anything about our previous experience."

A train-looting gang is broken up

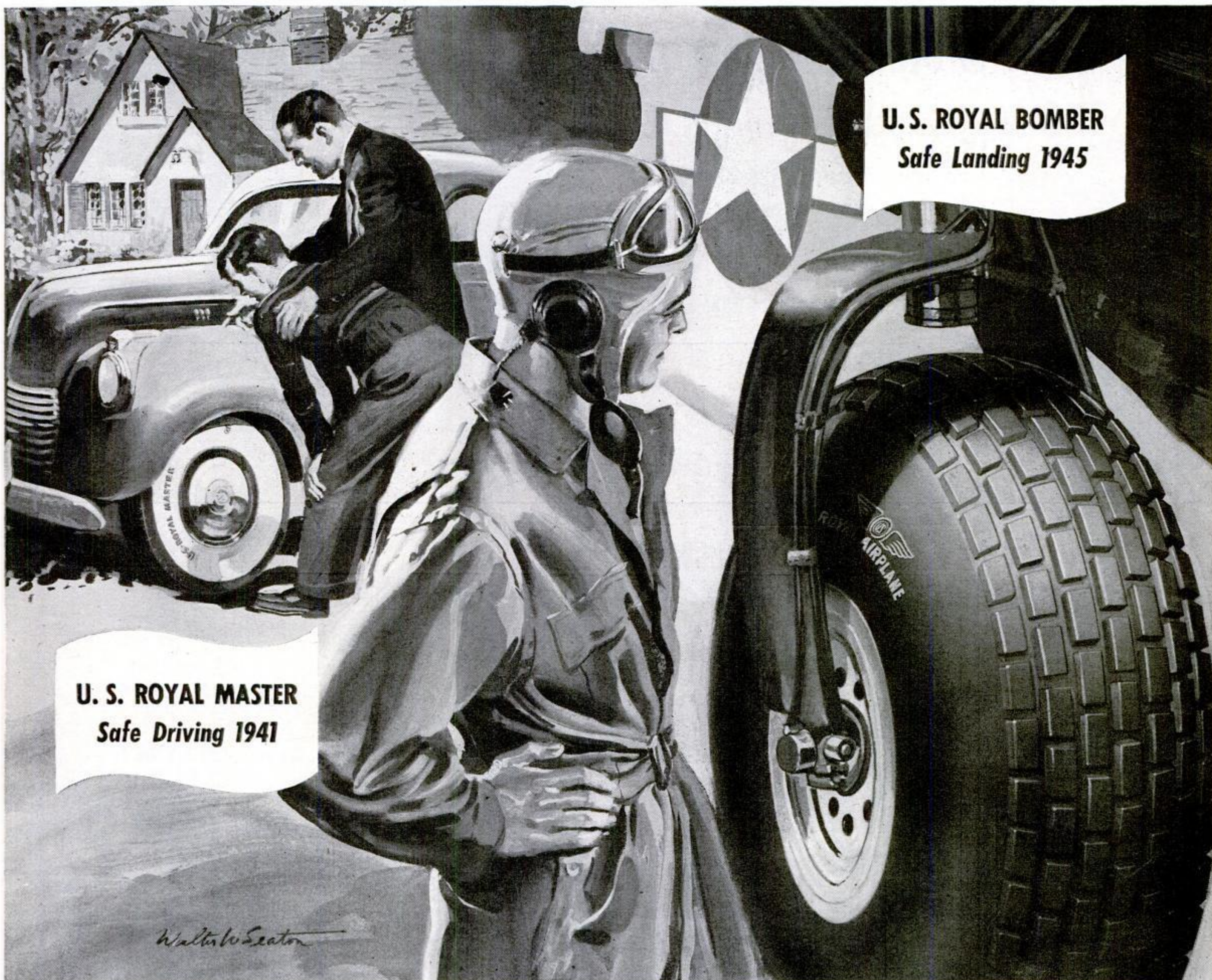
On his first day of sleuthing, one of the CID men heard other crew members of his train arranging to open a carload of rations and managed to reach a telephone. Working both inside and outside the train-thieving racket, the CID built up a case which brought six officers and 182 enlisted men before courts-martial.

The men who operated the trains had evolved a fine variety of techniques for making Army supplies disappear. It was easy to learn which freight car in a train would be good for looting—they called it the "sensitive" car. If the sensitive car was in the middle of the train, crews could cut the train there and take it with the engine when the engine sidetracked for water or coal. Or it could develop a hot box and hence be left behind at some siding near a highway. Then other members of the looting team would drive their trucks in, load up from the isolated freight car and drive away.

Despite the stern justice meted out to the offending officers and men of the railway outfit, military authorities expect that some U.S. soldiers will continue to risk punishment. Says Major General Milton A. Reckord, provost marshal general of the ETO, "It is an established fact that wherever there are destitute civilians and a well-supplied army, there will be illegal traffic. Civilians here have plenty of currency and, after four years of privation, they will pay fantastic prices for bare necessities. The currency situation, by which a soldier's pay allows him to buy only a quarter of the value he would get at home, keeps our boys broke, and it has led to widespread misappropriation of government property."

In view of France's tangled economy, General Reckord feels that this year's crime rate in the ETO is not staggeringly high. He admits that all stolen Army goods are not reported to him, but what records he has show a misappropriation of government property valued at \$218,000. Of these known thefts \$128,000 worth of Army property has already been recovered.

"The loss ratio is infinitesimal," says General Reckord, "when you consider the tremendous supplies which have been delivered to the armies at the front."



U. S. ROYAL BOMBER
Safe Landing 1945

U. S. ROYAL MASTER
Safe Driving 1941

Walter W. Seaton

A NAME THAT CARRIES ON...

REMEMBER, years back, when you came home with that new family car? Remember pointing out its U. S. Royal Master Tires to an eager youngster?

Since then, his whole generation has grown from boyhood to manhood.

But on that day you were giving him an unseen gift. Out of just such days happening over and over again in millions of families, a miracle grew.

On that day, you were making it possible for other Americans to give all our sons the weapons and equipment they need now.

You—the people who bought the peacetime products of America—created the miracle of America's war production.

There is no mystery about this miracle. It's simply that with war our youngsters, ourselves, our family cars, our tires, our industries and our scientists found we had untested strength—reserve strength.

And this reserve strength grew into our greatest weapon. You see it in action all around you:

In the family car, turned war car now, still doing a good job.

In those U. S. Royal Masters, five years older, but going strong.

In the new U. S. Royal Synthetic Tires.

And, above all, in the fighting tires your sons now ride on. Tires as new as their jeeps, planes, and tank destroyers. Tires that plough straight through mud and snow. Tires armored against shrapnel. Tires for *Airacobras, Commandos, Thunderbolts* and *Super-Fortresses*. Tires that grew up with our sons.

You created these new tires.

Because so many of you liked tires bearing the U. S. Royal name, more and more "tire-builders" went to work to meet your need... scientists, engineers, textile experts, workmen.

Today, all the toil and science that went into the making of those tires is repaying you and your sons.

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says Keith Ward, well-known illustrator

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GOES AROUND CURVES. Even on heavy luggage and large canvas covers, Crown Zippers slide freely around sharp curves, won't lock open.

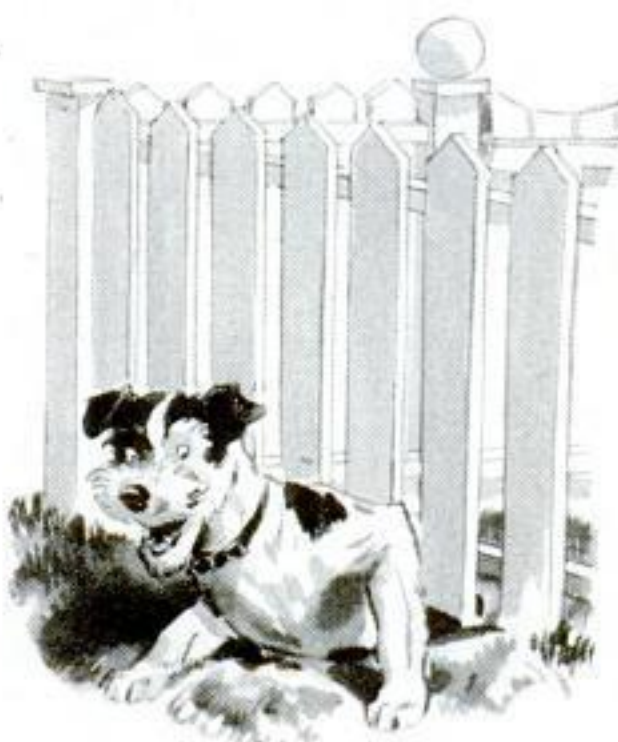
TEETH WON'T COME LOOSE. Crown's exclusive die-casting process molds the zipper teeth right onto the fabric — for greater strength and smoother action.



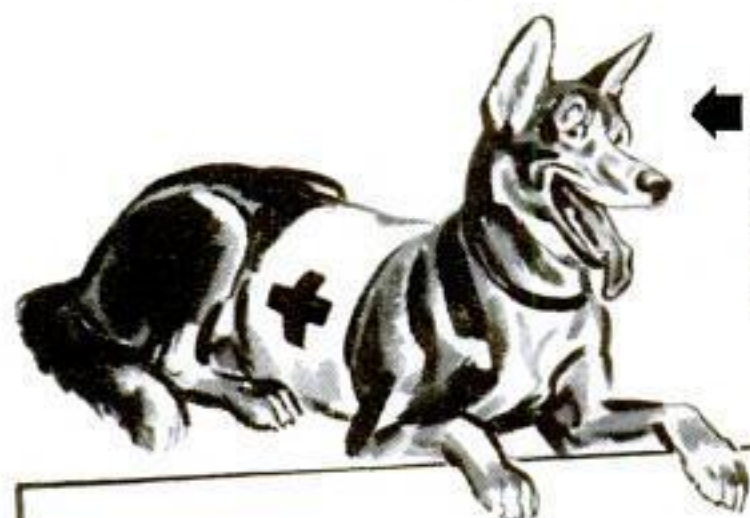
WORKS IN ALL WEATHERS. A special protective coating on Crown Zippers prevents rusting, or corrosion. That's why Crown Zippers are today used on tents, sleeping bags and hundreds of other items of equipment.



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IN SERVICE. Right now all Crown Zippers are at war, but when it's over, Crown engineers' experience in overcoming countless military-application problems will enable them to develop new zipper features to meet peacetime problems, too.



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LIFE

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LIFE'S COVER

Lieut. General William Hood Simpson, commander of the Ninth Army at the Rhine (see pages 25-29), is an old soldier: tough-minded, dependable and confident. He is a tall man, lean and immaculately dressed. The most arresting thing about his appearance is his remarkable head. It is a head that reminds people of Biblical prophets, medieval ascetics and ancient Egyptian kings. Wrote a LIFE correspondent, "At first glance it seems so bony, so cadaverously lean that you think of it as a friendly skull."

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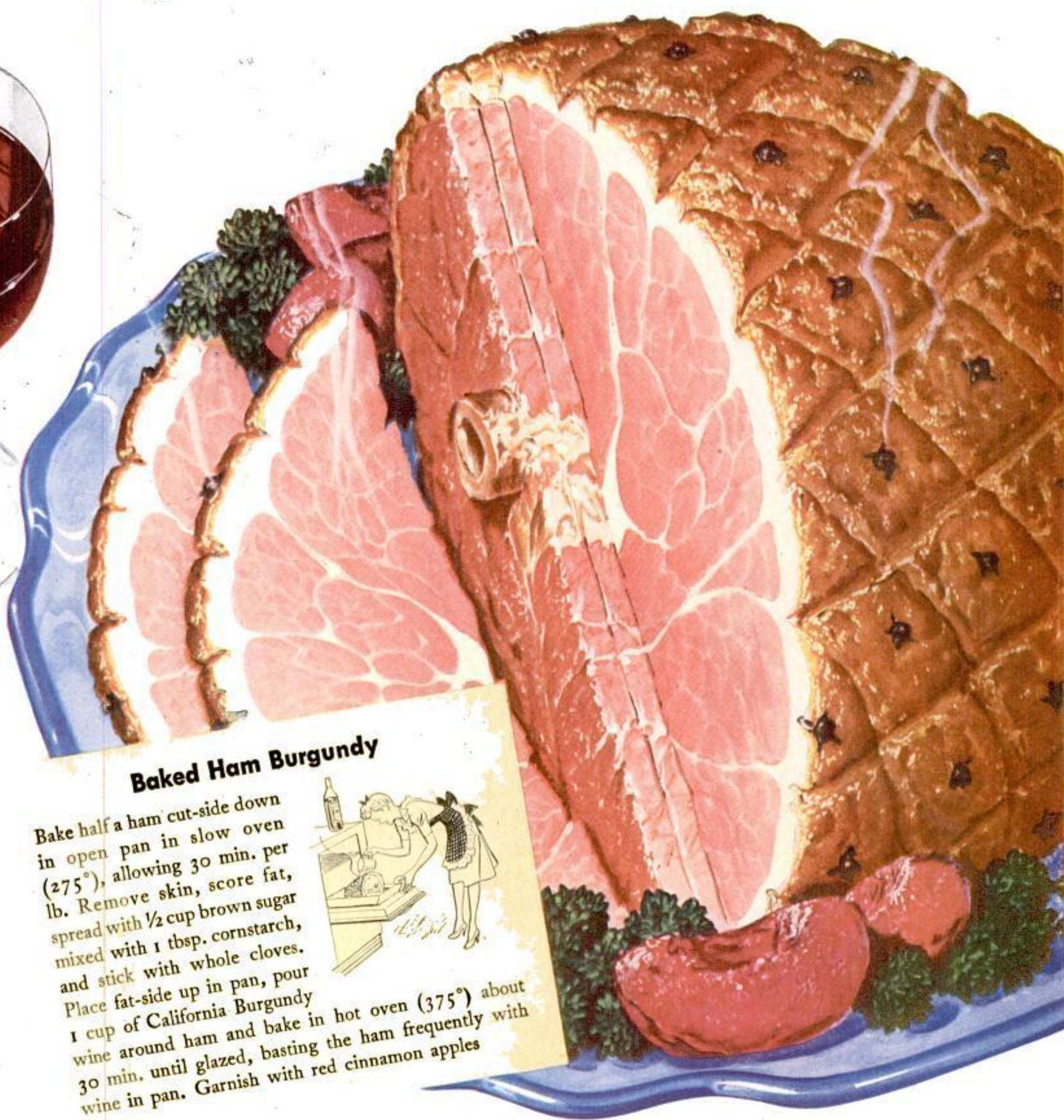
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As flowers go with Spring



Wine goes with Food



Baked Ham Burgundy

Bake half a ham cut-side down in open pan in slow oven (275°), allowing 30 min. per lb. Remove skin, score fat, spread with ½ cup brown sugar mixed with 1 tbsp. cornstarch, and stick with whole cloves. Place fat-side up in pan, pour 1 cup of California Burgundy wine around ham and bake in hot oven (375°) about 30 min. until glazed, basting the ham frequently with wine in pan. Garnish with red cinnamon apples



SIT DOWN to ham that's been wine-basted during the baking. Serve thick, generous slices—and eat! *You'll discover, when you do, the magic that happens when food is cooked with wine.*

Good eaters have a hanker, also, for Leg O'Lamb that has been basted with white table wine. For a special Chicken Tetrizzini which calls for Sauterne or Rhine Wine. Yes, and if you are lucky enough to get a club or sirloin steak, marinate it in wine, broil—and taste!

Then, to make your meal a real experience, fill glasses with the same kind of wine used in the cooking. It turns the simplest meal into a feast.

We have a booklet that contains many delightful wine cookery recipes. Your free copy is waiting. Write for it today, to the Wine Advisory Board, 83 Second St., San Francisco 5, Calif.



Have you ever tried Sherried Grapefruit?

Loosen sections of grapefruit; cut out cores. Fill with Sherry, add sugar to taste, chill and serve. *Or* fill with Sherry, add a tablespoon of brown sugar and dot of butter, then broil about 15 minutes in hot oven, and serve hot as appetizer or for the dessert course

Add to your share
in Tomorrow ...
add to your
WAR BONDS today

WHAT WEAPON are they all using?

It's an old friend of yours - and it is used by every branch of the Armed Services!



ANTI-AIRCRAFT ARTILLERY fire is coordinated and controlled by field telephone—the brother of your familiar Bell System telephone.



ON OUR SUBMARINES, sound powered telephones, operating on current generated by the speaker's voice, connect all battle stations.



THE ARMORED FORCES use radio telephone to inter-connect tanks, scout cars, command cars, artillery units and anti-tank vehicles.



ON BATTLESHIPS, Aircraft Carriers, Cruisers, Destroyers, battle announcing systems give orders in a giant voice over loudspeaking telephones.



THE MARINE CORPS, storming ashore into almost impassable jungles, depends upon field telephones to deliver orders and reports instantly.



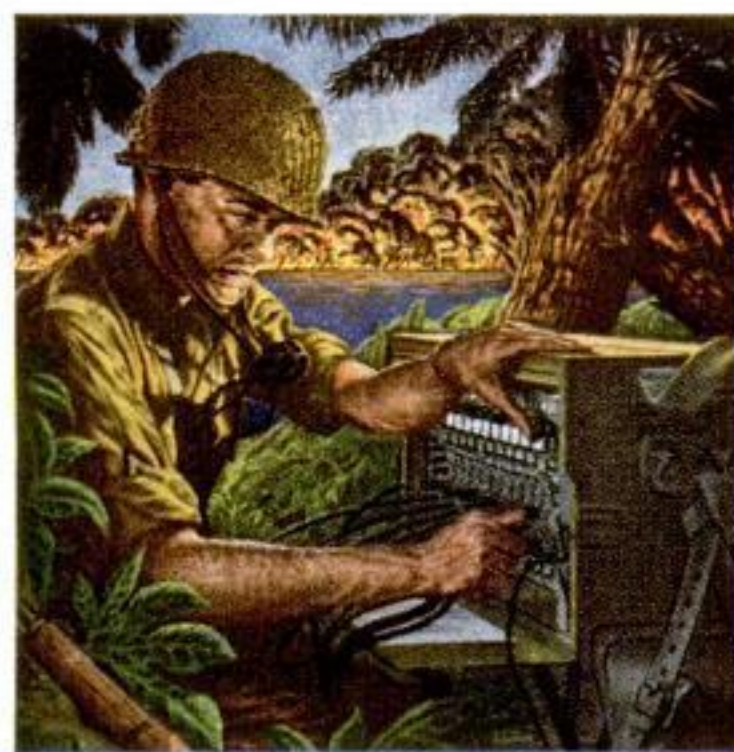
THIS COAST GUARDSMAN, standing watch, telephones warnings to the bridge to help keep the convoy's many ships in protected formation.



ARMY AIR FORCES planes by the hundreds fly and fight as one team because of their radio telephone—and interphone equipment.



THE SIGNAL CORPS provides the circuits for Victory—thousands upon thousands of miles of telephone wires needed to coordinate the attack.



THE INFANTRY uses great quantities of portable switchboards, field telephones and wire to link foxholes, command posts and headquarters.



FIELD ARTILLERY "Long Toms," blasting unseen targets, are directed by voices flashing through multi-channel radio telephone sets.

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phones—battle announcing systems. Currently all these products together add up to only 40% of Western Electric's total production for war. The other 60% includes such specialized devices as RADAR.

Manpower and manufacturing facilities are devoted to meeting our fighters' vast needs. That's why not all requests for home telephones can be filled till after Victory.



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IN WAR...ARSENAL OF COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT.



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HELP FROM YOU!**



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in War Bonds...and hold
on to every Bond you buy!*

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LIFE'S PICTURES

LIFE Photographer W. Eugene Smith flew over Tokyo in the Navy's strike of Feb. 16-17, got back from his flight just in time to go ashore with the landing on Iwo where he took the pictures on pages 34-35. Last year Smith covered the invasions of Saipan, Guam and Leyte for LIFE. Dressed as a marine in this portrait taken on Iwo, he is wearing dark glasses to protect his weak eyes. He is fitting a shade on a lens while he studies some action in the distance. Another camera sits on his equipment case (left foreground).

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom) and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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117 through 121—JACK WILKES
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THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT



IN THE FLICKERING NIGHT BARRAGE WHICH PRECEDED THE CROSSING OF THE ROER, THE FLASHES OF EXPLODING SHELLS LIGHT UP A PILLAR OF WHITE-PHOSPHORUS SMOKE

THE ALLIES DRIVE FOR THE RHINE

Since December the U. S. First and Ninth Armies had been building up strength behind the swollen little Roer River. On Feb. 23 they let it go with a stunning night barrage (*above and below*). The Germans at the river were quickly overpowered. Beyond the river the rigid framework of their Rhineland defense began to break down. A week after the first gun had been fired at the Roer, the Ninth had arrived at the Rhine opposite Düsseldorf. The men of the Ninth exchanged shots with the Germans on the other side.

Lieut. General William H. Simpson, commander of the Ninth (*see cover*), had been waiting for this drive to the Rhine. If the river was to be crossed by his army, the smooth crossing of the Roer was a battle rehearsal. For weeks the muddy little stream had been an obsession with the men of the Ninth. They prepared and planned to cross it early in February, in coordination with drives by the Canadians and General Patton's Third Army. But on the eve of the crossing the Germans opened the gates in the big

earth dams of the upper Roer, partly flooding the cabbage land of the lower valley. General Simpson was forced to postpone the crossing while his engineers calculated when it would be possible.

The engineers, watching the flood diminish, told the general the crossing could be made on Feb. 23. The Ninth began to get ready again. The men and tanks and portable sections of pontoon bridges moved up to the river. At 2:45 A.M. the barrage began and a smokescreen drifted over river to cover the crossing.

UNDERNEATH STRIATED LINES OF TRACER SHELLS, SMOKE GENERATORS ON THE WEST BANK OF THE ROER MAKE A LOW WHITE CLOUD TO HIDE THE MEN CROSSING THE RIVER





AS THE MORNING SUN SHINES THROUGH THE OPEN ROOF OF A HOUSE IN JÜLICH, NINTH ARMY INFANTRYMEN DASH ACROSS ROER UNDER GERMAN MORTAR AND MACHINE-GUN FIRE.

THE U.S. BREAKTHROUGH BEGINS WITH THE CROSSING OF THE ROER

The Ninth Army's crossing of the Roer was a short, violent struggle against the Germans and the river. Forty-five minutes after the night barrage had begun, assault boats and amphibious tractors started across in a great wave. In some of the boats were combat engineers, ferrying cables to moor their pontoon bridges in mid-stream. It was an excruciating few hours for the engineers. The flood had lessened but the current was still swift and strong. Runaway boats and pontoons careened



ON ANOTHER ROER FOOTBRIDGE LIES THE BODY OF AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WAS HIT BY GERMAN MORTAR-SHELL FRAGMENTS WHEN HE WAS ONLY 50 FEET FROM EAST BANK

downstream, crashing into bridges as they were being built. As the work went on the Germans kept up a blind but deadly machine-gun and mortar barrage through the smokescreen. But in spite of difficulties there were two footbridges across the Roer in the morning. Later the engineers put in bigger bridges for trucks and tanks.

The hardest crossing on the Ninth Army front was made by the veteran 29th Division at Jülich, which appears on the far side of the river on the opposite page.

The wreckage along the Roer at Jülich was reminiscent of Normandy. All of Jülich except the ancient moated citadel was taken by afternoon, freeing the 29th to join the power drive across the Cologne plain. But even after the entry into Jülich, the crossings of the Roer were places of danger. The Germans still had the river under observation and shelled it heavily. The little bridge above and the dead soldier on it were principals in a grisly little drama which is unfolded on the following pages.

LIFE PHOTOGRAPHER GEORGE SILK RECORDS GRIM LITTLE INCIDENT



1 On the east bank of the Roer, engineers edge toward a little pocket of Germans left behind by the main advance. The Germans were sniping at the engineers on the bridge.



2 Some of the Germans walk out holding their handkerchiefs as white flags. The others, still undecided about surrendering, were killed when they fired a few halfhearted shots at the engineers.



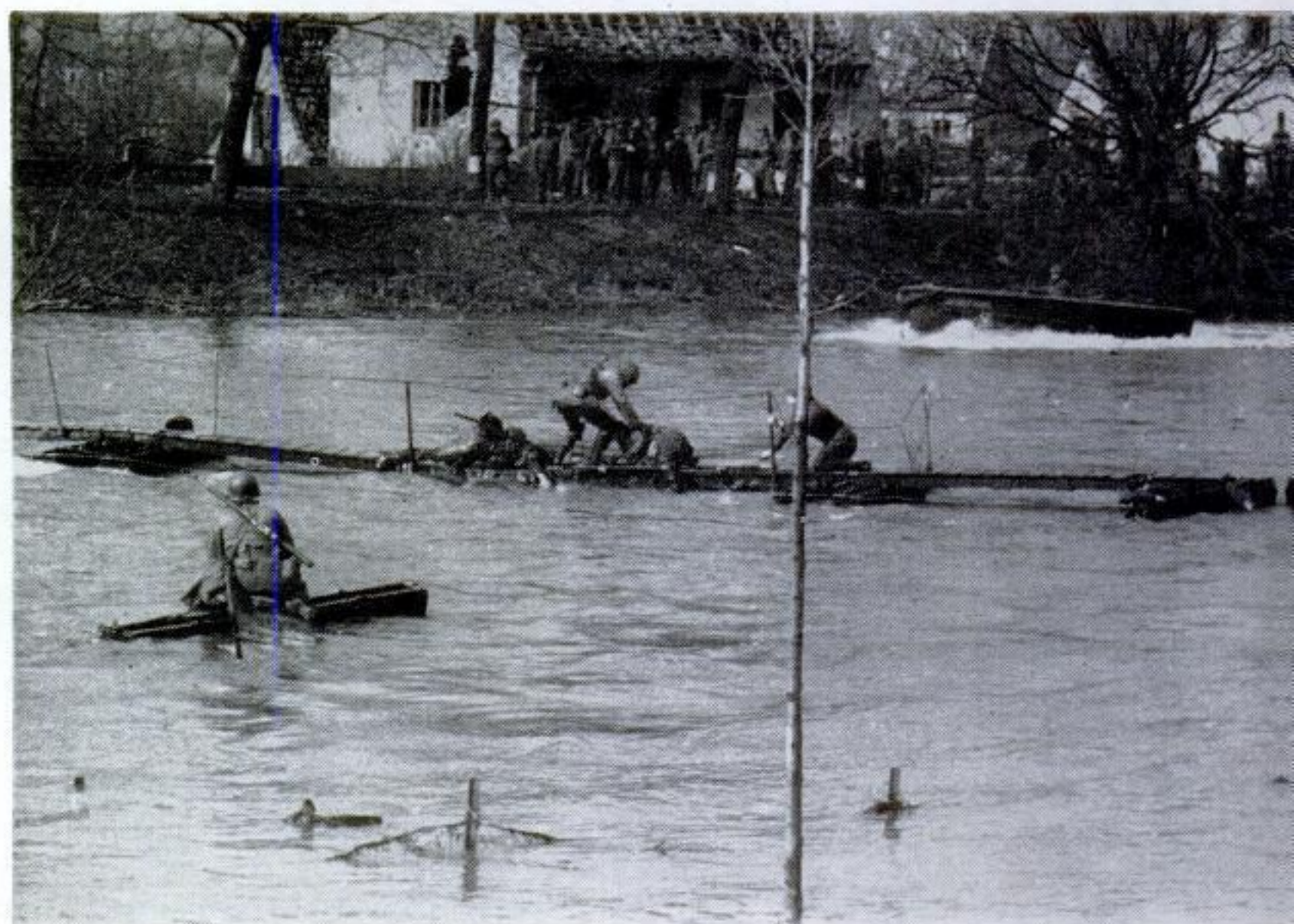
5 Walking across the bridge under guard, one of the prisoners hesitates as he picks his way over the body of the dead American shown in the picture on the preceding page.



6 Stretcher-bearers bringing back one of the men wounded in the grenade explosion step carefully over the body. While they were crossing mortar shells began to fall in the water around them.



9 A pontoon capsizes when the fourth man climbs on to help the stretcher-bearers and the wounded man. On the west bank in the background other men look on transfixed.



10 As the bridge rights itself, one of the stretcher-bearers pulls wounded man out of the water. The other floats downstream on a pontoon broken loose. The dead man still lies on the bridge.

OF U. S. COMBAT ENGINEERS AT ONE OF THE ROER PONTOON BRIDGES



3 Two engineers herd the prisoners back to the bridge. Just after LIFE's George Silk made this picture, one of the prisoners pulled a live grenade out of his pocket and tossed it to the ground.



4 Dazed men stagger before explosion. The German who threw grenade lies dead (center). Two men at the left, one on the ground, are badly wounded. Silk was hit in leg.



7 Cut by a mortar shell, the bridge swings downstream. Stretcher-bearers with another wounded man stand helplessly over the body on the bridge. Man in middle stands stunned by accident.



8 A splash of foam by the bridge marks where one of the men has dived in to help the stretcher-bearers, who are trying to keep the wounded man from falling into the river.



11 Motorboat comes up and the man who had been floating away on pontoon climbs in at right. Man who had dived in and had been hanging on to bridge, now climbs out of water in center.



12 Everyone is taken aboard motorboat except the dead man. Bigger bridges had been built upstream, so little bridge was left swinging with dead man for the rest of the day.

U. S. ARMED MIGHT

WE DOMINATE THE SEA AND AIR AND OUR SPECIALTY IS RANGE

Every so often, the U. S. citizen should take a longer-than-usual look at the state of the war and of America's part in it. The news that American troops are on the Rhine and that the Marines are bloodily winning Iwo Jima, is more than a headline; it is a reason to consider the meaning of the military force that made these exploits possible and to ponder where it leads next.

In Europe the war is in its final stages. Eisenhower's current offensive may not pause until the main source of German industrial might, the Ruhr Valley, is destroyed. Since her secondary industrial sources in Silesia have already been overrun by the Russians, the end of effective German resistance cannot be many months off. Secretary Stimson warned last week that there are no signs of a "general collapse of morale" in Germany, and Eisenhower is prepared to fight for every mile of German soil. But at some point the battle for Germany, though it lasts a long time, will become a mopping-up operation.

Perhaps the most significant recent development in the European war is the coordination of the Eastern and Western Fronts. Several weeks before the Yalta Conference, Moscow and SHAEF exchanged liaison representatives, and AAF-RAF bombings of Germany have been coordinated with the Russian advance since the middle of January. Nazi supply centers such as Dresden, Chemnitz, Leipzig, Cottbus, Stettin, Nuremberg and, of course, Berlin itself have been heavily bombed by Lieut. General Spaatz's fliers to make a path for the armies of Konev and Zhukov. Then, when the Russians paused to mop up the Baltic coast, AAF and RAF swung their main strength to cover Hodges, Patton and Simpson along the Rhine. That is coordination. As the President told Congress last week, such decisions are now made by Eisenhower and the Russians on the spot. The jaws of the vise around the Nazis are aligned at last.

Our Choice, Not Japan's

The news from the Pacific is just as heartening. When the American flag went up on Mt. Suribachi, it unfurled over the entire Western Pacific Ocean. Except for the inner seas west and south of Japan, there is now no corner of that ocean where the U.S. Navy cannot move freely and no corner beyond the reach of U.S. land-based bombers. Taken together with the Philippines, the conquest of Iwo Jima means that American arms are now able to overrun any Pacific island we want to pay the human price for.

Including the islands of Japan? Yes, sooner or later. From Iwo Jima we can hold Honshu under regular reconnaissance as well as under more intensive bombing. Landings, either in Japan or the China coast, de-

pend solely on time and on whether the U.S. home front is willing to man and support them. They will prove far more difficult and costly than the invasion of Europe. It is a striking fact that the Fifth Fleet, which handled the landing of 40,000 marines on Iwo Jima, was equal in size (some 800 vessels) to the entire Anglo-American armada of the 1942 North African invasion. The Fifth Fleet, 8,000 miles from its supply base in the U.S., carried enough fuel oil to fill a solid train of tank cars reaching from Chicago to Detroit, and enough food to feed the city of Columbus, Ohio for a month. Too few civilians appreciate the size of the effort it will take, and the drain on our resources to fight the main Japanese army ashore. Yet it is our choice now, not Japan's. To have won the choice is itself a great military achievement.

How did we do it? Two recent reports give a large part of the answer: Secretary Forrestal's annual report on the Navy and General Arnold's special report on the Army Air Forces. They show how mighty we have grown on sea and in air. More than half of all Americans in uniform are in the Navy or the AAF.

Logistics and Interdiction

Six years ago the U.S. Navy was a rather stiff-necked club of some 120,000 men, jealous of its salt-water traditions, of its 23 battleships and of its British cousin. Today the carrier, not the battleship, is its pride; it no longer feels obliged to compare itself with the British or any other Navy; and of its 3,600,000 men and women, 87% had never smelled salt before Pearl Harbor. Topped it is honeycombed with energetic landlubbers. With the help of an advisory committee of civilian industrialists, it has revolutionized its logistical habits to keep pace with its enormous physical expansion. When Halsey's Third Fleet bombed Manila for MacArthur in November, it had been away from its base for three consecutive months and in that time had fought some 20 combat actions. "The result is that today," says Secretary Forrestal, "we have a seapower which enables American arms to be deployed anywhere in the world."

Still more spectacular has been the expansion of U.S. Airpower. In 1939 the air force of the U.S. Army had 28,000 men, 2,250 planes. It finished last year with 2,600,000 men and its Air Transport Command had delivered 40,000 planes overseas, (a figure which does not include thousands sent by ship).

In aerial combat against Germany and Japan, the AAF by last year's end had lost 8,100 planes while the enemy lost at least three times that number. In every theater where Americans are fighting, the AAF and its allies have undisputed control of the air.

As the Luftwaffe set the pace for the

original Nazi blitzkriegs, so its neutralization made the Nazi defeat inevitable. General Arnold dates the turning point from February 1944, when AAF and RAF began their strategic round-the-clock raids on Nazi aircraft production. Readers may recall Charles J. V. Murphy's account of this turning point: *The Unknown Battle* (LIFE, Oct. 16). These raids cost our side 244 heavy bombers in five days, but the Luftwaffe never recovered. By May it "could not prevent us from attacking any part of the Reich." Nor did it show up on D-day, despite the rich target. Instead, AAF and RAF "sealed off" northern France for a battlefield, so that German supply lines were disorganized. One panzer division which came from Galicia to eastern France in five days took two weeks getting from there to the front. "No such degree of interdiction has ever before been seen," says Hap Arnold.

Americans are flying everywhere all the time in this war. An ATC plane crosses the Atlantic every 13 minutes. ATC planes fly 51,000,000 miles a month, the equivalent of 70 circumnavigations of the globe every day. Another dimension of our airpower: enough steel runway surfacing has been produced (and most of it sent overseas) to lay a four-lane highway from New York to San Francisco. Another: 525,000 sick and wounded men were evacuated by plane in 1944, of whom less than 40 died in flight. Another: the 7th Air Force, whose forward bases moved 2,200 miles nearer Tokyo during 1944, controlled an area five times that of the U.S.

The Meaning

General Arnold calls airpower "our first line of defense." Secretary Forrestal says "seapower is the foundation, though not the final element, of victory." It is the ground troops, of course, who do the dying and who (if they can get there) ultimately enforce one nation's will on another, the object of war. Yet it appears, as of 1945, that sea and airpower are likely to remain America's predominant contribution to the keeping of world peace and to our own defense.

Some military experts, those who contemplate another war, think of our sea and airpower as a substitute for allies, claiming this power can buy us as much time to prepare as did China, Britain and Russia in this war. But that is a shortsighted reading of power's meaning. The unique characteristic of seapower and airpower is *range*. They are at home in any waters, any skies; and they seek the horizon as naturally as an eagle seeks height. In peace, their natural function is to extend and police the channels of trade, travel and communication among all the nations. America's interest in the world is henceforward as universal as our far-wandering planes and ships.

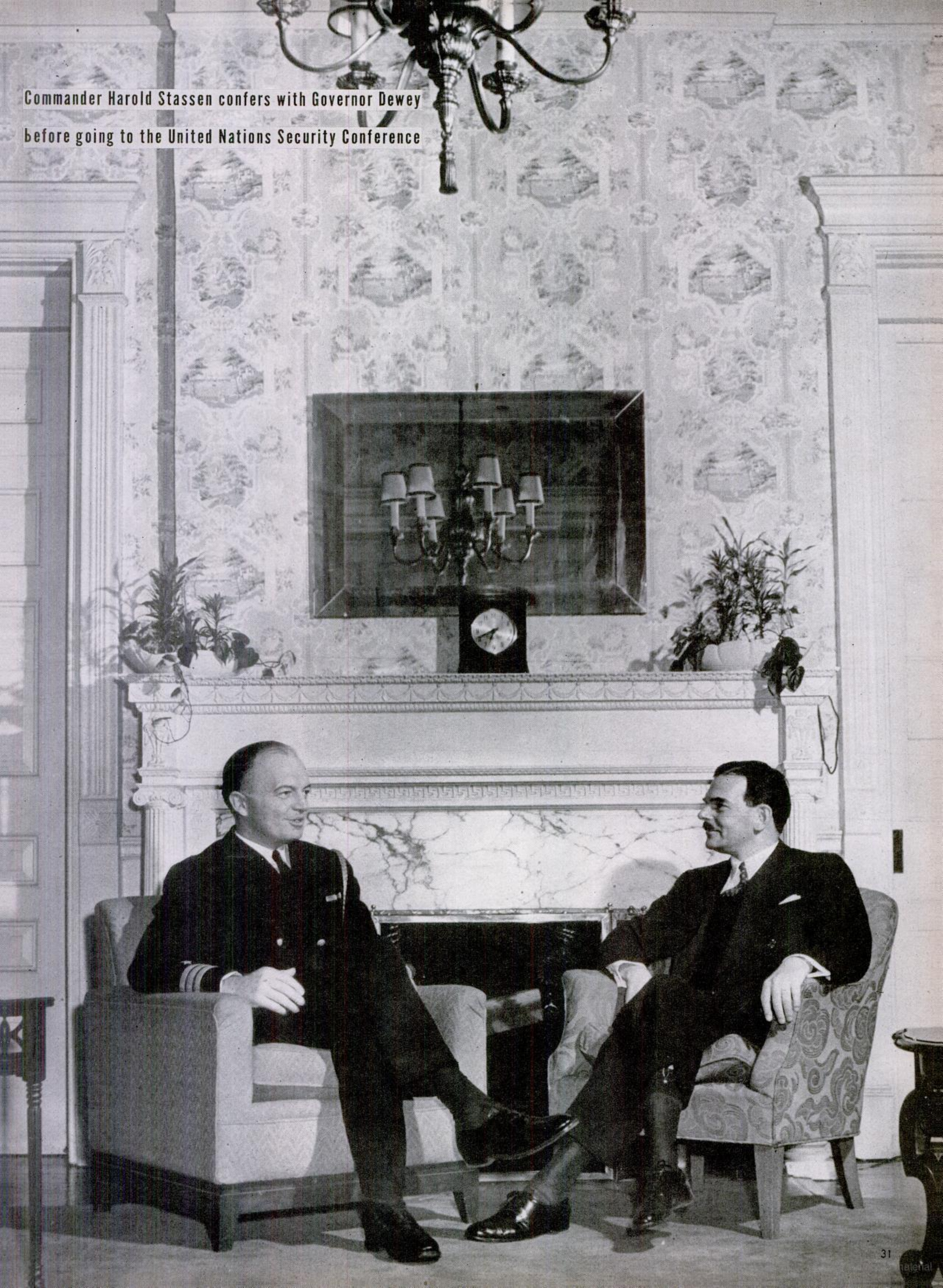
PICTURE OF THE WEEK:

One of three Republicans selected for the coming United Nations Conference in San Francisco is Commander Harold Stassen, former governor of

Minnesota. On Feb. 27 Commander Stassen visited Governor Thomas Dewey, titular head of the party, at the Executive Mansion, Albany, N.Y.

for a talk designed to formulate the Republican position on a postwar security organization. Said Stassen, "The U.S. has left isolation behind."

Commander Harold Stassen confers with Governor Dewey
before going to the United Nations Security Conference

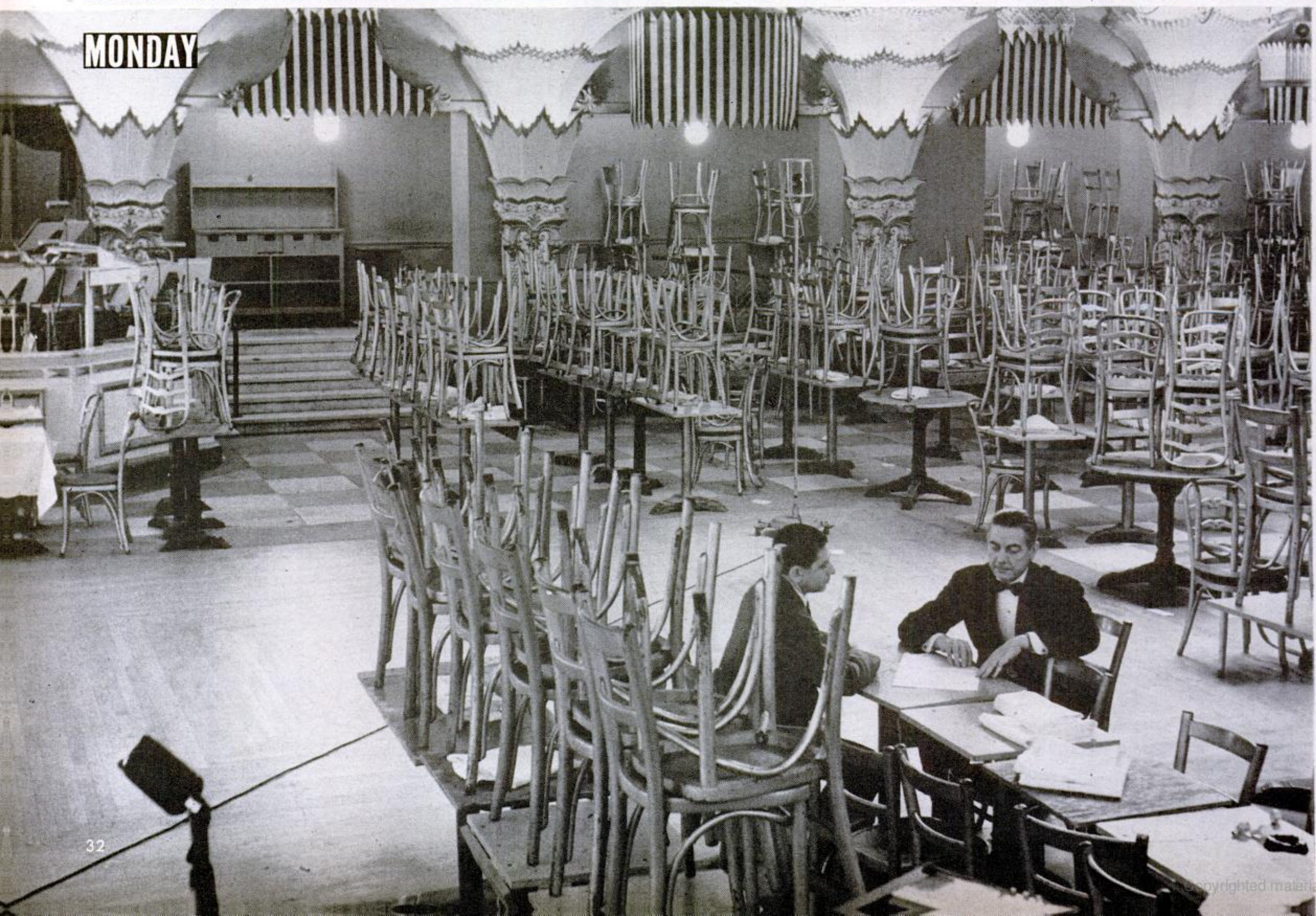


SUNDAY



ON SUNDAY AT 1:15 A.M. NEW YORK'S DIAMOND HORSESHOE IS JAMMED AS SHOWGIRLS GIVE THEIR LAST PARADE. SAME TIME MONDAY (BELOW) THE PLACE IS SILENT AND DESERTED

MONDAY





AT 12:15 BARTENDERS OF SAMMY'S BOWERY FOLLIES GIVE LATE-STAYING GUEST THE HEAVE-HO. OTHER BOWERY PROPRIETORS HAD TO GET HELP FROM POLICE TO SHOO BAR FLIES

THE CURFEW

Nightclubs and bars throw out all their customers at midnight

On Monday, Feb. 26 "Assistant President" James Byrnes's midnight curfew went into effect amid dire warnings from cafe owners all over the U. S. and especially in New York City. Some of their predictions: most New York bars will close for the duration; the speakeasy will return; more than 25,000 entertainers will lose their jobs in Manhattan alone.

But by week's end the predictions had not come true. Instead of closing up entirely, nightclubs simply

opened earlier. Speakeasies were scarce. And at the U. S. Employment Service in Manhattan only 25 former entertainers applied for some of the city's 41,000 unfilled essential jobs.

Official reason for the curfew was a fuel shortage, but some said it was for soldier morale and others blamed the Prohibitionists. A Gallup poll, however, reported a fact that reduced argument to a tempest in a teapot: 95% of U. S. goes to bed before midnight anyway.



PHOTOGRAPHER EUGENE SMITH'S CAMERA LOOKS BACK ON MARINES CRAWLING UP EMBANKMENT WHILE SMALL-ARMS FIRE WHINES OVERHEAD AND SHELLS SEEK INCOMING SHIPS



Advancing marine hugs gritty earth as demolition charge erupts in front of him. Iwo's cinders fouled rifles, reducing American firing frequency and lashed the marines' faces when blown by close shell blasts.

MARINES WIN BLOODY,

Twelve days after the U. S. Marines landed on Iwo Jima the Tokyo radio quoted Lieut. General Tadamichi Kuribayashi, Japanese commander on Iwo, as saying, "This island is the front line that defends our mainland, and I am going to die here." He sounded like a good prophet. On D-Day plus 13 the end of the battle of Iwo Jima was in sight. The 3rd Marine Division, inching north at the center of the advance on the pear-shaped island, sighted the sea. On its flanks the 4th and 5th Divisions, fighting in lower terrain, moved more slowly, but still forward. The Jap defense was simultaneously being bisected and enclosed.

Were it not for front-line pictures like these made by LIFE Photographer W. Eugene Smith and Marine cameramen, the U. S., accustomed by now to Pacific victories, might regard Iwo as just one more tough battle. On Iwo the Marines upheld a familiar tradition. They landed. They stuck. Then they advanced. But what made the battle of Iwo uniquely horrific was the island itself. Iwo is eight square miles of barren, brown-cliffed land. The southern end is a desert of loose volcanic ash. In the north a thousand Jap colonists formerly grew a little sugar cane and vegetables. Slit-faced bats flick through its palms and banyan trees during the cold nights. By day the skies are usually gray. Sometimes black smoke and sulphur gas flare up through the northeast sec-



IWO'S SOUTHERN END WAS ATTACKED FIRST. MARINES LANDED AT LEFT, DOGGEDLY ADVANCED ACROSS THE NARROW ISLAND, SWUNG SOUTH TO TAKE MT. SURIBACHI (BACKGROUND)

BARREN SANDS OF IWO

tion's rocks. One correspondent reported Iwo's only beauty is a scraggly plant that bears purple blossoms the size of nailheads. The battle which raged on this bleak Pacific cinder made it even more desolate, pocking its surface with craters until it took on the look of a lunar landscape.

Iwo's three airstrips are not much farther from Tokyo than British bases are from Berlin. B-24 Liberators, of which the U. S. has thousands, can fly to Japan under fighter protection, adding huge strength and bomb weight to the present B-29 attacks. The Japs, therefore, defended the island ferociously. Their corpses, when the flame throwers had passed on, resembled bundles of burned newspapers. The fury of their resistance was told in Admiral Nimitz' communiqué on the 13th day: of a garrison estimated at 20,000, 7,127 had been killed and only 32 taken prisoner. Meanwhile the Marines slogged forward, stopping for nothing but the still-deadly fire that cut them down in numbers which, at week's end, were yet to be disclosed.

The Japanese took their usual solace in untruth, claiming extravagant damage to the U. S. forces. Jap arms, said the imperial communiqué, had sunk two U. S. aircraft carriers, one or two battleships, four or five cruisers and six transports. "In addition," the communiqué said hopefully, "seventy-four huge pillars of flame were observed from the land."



Amphibious tractor, one that was able to fight its way inland, burns fiercely after a direct hit from a Jap mortar. In the foreground is one of the hundreds of cleverly camouflaged Jap pillboxes dotting Iwo.



On Iwo's ashes advancing marines steal from foxhole to foxhole along "Blue Beach No. 1," watch the action ahead on "Blue Beach No. 2." Against the desertlike landscape of southern

Iwo, all of it within range of the farthest Japanese guns, invaders were perfect targets. Notice the size of their footprints. Struggling forward, marines sometimes sank to their knees.



Dead hands still thrusting his rifle forward, a marine lies where he fell a few yards up on Iwo's beach, a bullet hole drilled through his helmet. Jap marksmen killed many thus. But a

shocking number of U. S. casualties resulted from mortar and artillery fire. Medical Corpsmen treating the grievously torn bodies talked wistfully of "nice, clean bullet wounds."



LANDING EQUIPMENT, SMASHED AND SCATTERED
BY THE JAP BARRAGE, WASHES IN IWO'S SURF



PICTURES TAKEN OF MR. ROOSEVELT AS HE ADDRESSES CONGRESS GIVE THE AMERICAN PEOPLE A GOOD LOOK AT THEIR PRESIDENT. HE IS TANNED, BUT GRAY AND THIN

PRESIDENT SPEAKS

Home from the conference at Yalta,
Roosevelt makes report to Congress

Within 36 hours after his return from the Crimea last week President Roosevelt went before a joint session of Congress to report on the Yalta Conference. For the first time in his many appearances before Congress he spoke from a chair in the well of the House, explaining that he preferred to sit rather than stand because he did not want to be burdened with "ten pounds of steel" braces. But he specifically repudiated rumors that he had been ill. "I am returning from this trip . . . refreshed and inspired.

I was well the entire time . . . The Roosevelts are not, as you may suspect, averse to travel."

Chatty and sure of himself, he departed from his text to make several asides such as "There are a great many prima donnas in the world" (an apparent reference to de Gaulle). Such ad-libbing, to which Roosevelt is increasingly addicted, worries his advisers. His message: "We shall have to take the responsibility for world collaboration or we shall have to bear the responsibility for another world conflict."

Favorite THEN... *And Favorite* NOW

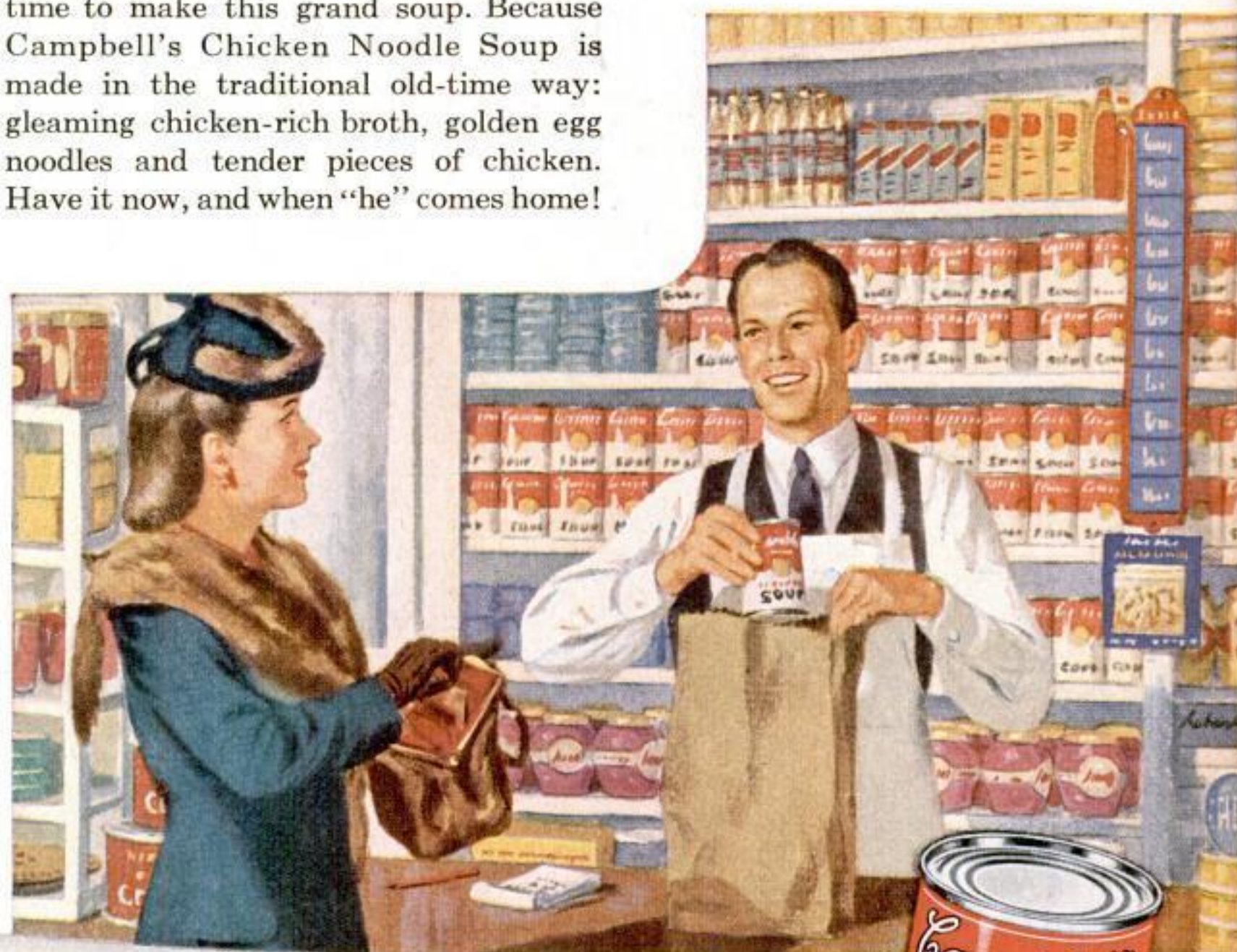
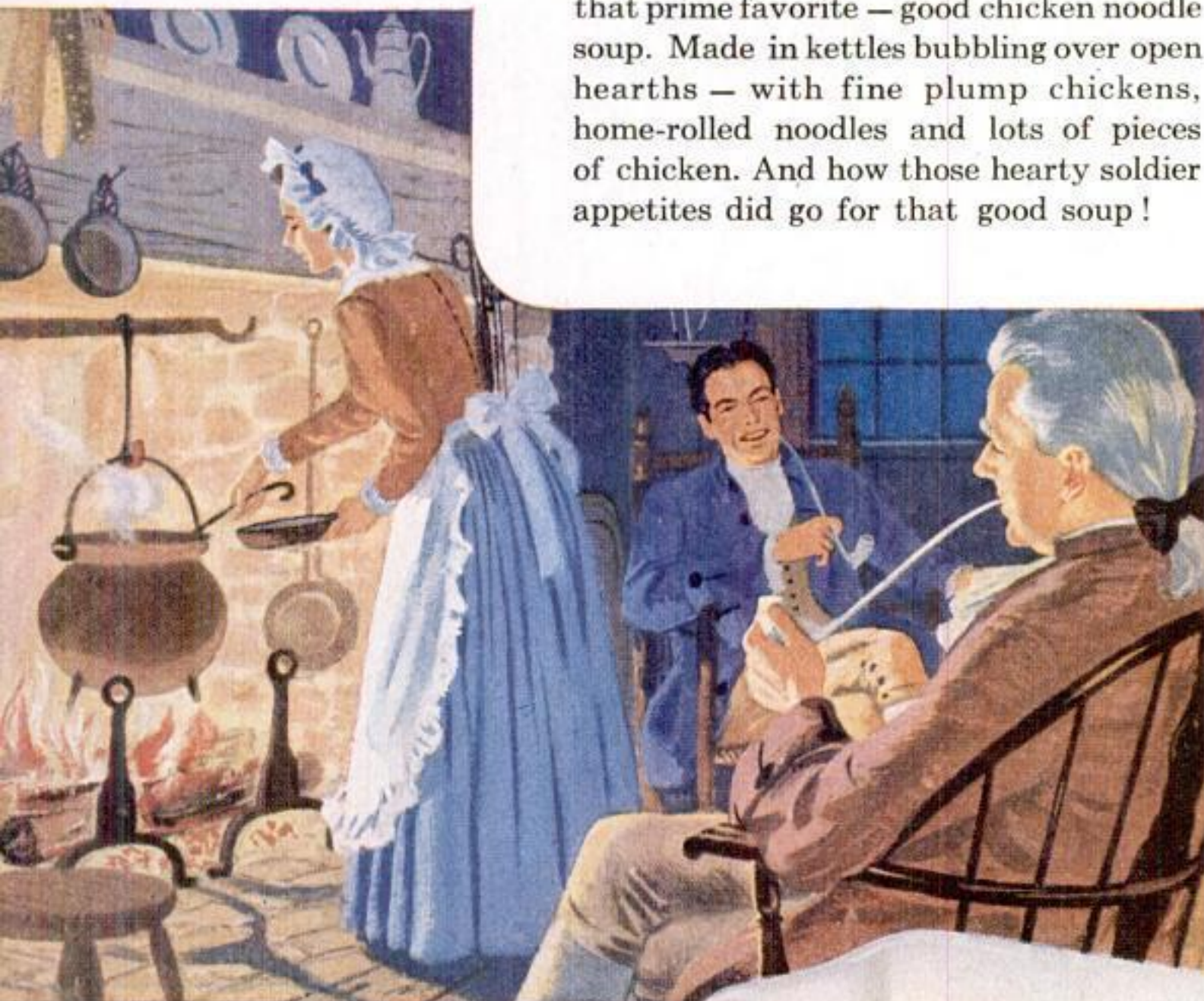
THIS TRULY AMERICAN SOUP



THE YEAR . . . 1776. 'Round the campfires the talk was all of home — of loved ones, and of those wonderful home-cooked meals! Then came furlough-time and the rush for home. What tantalizing aromas greeted them there . . . of tempting things to eat. Pretty often it was that prime favorite — good chicken noodle soup. Made in kettles bubbling over open hearths — with fine plump chickens, home-rolled noodles and lots of pieces of chicken. And how those hearty soldier appetites did go for that good soup!



THE YEAR . . . 1945. Today it's foxholes and battle stations. But they still talk of home and of food that "hits a man where he lives" — apple pie and three-inch steaks and fine hearty soups like chicken noodle. Nowadays, of course, women needn't take precious furlough-time to make this grand soup. Because Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup is made in the traditional old-time way: gleaming chicken-rich broth, golden egg noodles and tender pieces of chicken. Have it now, and when "he" comes home!



A Yank am I,
And pretty sry,
Good soup you see's
The reason why!



Like most grown-ups, children too love this fine old American soup. It's perfect for their lunches and suppers these chilly days.

Campbell's
CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP

Look for the Red-and-White Label

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How to pick corn— real, farm-fresh **CORN** —during Lent!



1 Crazy? Not at all! You can get yourself some of the finest, farm-freshest corn—each kernel bulging with milky goodness—right now, during Lent! You pick it out of that marvelous “garden” that blooms all year round . . . in the Birds Eye case! And Golden Sweet corn is only one of many delicious vegetables. You’ll find such Spinach as never passed your lips before—SAND-FREE, ready to cook, flavorful! And Green Beans, crisp and tender and tasty. Right next to it “grows” Golden Delicious Squash—perfectly ripened, fully cooked, and puréed.



2 Ah-h, those green Baby Lima Beans, and tender Broccoli Cuts with that “just-picked” flavor! You’ll usually find all these farm-fresh vegetables—and many more—in the Birds Eye case. All are quick-frozen within 4 hours after picking, to seal in that wonderful farm goodness! All are waste-free, work-free—and mighty economical. Pick your favorites to make up a special Lenten dinner with ocean-fresh Birds Eye Cod Fillets, “the finest fish that swims!” (So say old salts.) Save Work, Time—pick yourself a grand dinner!

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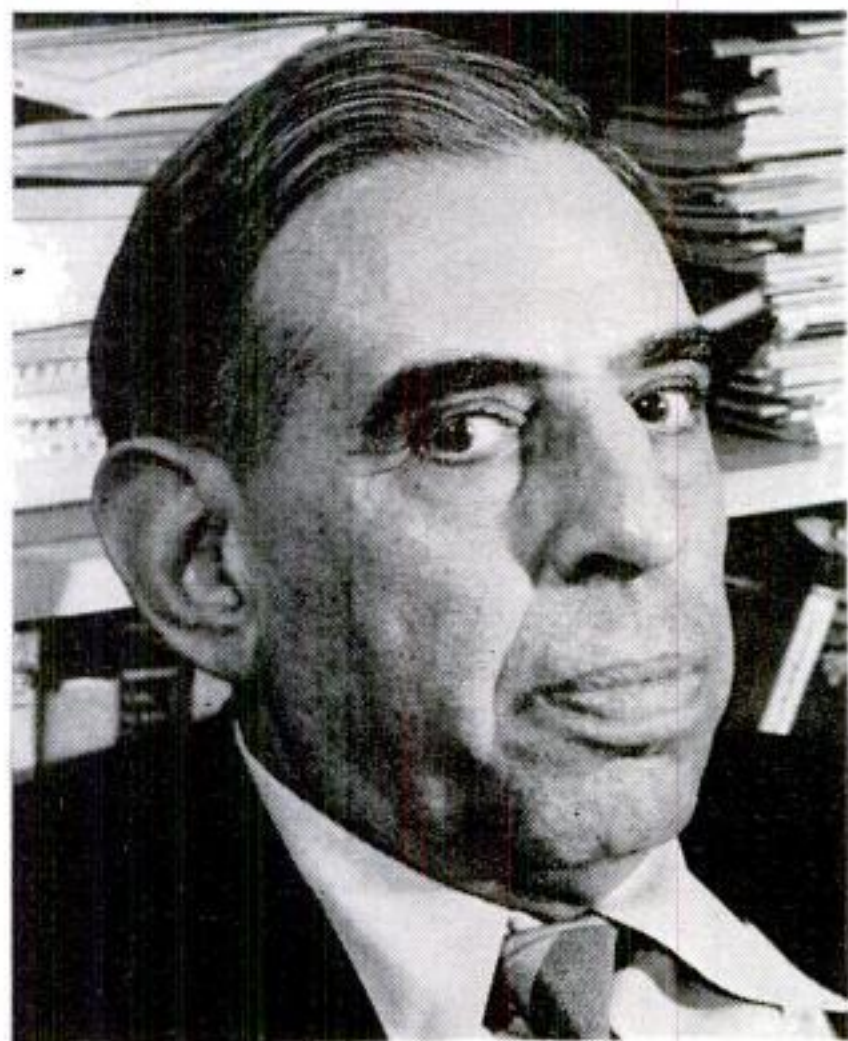
CAUTION!

A word of caution! Sometimes, other brands of frosted foods get into Birds Eye cases. But unless they bear the Birds Eye label, they are NOT Birds Eye. Birds Eye has only one brand, only one quality. BE SURE the package you receive bears the Birds Eye brand!



EUROPE WANTS FREEDOM FROM SHAME

A realistic warning: America is forsaking its idealism



GIUSEPPE ANTONIO BORGESE

Essentially, the following article reflects the personal history of its author. In 1938, seven years after he had left the University of Milan and refused to take the Fascist oath, Professor Giuseppe Antonio Borgese happily swore his allegiance to the Constitution of the United States. American citizenship came to him as the natural consequence of a European's dedication to liberty. But to him, as to millions of Europeans immovably tied to their soil, personal liberty remains inseparable from national freedom.

Professor Borgese, who is now teaching at the University of Chicago, may well speak for many a mind that grew from European roots toward a ready comprehension of America. Because it combines awareness of American realities with a characteristic Old World sense of history, his article presents an aspect of U. S. policies that might determine America's future more authentically than any number of Big Three Conferences.

For Borgese's subject is the response, not of Europe's diplomats, but of Europe's peoples to U. S. participation in the rough-and-ready sort of justice the Big Three apparently intend to administer all over the helpless continent. Borgese, the American, realizes how deeply this country desires closest cooperation among the Big Three. But Borgese, the European, senses humiliation growing throughout the Old World, born of resentment against the arbitrary receivership the Big Three seem to be setting up for division among themselves. His sobering warning deserves the close attention of the American people.

by G. A. BORGESE

President Roosevelt, on the eve of his departure for Yalta, made it publicly known that his desire was to piece together again the Atlantic Charter he had helped so much first to build and then to scrap.

But the Atlantic Charter had been a flimsy affair since its very first day. True, it disclaimed any will to "aggrandizement, territorial or other" of the victor powers, and it vetoed territorial changes not in accord with the wishes of the peoples. But, at the same time, it hallowed the "sovereign rights" of the extant powers "within their own boundaries." What followed, with consistent inconsistency, was Churchill's "we'll hold our own" and Stalin's endorsement of the document under the tacit proviso that his "own boundaries" were those of 1940 or of 1914, as he pleases. The Charter vowed "the final destruction of the Nazi tyranny." But it respected "the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live." This legitimized at that date Pétain and Franco and paved the way, at dates unborn, for whatever brand of Darlanism and neo-Fascism might be available or be made available in liberated countries. It pledged distributive justice with enjoyment by all states, "great or small, victor or vanquished, of access, on equal terms, to the trade and the raw materials of the world." Yet it inserted a rider ("with due respect for" the sponsor powers' "existing obligations") that winked a green light to existing and extensible monopolies and cartels. It shadowed on remote horizons "the establishment of a wider and permanent system of general security," pending which, maybe for years, maybe for generations, there

would be a world of the victors and a world of the vanquished. And in this world victor police would control such nations as threaten, or "may threaten," aggressions "outside of their frontiers." (Presumably, aggression "inside of their frontiers," like the extermination of racial minorities or of political objectors, would be none of our business.)

Such was the Atlantic Charter: small wonder that so awkward a structure could not stand many shocks.

The inadequacies and evasions of the Four Freedoms were not so striking. Neither were they so willful. Historical innocence, much rather than diplomatic cunning, lay at their roots. The unreserved applause of English-speaking audiences was the instinctive reaction of a community that takes freedom for granted anyway, four and all.

But given 40 instead of four freedoms, Europeans will still want more—until, to begin with, a freedom be granted to them that was not listed among Roosevelt's four: the freedom of self-determination. Transferred from the list of the "freedoms of" into that of the "freedoms from," the freedom of self-determination is tantamount to the freedom from shame; namely, from the complex of inferiority that thrives on coerced allegiance to imported authorities.

The English-speaking mind is not fully alive to the gravity of this issue. Unlike their German cousins and foes, the Anglo-Saxon stocks did not strive to *become* the master race or *Herrenvolk* holding sway over the world of mankind. They abstained from any plan of systematic

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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Make your cup of quick comfort with a Tender Leaf Tea Ball... and there's no pot to bother with, no strainer, no long wait. Never a speck in the cup, and no stray leaves. Tender Leaf Brand Tea Balls filter!

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TENDER LEAF TEA BALLS

EUROPE (continued)

world conquest. Yet, unlike their German cousins and rivals, they have succeeded in *being* a *Herrenvolk*, a race of masters. There are no Anglo-Saxons in servitude anywhere. Wherever they have settled, they either tutor and govern subordinate masses or live as equals in the dignity of their homes. At least since the famed year 1066 they have not seen a foreign invasion. No English-speaking minority worth mentioning obeys foreign laws.

When Europeans think of foreign domination, they do not necessarily think in terms of gallows in long rows, tenebrous dungeons, plunder, rape. They visualize the possibility, they even remember some actual instances, of a paternal overlordship. Yet overlordship from abroad works destruction, no matter whether brutal or bland.

Foreign rule cripples self-respect and self-reliance in the subjugated. Instructed that they must stay below the standards of self-government, they mix the drug of self-contempt in a drink of impotent hatred, and while forgetting the rewards of franchise they also unlearn the hardships of responsibility. The seeds of intellectual creation wither; even the sources of economic initiative dry up—for, as an economist of the 18th Century put it, no sooner is an animal or a human deprived of freedom than his master must feed him.

The nations of Europe, each and all, have actually gone through the experience of national servitude. They have not learned it from hearsay and school books. They loathe its remembrance that in most cases is recent. They dread its return. Emotions of this kind are visibly operative in the upper layers of the European communities; they are subconsciously seated in the multitudes below.

This is why the nations of Europe have hated the German. Whoever, Briton or other, should try to take over the role of the German, no matter how much blander his yoke, will be hated. America will have her share of Europe's hatred if she lends a hand to the subjugation of Europe.

Woodrow Wilson measured the breadth and depth of the problem. Hence the emphasis he laid on the principle of national self-determination.

He certainly knew, as we know, that the overemphasis on national feelings is one potent factor of the modern world anarchy. But he also knew that the answer can be only their release for a civilized interplay, and that further repression would merely intensify the explosiveness of their charges.

This was Wilson's inspiration and goal. To explain his defeat, two judgments have been offered. One is that he did not live up to the perfection of his purpose: he was not enough of a Wilson. The other judgment is that he was a "perfectionist": too much of a Wilson. The tragedy (a prose tragedy) of the contemporary period of American history, that may be called the Long Presidency, is that nearly all its ruling groups and personalities, from the President down, chose the latter view. Those among them who had been connected in their youthful years with Wilson and his doings have taken great pains to make themselves and us sure that they have matured since. Their doctrinal interpreters have left no stone unturned to convince themselves and us that Wilson was wrong; that his arch-antagonist, the "realist" Clemenceau, who most efficiently thwarted the idealists' designs, was right; and that common sense, social justice and the history of civilization deny validity to the Wilsonian principle of national self-determination. From their fruits you shall know them.

The fruits of "realism"

As long as Asia is in a haze, those fruits are more clearly knowable in Europe. The most conspicuous is Poland. In her case the tragic is highlighted by the grotesque.

For it is tragically grotesque that the European war, having started officially for the sake of Poland, ends—victoriously—with the surrender of Poland. England that had gone as far as Munich and even, more reluctantly, as far as Prague, stopped at Danzig and Pomorze; stood up for the treaties and the sovereignty of a nation; drew her sword; lost; rose again. Poland fought and fights on her side, and ours. We win. As a net result, the Hitler-Stalin pact that partitioned Poland is scrapped. Stalin gets all he wants. He first took it on his armies' way to Berlin—which was a blessing. But what his advancing forces had taken in behalf of the United Nations he now has received for himself from Britain and America. That is a tragedy.

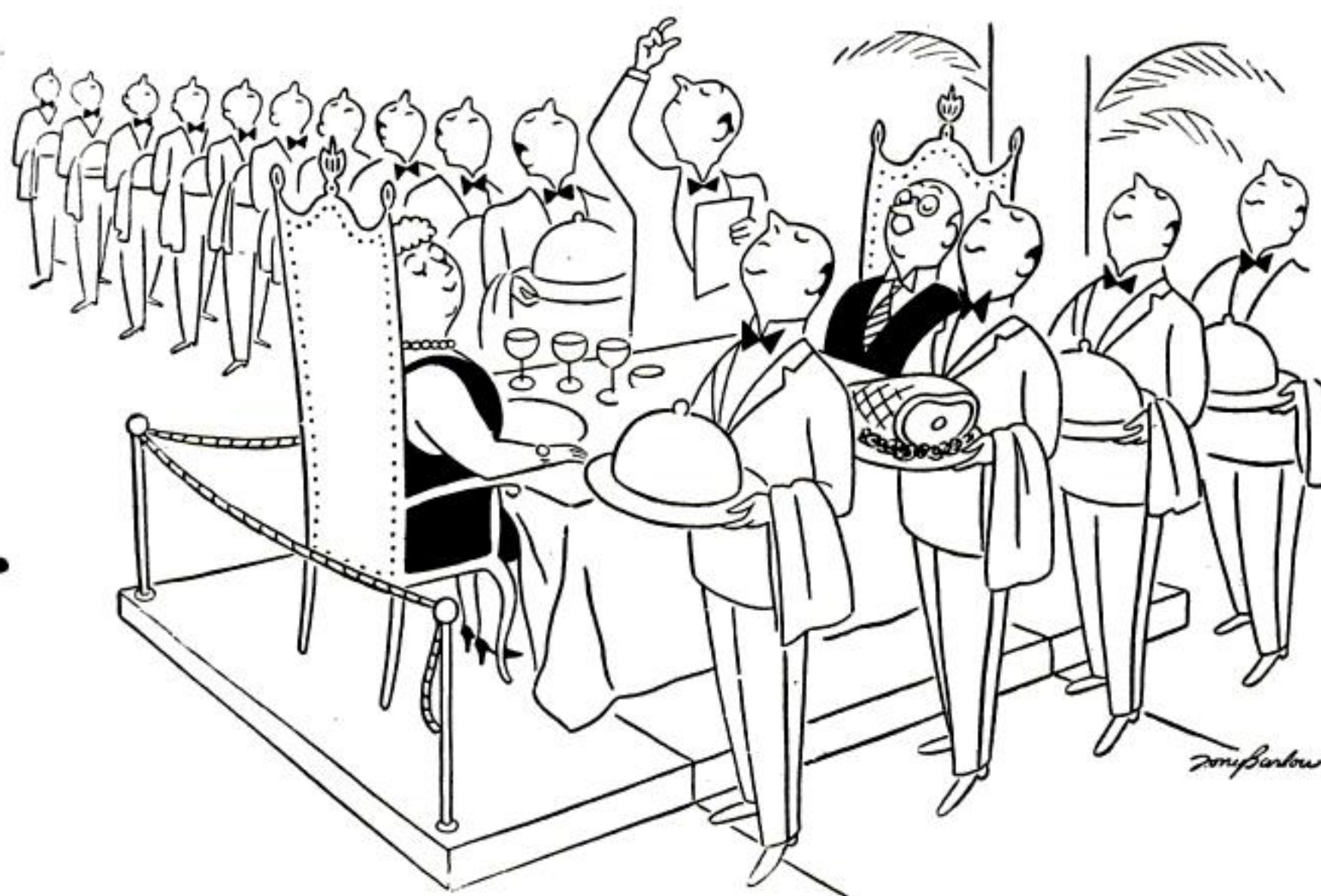
The issue at stake here is not whether Russian protectorate is

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

It never quite
came to this...



and it may never
come to this, but...



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After a 90-day test, conducted in Chicago on a group of people who ate average diets, doctors reported:
"The supplementation of average diets with Bexel Vitamin B Complex Capsules had a favorable effect in the reduction of fatigue. It also indicated a beneficial effect on mental alertness, appetite and sleep."
This happened in enough cases for the results to be scientifically significant.

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**VITAMIN B
COMPLEX
CAPSULES**



EUROPE (continued)

preferable to Nazi domination—which it certainly is. It is not whether the sovietization of Poland will bring forth social and economic advancement for peasant and Jew—which it very probably will. Neither is it whether Lwów and Wilno should go to Russia or Poland. The issue is that there is no issue. There are stark facts. Wilno and Lwów will go to Russia because go they must. We are allaying Hitler while validating what he stood for. Might is right.

Little men, what now? What now, great nation?

Now we shall see what we shall see. For instance: the fated frustration of Mr. Harriman. As U.S. Ambassador to Moscow he might be primarily concerned with courting our mighty ally; and yet, as U.S. delegate to the Big Three's advisory commission on Poland he is expected to stand up for traditional American concepts of Poland's independence. Or is he? Is he really expected to balance the overwhelmingly practical fact that Poland remains under airtight military control, executed not by the United Nations but by the purposeful Russian army, that matchless instrument of political warfare? Could he possibly apply more pressure than that needed to put the American seal on the Russian intent?

If we stated that we cannot do anything about it; that we are sorry; that we have neither the will nor the power for intervening in Poland; that it would be insanity and crime to declare or prepare World War III against Russia—we would be honest. The evil starts when we try to talk ourselves into believing that the letter, let alone the spirit, of the Atlantic Charter is not being violated in Poland. And this is precisely what we have done in Yalta.

There is no moral indignity in recognizing necessity. There is demoralization and disorder when necessity is camouflaged under sophistry.

The illusion of a "hard peace"

When the lights go out in Poland, all the limelight will be on Germany.

In the case of Germany the issue has been indefatigably phrased as soft versus hard peace. The dilemma, so stated, is a forgery.

The guilt of the German people in the ascendancy of Fascism is great and undeniable. But it is not undivided. There was no dearth of examples and incitements around them. Churches and Clivedens, Wall Street and Kremlin, princes and poets, all the Magi of East and West, rushed presents to the Antichrist's crib.

As for the notion that Germany anyhow, Fascism or no Fascism, is evil incarnate, and that militarism with the doctrine of eternal violence is German by exclusive birthright—not even those who are peddling it take it all too seriously. They know at bottom that they are coldly counterfeiting (tit for tat) anti-Semitism—which, incidentally, is no German invention—trying in turn to unload on one picked nation all the sins and grievances of the human race. The result of their endeavors is a war baby that any Christian, Jewish or otherwise civilized mind should refuse to adopt. There is no God-chosen and there is no fiend-chosen people on earth. No individual or group is beyond sin and redemption.

Yet, no matter how low the intellectual standards of these years, truths so humble would not need restating if a reality of some kind were not behind the hoax of propaganda. The reality is that the German people build, and are likely to build, much the strongest and most numerous aggregate in Europe west of Russia. Hence the likelihood—should Germany re-emerge united from the catastrophe of Nazism—of recurrent bids (no matter what the doctrine behind them) for supremacy. This we do not want. Hence "hard peace," unlimited.

But is it true that whenever and wherever a nation is numerically and technically greater than its neighbors, that nation must inevitably claim and wield imperial supremacy in the area of its relative superiority? It is not true.

The primacy of the U.S. among the nations of the western hemisphere is incomparably more overwhelming than Germany's ever was in Europe or might conceivably be. Yet the U.S., long before the good-neighbor policy, set self-imposed limits to her territory and power.

Are the Germans, as a nation, intrinsically unable to reach such maturity? Are they damned forever? And by whom? By a Big One whose mind we shall never know—or merely by the Big Three? But to damn is none of their business. Their business is to wipe out Ger-

DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION

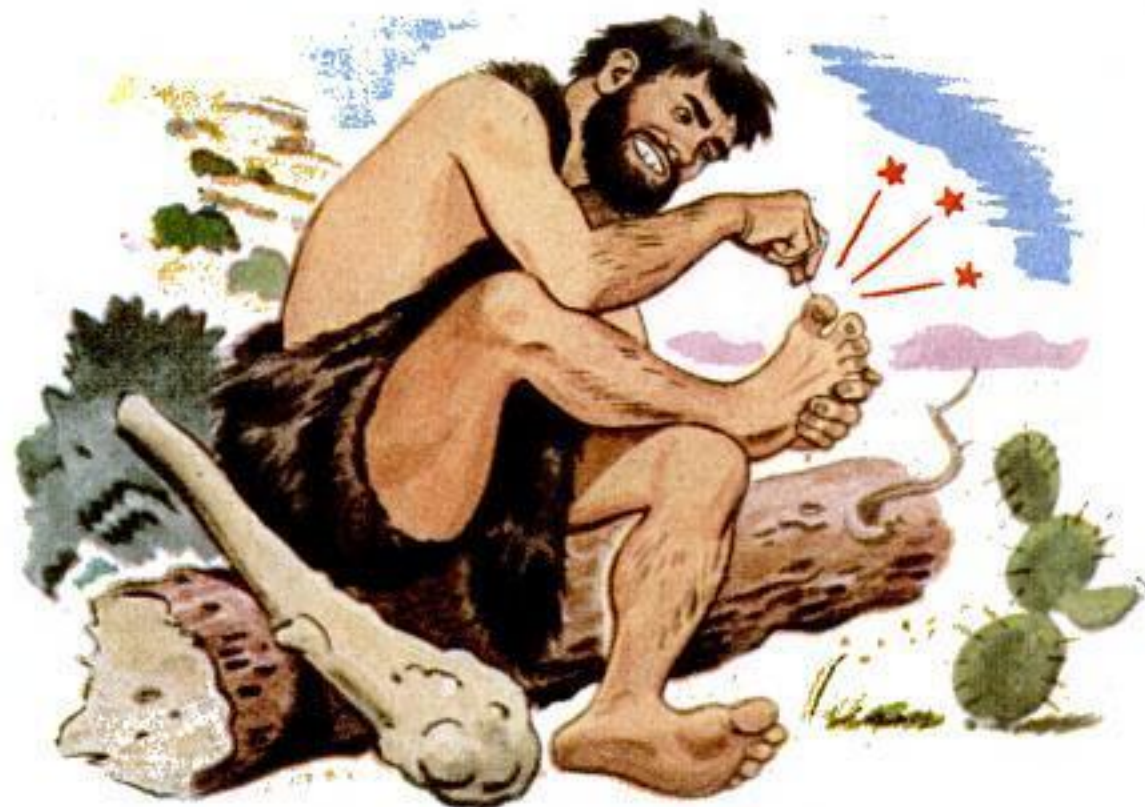


WHY, SURE!

L.S./M.F.T.



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WHEEL! WON'T SKID. AND
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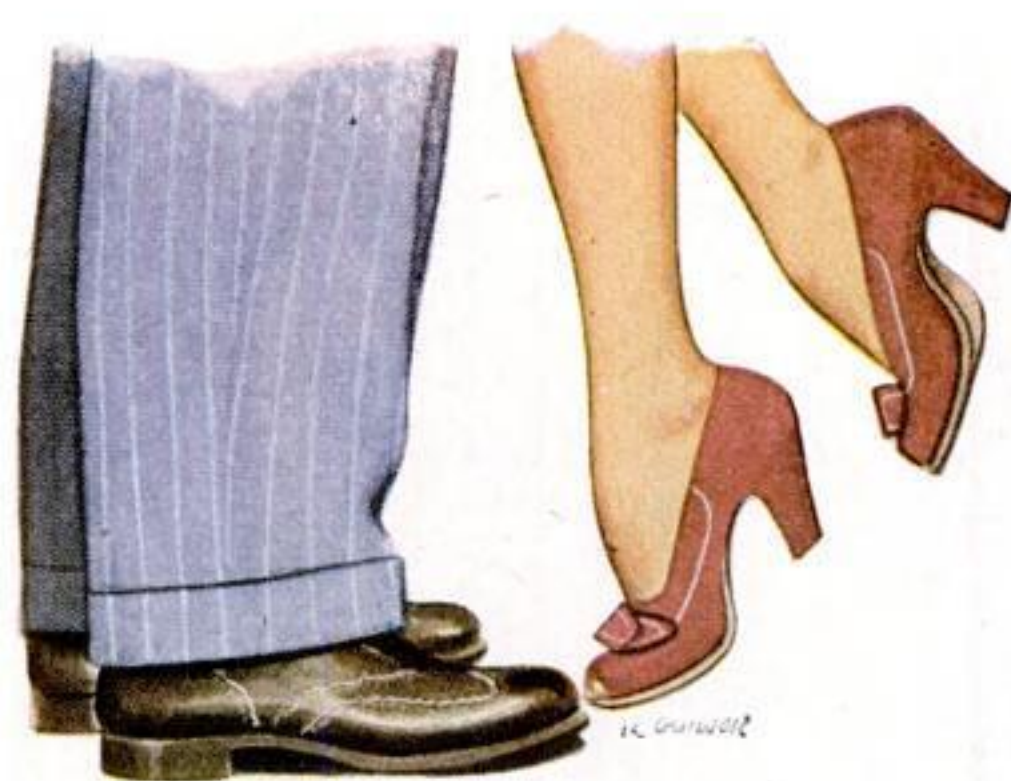
ON SMART,
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BOY, WHAT A COMFORT! IT
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OUT IN STRAW...THE DUTCH WALKED ON WOOD...MODERNS GOT ALONG WITH LEATHER

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Not rubber — not leather — not plastic — not fabric! Waterproof — far outwear leather!

You've never seen anything like **NEOLITE**. It's utterly new—entirely different—completely superior to any shoe sole ever made.

NEOLITE brings you a new kind of comfort. It's firm enough to give you plenty of support and protection. Yet it feels as easy and flexible as a slipper! And it insulates your foot!

NEOLITE outwears the best leather. And you know what that means, in saving money, stretching shoe coupons. But that's not all!

When you walk on **NEOLITE**, your feet stay dry—it's waterproof. What's more it's non-skid, wet or dry. **NEOLITE** keeps you surer-footed on icy pavements, polished floors, any kind of surface.

Sounds like a miracle? It is. But it's *one* miracle that's ready for you—*now*! Drop in at your favorite store today and walk out on **NEOLITE** Soles. If your dealer cannot supply you with **NEOLITE** Soles, be patient... they're well-worth waiting for.

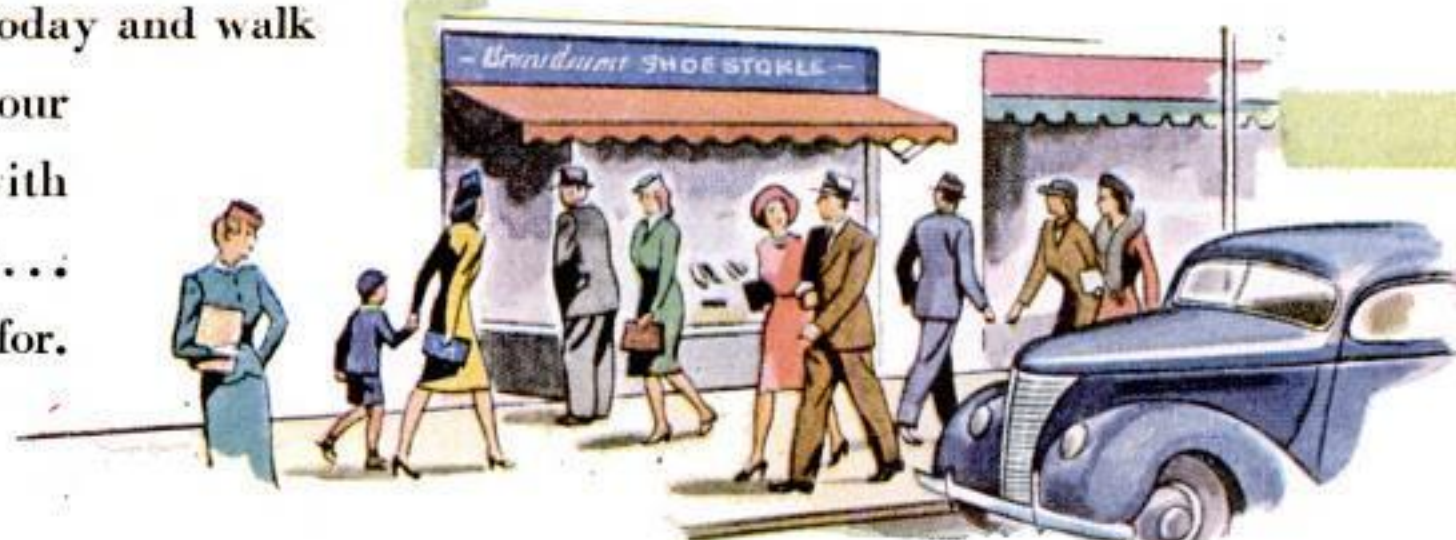
Thousands are getting

NEOLITE SOLES

now on over

150

famous brands of shoes





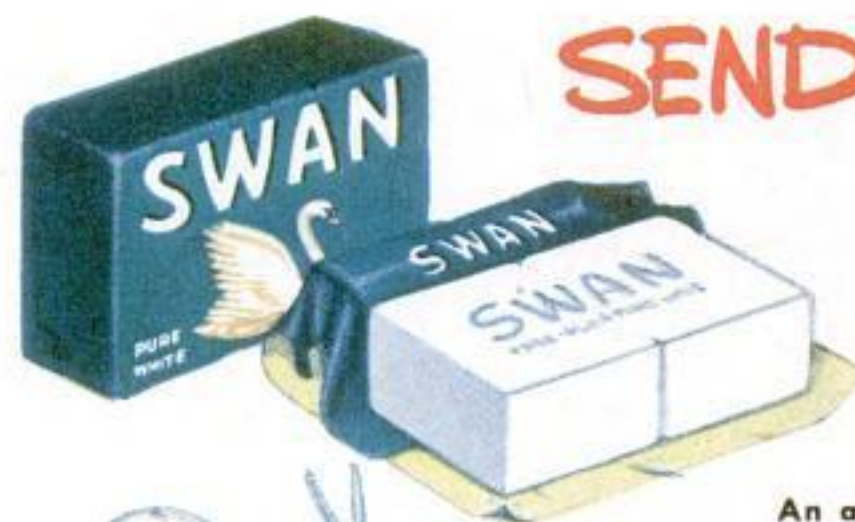
(Sing to the tune of The Man on the Flying Trapeze)

They float through the air—and kersplash in a tub
Where Swan gives 'em all a delightful, pure scrub.
The babies adore it—can't wait for their rub!
Gentle Swan is the soap of their dreams!

The doctors and mamas with praises are wild.
Swan's pure as castles! Oh, so sudsy and mild!
It helps keep you rosy and fresh as a child!
Gentle Swan is the soap of your dreams!

So float through your day with the greatest of ease,
Swan dishes or duds or whatever you please!
Swan's gentle and mild—with your skin it agrees!
Buy pure Swan—it's the soap of your dreams!

Baby-mild for **E**verything—**SWAN** is pure as Fine Castles—



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An adorable color print of the Merry-go-round Swan babies above is yours for only 10¢ (to cover cost of mailing and handling).



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I enclose 10¢ in coin for latest Swan baby picture.

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EUROPE (continued)

man Fascism or, at least, not to do again what they have done for a decade—to promote it.

Indeed, two ways lay open to the democracies if their purpose was to foster and perpetuate Fascism. One was to appease and bribe it in its age of growth, lavishing on it praises, provender, provinces. We went that way as far as Munich and further. We were highly successful.

The other way is to bury Fascism with all the necessary premises for its more vital reincarnation. This we might do by underwriting Hitler's eleventh hour words of Jan. 30 ("Every promise the democracies make is worthless. They are incapable of keeping pledges"): by assembling evidence that Fascism and Nazism were correct when they proclaimed that our face is greed and power, freedom and justice our mask.

In this sense the hardest peace for Germany is the softest for Nazism.

Unless, therefore, we are physically able—which we probably are not—to extirpate the whole German nation root and branch; and unless our allegedly Christian civilization is able—which it certainly is not—to survive so pagan an undertaking, our dealings in Germany should fall into three consecutive and mutually articulated phases or processes.

The first is victory and unconditional surrender. This is no peace, soft or hard. It is, it must be, the obliteration of Nazism.

The second is the interval between victory and peace. It may be called cease-fire or armistice, not peace. It may and most probably must result in total occupation of the German soil (by the United Nations, not by single powers) and in military administration of the German nation (by associate control, not by single mandates). The Armistice is no matter for negotiation; it is the enactment of the surrender—unconditional as regards the Germans, conditioned as regards ourselves by honor and wisdom.

The third phase is peace with a regenerate German nation, restored to equality and freedom in the society of all nations. No soft peace, no hard peace—Peace.

The articulation between the first and the second phase must consist in our inviolable resolve not to have any truck with any brand of post-Nazism (under pretext of legitimacy or order). The articulation between the second and the third phase should consist in the rigorous avoidance of words or deeds, omissions or commissions, that impair two inalienable rights of the German people: its right, when it is reborn, to full economic rehabilitation; its right to self-determination when self-determination can be recognized by unmanipulated and uncoerced popular will.

A declaration of such ultimate goals, so horrifyingly absent in the charter of Yalta, ought to be incorporated, as our own self-imposed condition, in the instrument of unconditional surrender and dictated armistice. Noncommittal generalities like Churchill's phrases of Jan. 18 ("We are not extirpaters of nations or butchers of peoples") will not do. More magnanimous pledges, in that style, were signified to other peoples in this war—and never honored.

Neither would do the refurbishing of the Atlantic Charter, a parchment damaged past repair. What is needed is a binding statement of intent, tightly knit, loophole-proof. It is the long awaited Declaration of Interdependence of the Nations, based on the acknowledgement that the urge for national independence (which is the stuff global interdependence will be made of) cannot subside prior to its total fulfillment "everywhere in the world." Our Fourth of July is not the end and consummation of history. It is one of its beginnings.

The world wants to hear it declared that all nations are endowed with certain inalienable rights, among them Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness—all nations and all men everywhere in the world: Greeks and Barbarians, Jews and Germans, victors and vanquished, apostles and converts.

To make this truth self-evident again is the assignment of America.

America's principles and interests coincide

The recent denizen and citizen in the American community is driven more compellingly than the American of ancient ancestry to the interpretation of Americanism as a universal hope and apostolic faith. For if he plays the role of the American hundred-per-center,

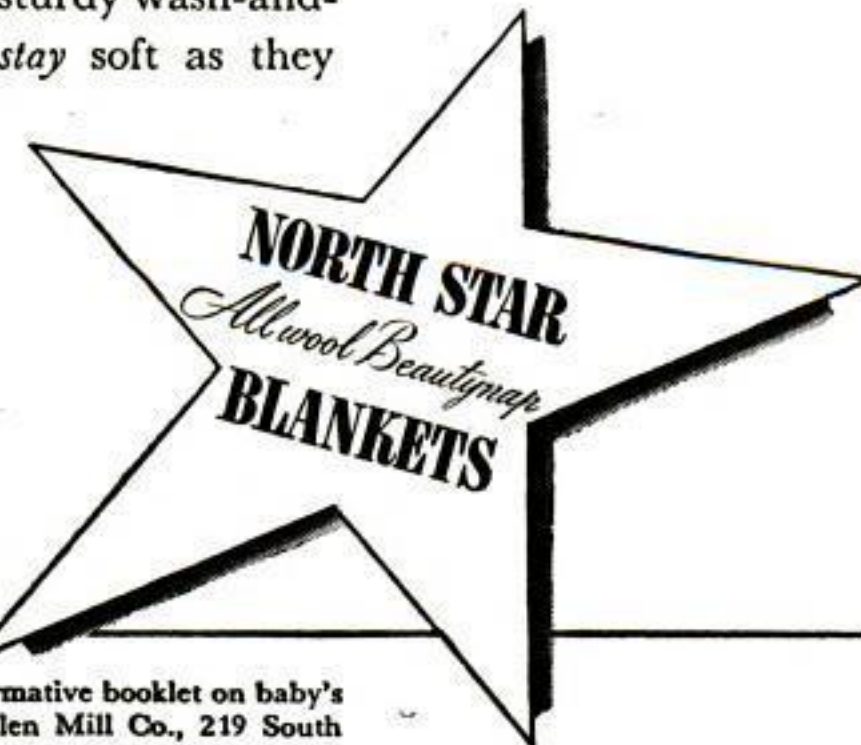
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BABY'S ON THE MARCH! On trains, on planes, on busses . . . baby's gone a-hunting Daddy. Home is where his North Stars are. And Baby (1945) travels like a seasoned trouper . . . tucked away safe and sound beneath the same snuggle-y, warm North Stars he has in his crib.

For Mommy "knows best" . . . from years of sleeping best under "grownup" North Stars, herself. She knows that *all* North Stars are wool to the last fluff; that *all* North Stars boast painstaking craftsmanship, superb texture and sturdy wash-and-wearability. And that they *stay* soft as they are for years and years.

IRIS (Pictured) is a "pocket edition" of your standard-size North Star . . . made of the same fine fleece wool. Soft shades of pink and blue or white.



FREE! "Sleep, Baby, Sleep" . . . an engaging, informative booklet on baby's sleep problems, nursery, layette. North Star Woolen Mill Co., 219 South Second Street, Minneapolis 1, Minnesota.

It's [★]ARALAC!

Soft, resilient ARALAC does wonders for a Duplex corded fabric of rayon

and ARALAC. The casual frock is undeniably Claire McCardell! About \$25.



EUROPE (continued)

bristling with "sacred egoism," he will make himself either laughable on account of his oddity or contemptible on account of his cheap flexibility. Thus, even if his name be a tongue twister, his patron saint will remain Thomas Paine, the early fugitive who identified the cause of his new country with the cause of humanity.

Yet the newcomer, too, no less firmly than any American of unimpeachable descent, realizes that an irreconcilable conflict between the alleged principles and the manifest interests of a nation dooms the principles. Voluntary self-immolation in the service of a superior cause can be claimed of the individual, but common sense and biology alike would laugh off the proposal that a nation should "commit martyrdom." Hence, whoever holds that the universal American dream must prescribe America's political road, has to know and to show how and where American principles coincide with American interests. Even this would not be enough. He would have to make clear that the alternative is harmful—that a betrayal of American principles would imperil America's "real" interests.

Three remarks, I think, can help make it clear.

The first remark emerges from the awareness that the Yalta treatment of Poland and the apparently intended partition of Germany indicate the partition of Europe among foreign overlords. The thing in the making, whether in so many words or in so many facts, is the dismemberment of Europe—the East rotating in the Russian orbit, the West (or at least the Northwest) and the South hitched to Britain. The center, a ditch where the German nation should lie disabled forever, would be meant to keep the two mighty ones at arm's length.

If that comes to pass it will soon be seen that Britain is neither mighty nor wholehearted enough to hold her own. Her half-rule over half of Europe will disintegrate both ways: by restlessness and tumult in the half-controlled countries and by the perturbed conscience of the British people themselves.

Russia will move into a European vacuum

Whether or not Stalin's own mind harbors plans of world conquest is relatively irrelevant. It was not Rome that spread on the world; it was the world that spread on Rome. What we promised to Europe was law, bread and liberty. If we fail, Europe will beg a law from Russia, with a hope for bread, even at the cost of liberty. Willed or not, the pressure from the inner bulk of the continent (the Heartland of Geopolitics), multiplied by prestige, will weigh irresistibly on all Europe—if we make it a vacuum. The wasteland that was the Holy Empire of the Middle Ages, the wreckage that was Hitler's World Empire of the German nation, may become the building ground for the Secular Eurasian Empire of the Russian nation—whether or not Stalin bids for it. From Antwerp to Vladivostok (or Shanghai) it will be all cousins. And America will be an "encircled" island.

The second remark concerns what is called Free Enterprise. If the resources of all Eurasia are pooled, and the labor of a billion people merges under one managerial rule, competition and initiative in the countries of high wages and dole come to grief. Management and labor, profit and security, will be locked in a struggle on which the Eurasian pattern would cast an enormous shadow. One fine morning the political and social forces of America might find themselves arrayed in a Russian and an anti-Russian party.

And thirdly, we had better state frankly, not merely whisper, that America is not wholly homogeneous.

As regards the confessional alignment, the Catholics are far from ready to nod assent to the dismemberment and subjugation of Europe. The Protestants, for better than just competitive reasons, will hardly feel otherwise. The Quakers, among others, are tersely on record against territorial vivisections and deportations en masse: "They outrage humanity." Interdenominational strife may shoulder beneath other issues. At any rate, religious unity in the U. S. cannot be achieved unless the government speak and act in behalf of a supreme faith that embraces all higher religions. That faith is Catholic in the universality of the purpose, Protestant in the practice of liberty, Jewish in the hope of prophecy.

Nationalism, however, much more than religious sectarianism, is the separative religion or heresy of our age. So it is worth while to watch what a strait-jacketed Europe might do to America.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52



A 48-hour pass...a lonely soldier...and a girl in a million!



Two days were all they had...
to make their first date...
to hold hands in a taxi...
to kiss in the park...
to ride home in the dawn
with the milkman!
It's a story as gay as Spring
and as exciting
as love itself!



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"ST. LOUIS" "HARGROVE"

JUDY GARLAND and ROBERT WALKER

They Click in **The CLOCK**

JAMES GLEASON • KEENAN WYNN • MARSHALL THOMPSON

Screen Play by Robert Nathan and Joseph Schrank • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by ARTHUR FREED • An M-G-M Picture

IS CARBON CHOKING YOUR HORSEPOWER?



Protect your motor by regular use of Mobil Upperlube...

Is your engine only half-alive—wearing out too fast because rings and valves are sticky? Then get it clean—smoother-running—with inexpensive Mobil Upperlube. Used regularly, it should do 3 things:

- 1. FIGHTS GUM, CARBON:**
—and does it as you drive! Mobil Upperlube enters the cylinders with gasoline. Its special solvent action helps soften the gum that binds carbon to rings and valves.
- 2. AVOIDS "HIDDEN WEAR":**
Mobil Upperlube guards against scuffing and wear at motor's "hot spots." Puts protective film on hard-to-reach upper cylinder walls.
- 3. GUARDS AGAINST INTERNAL CORROSION:**
Mobil Upperlube's protective film wards off corroding moisture which forms when your motor cools. Just add it to the gas tank at rate of only 4 ounces to every 10 gallons.

To restore "new car pep" quickly, ask your Mobilgas dealer about the Mobil Upperlube Tonic Treatment. You'll be amazed at results.



ADD IT TO
YOUR GAS TANK
REGULARLY

Mobil Upperlube



Also: Mobilgloss, Mobilwax, Mobil Handy Oil,
Mobil Radiator Flush, Mobil Window Spray, Mobil
Hydrotone, Mobil Spot Remover, Mobil Stop-Leak

ON SALE AT
YOUR MOBILGAS DEALER

EUROPE (continued)

Conceivably, the hyphenated Pole, the German, the Jew, the Irish, the South Slav, the Italian, the Greek might band together on the spur of some event to join their diverse complaints. What a pressure group! But even if they keep grinding each his own ax, the combined din may grow as disruptive as deafening. No harmony can be worked out among the American stocks unless the American government speak and act as the standard-bearer of an international justice to whom all bias must bow.

Thus, all considerations concur in prescribing to America Idealism as the only realism, unbending virtue as necessity.

Limits of American responsibility

True, there are limits to America's power and duty. There is, above all, the rise of Russia, a gigantic enigma. Realist or idealist, no one envisions the U. S. as knight-errant enforcing the Kingdom of God everywhere in the world. Realist or idealist, no one could advocate, or even conceive, America's relapse into abstentionism. But there still are two ways of contemplating the issue of interventionism versus isolationism: either as a legacy from the past or as a seed of the future.

In the inherited shape it had been for a long while a fight of shadows. Senator Vandenberg was perhaps the umpire who made an end of it. But if we project those two American passions into the perspective of tomorrow, they are apt to revive—perhaps with other names and faces, but each with its own old share of right and wrong. They can be left to clash in a wasteful conflict. Or they can be reconciled in a higher sphere of national unity.

Edicts of the Big Three can dictate the tactics of the hour. They will hardly shape the strategy of the century. Dumbarton Oaks was an approach as groping as will be any other plan whose main foundation is fear, whose purposes taper to the one purpose of policing permanently the aggressors of yesteryear. For police by itself—a word, a faith, on which we are laying a stress of glaring fascist descent—is international vigilantism. There can be no justice if America, simply because she could not obtain what is right, condones what is wrong.

The American concept

The detours and, yes, distortions that the practicalities of international life may yet graft upon American foreign policy, are indeed unpredictable. It still will be an American policy—as long as it stays grounded in these three tenets of an authentically American concept of the world:

1. The aspiration toward the unity of mankind in a world federation of free and equal men and nations, once risen from the mind of man, will not be eradicated. It will have its fulfillment, though nobody can set a date. Until then, this ultimate goal shall be ever present in our minds. It shall steer all our hope and action.
2. In the intermediate period, short or long, any cause of freedom and justice is the cause of America, everywhere in the world. Wherever and whenever the power of America can make itself felt by political or economic intervention, it will be spent in support of the just cause.
3. When and where the good cause is beyond our reach, America will act only by "prestige and prophecy," with the moral force emanating from the example she will provide in her own sphere of action. She will abstain of necessity from direct physical intervention. But above all, she will abstain from any connivance with, or approval of, injustice and tyranny anywhere in the world.

Whether these principles would succeed in insuring the stability of peace, no one will know as long as they are not tested in action. What certainly can be said is that other principles, or unprincipled policies, have *not* been successful: As the horizon of military victory draws nearer, the horizon of a reliable peace recedes further.

It can also be said that no one, person or nation, achieves one's self except in the continuity of character and mission. George Washington has been quoted by interventionists and isolationists alike. One of his most famed sentences spans the contrast. Our mission, everybody hears him saying, is "to raise a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair." This is "evangelic" intervention, unlimited. Yes, "the event is in the hand of God," but He has not released us from responsibility for what our hands are doing.

EVERYBODY'LL KNOW IT'S OUR HOUSE!



"From the minute they break the ground . . .

"And the masons put the foundation down . . .

"And the carpenters set the ridgepole

place and nail an evergreen bough to the highest point . . .

"Everybody'll know it's *our* house!

"They'll know . . . by the welcome on the front door mat . . . by the table that's always set . . . by the fire that never goes out . . .

"They'll know the instant they step in the door . . . by the cat asleep on the old hooked rug . . . by the wonderful smell, drifting through the hall, of applesauce and gingerbread, and roast beef browning in the pan . . . by the kitchen I'll never stop boasting about with its magic electric range that cooks by itself when we're away or asleep.

"And the fabulous refrigerator that keeps food fresh behind gleaming glass with special zones of the right kind of cold for steaks and milk and puddings and greens.

"And of course hot water in endless streams . . . and another kind of a magic chest—a new home freezer that we can fill all summer with fruits and tender young vegetables and fish and luxurious things so all winter long we can feast like kings.

"They'll know, because you'll be home forever and we'll be settled down in the house we dreamed and planned together through all the terrible lonely months, across the separating seas.

"They'll know by the way we laugh so much and forget to turn out the front door light, and the neighbors' friendly gossip about how happy young folks can be . . .

"You'll see!

"Everybody'll know it's *our* house!"

Hold on to those bright dreams.

We believe your hope for a new and finer home can and will come true.

Here at Kelvinator, when Victory is won, all the new strength, the new abilities and skills born of war, will be turned to production for peace.

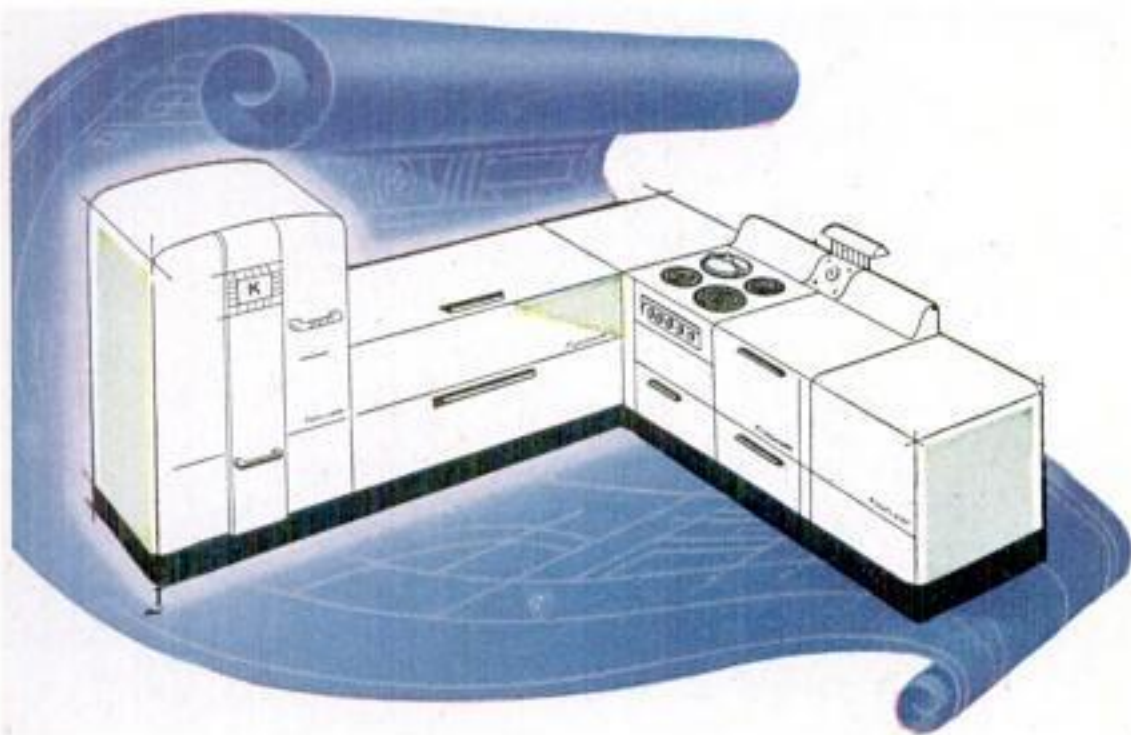
That means that Kelvinator will build more and finer refrigerators, electric ranges, home freezers, and electric water heaters to make the kitchens of America the truly enchanted places they can be.

It means that the new developments, the scientific advances made in war will be incorporated into these appliances as rapidly as possible to make them the more useful, the more efficient part of the home you want—when peace comes.

This will be our part in the building of a greater, a happier nation. For we believe all of us owe to those who have fought to preserve it, a strong, vital and growing America—where every man and every woman will have the freedom and the opportunity to make their dreams come true.



This booklet with pictures and floor plans for six modern low-cost homes, together with details of their exciting new post-war kitchens designed for easy living, is offered to home planners without cost. See your Kelvinator retailer or drop a postcard to Dept. 6-D, Kelvinator, Detroit 32, Michigan.



HEART of your postwar kitchen . . . the Kelvinator electrical appliances: the new Kelvinator Refrigerator . . . the new Kelvinator Electric Range . . . the new Kelvinator Electric Water Heater . . . and the new Kelvinator Home Freezer that keeps foods at flavor peak indefinitely!

A NEW RADIO HIT SHOW!
TUNE IN "THE ANDREWS SISTERS" AND GUEST STARS
SUNDAYS 4:30 P. M. E. W. T. BLUE NETWORK

KELVINATOR

of NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION

Refrigerators, Home Freezers, Electric Ranges, Electric Water Heaters, Beverage Coolers, Ice Cream Cabinets, Frozen Food Merchandisers, Commercial Refrigerating Units.





To G. I. Joe They Too Are Veterans

They are veterans of work and of prayerful waiting at the altars of their faith.

G. I. Joe will be glad to see the Statue of Liberty and the scenes of his native state.

But above all, home to him means his own people—his parents; his wife and children, or his sweetheart. All that affects him affects his family, inseparately.

Fighting around the world, the members of our

armed forces have done more for us than we at home could do for them.

They will return, not to collect their dues, but to continue their duty, ambitious to help build an even better United States.

Their training, their experience and their contact with other nationalities have widened their perspective. They have found a different world in the making. They have learned how universal air

brings people vastly closer together.

Ours is the opportunity to make sure that our returning veterans may make their most effective contributions to our nation's growth and security. Together we must utilize the war-spurred development of global air transportation.

Yes, the veterans want to return to *you*, but not to *yesterday*. Their eyes are upon tomorrow—which will be as wonderful as we make it!

AMERICAN AIRLINES *Inc.*

THE NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS



DISCREETLY CLAD IN VOLUMINOUS BATHING TUNIC, LUCILLE BREMER PREPARES TO TAKE HER BUBBLE BATH. TECHNICIANS KEEP WATER AT AN EVEN TEMPERATURE OF 72°

BUBBLE BATH

Seventeen experts assist actress as she spends 12½ hours in tub

Taking a bath before a Hollywood camera is a pretty involved business. The bubble bath taken by Actress Lucille Bremer in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's forthcoming \$2,000,000 Fred Astaire film, *Yolanda and the Thief*, was so complicated that it required a monumental, de Mille-Roman-style tub, a Spanish baroque scenic set and the services of 17 technicians. As she stepped into tub (*above*), a maid helped remove her canvas bath tunic while technicians tested the temperature of the water. Seated at left, George

Green of M-G-M's special-effects department directed bath crew while electrician, wardrobe mistress and hairdresser looked on. While in the tub, which was equipped with telephone, scented soap and automatic eau de cologne spray, Lucille Bremer wore a flesh-colored, strapless bathing suit. During shooting of the sequence she spent 12½ hours in the tub. When it was over Miss Bremer, an ex-New York showgirl who has her first big part in this film, went home and took a private bath which made her feel rather lonely.

Bubble Bath (continued)



WHILE IN HER BATH, BREMER REGULATES FLOW OF BUBBLES BY MANIPULATING GADGETS WITH HER TOES. IN FILM SHE PLAYS PART OF YOLANDA, PRINCESS OF MYTHICAL REALM



LOOKING LIKE A CHERRY IN A VANILLA SUNDAE, LUCILLE SCRUBS HER BACK



SURVEYING HERSELF IN A HAND MIRROR, SHE SEEMS GRATIFIED BY RESULTS

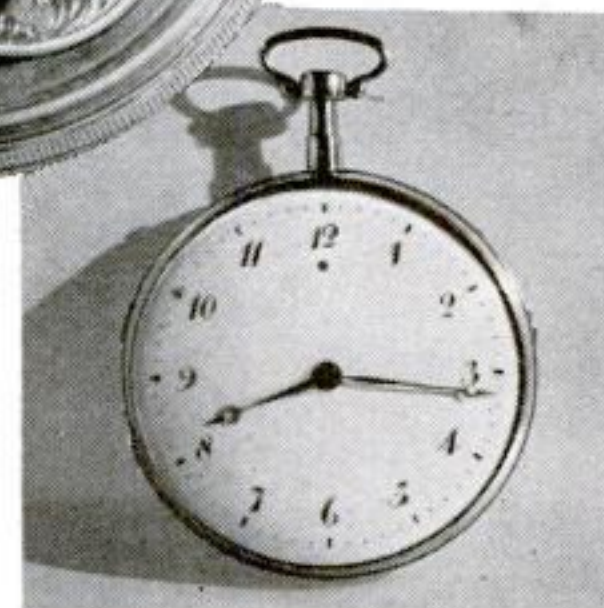


BATHSIDE TELEPHONE RISES AUTOMATICALLY OUT OF NICHE WHEN IT RINGS

COLLECTORS' CORNER



Eloquent testimony to the Swiss watchmakers' ingenuity is this 175-year-old timepiece in its handsome 18-karat gold case. For one thing, the intricate movement plays a tune every hour—on the hour. Press the watch stem and the hour...and the minutes of the hour...are chimed out. This gem is from the private collection of Mr. Thomas A. Dillon.



*There's always
a best of
everything....*

FINE ARTS is *all* whiskey. 5-year-old whiskeys are carefully selected for outstanding characteristics... aroma... deep body... full-rounded flavor. These are then superbly blended into one—a whiskey of matchless perfection.



FINE ARTS WHISKEY

Distributed solely by CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.

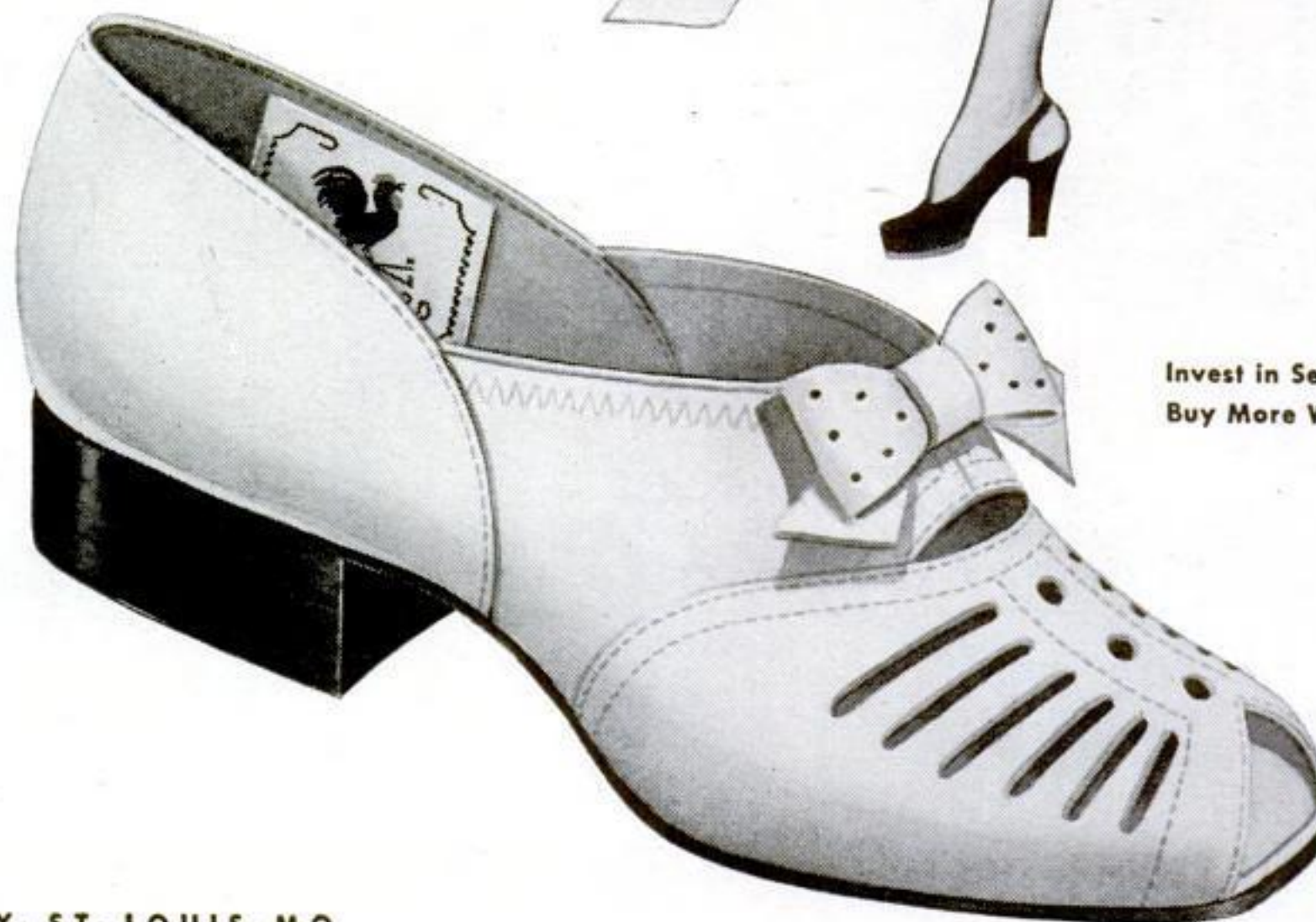
BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Mother! Get the Inside Story About Children's Shoes

For Extra, Hidden Values, Insist on the WEATHER-BIRD Trade-Mark

You can't judge a book by its cover! Neither can you determine the real worth of children's shoes from "surface looks." It's the *inside story* that counts; for important, *extra* values are hidden in the construction.

Look for the name WEATHER-BIRD or PETERS DIAMOND BRAND inside children's shoes. That's the way to get *better fitting lasts, expert workmanship, extra reinforcements* in hidden parts and the *finest materials obtainable*.



Weather-Bird
SHOES
ARE "Weatherized"*



Invest in Security—
Buy More War Bonds

* Ask your dealer about this feature

PETERS, DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MO.



COMBAT JACKET FAVORED BY GENERAL EISENHOWER INSPIRED THIS DRESS BLOUSE MADE BY ANNA MILLER. IT HAS A DRAWSTRING WAIST, MILITARY SHOULDERS AND TRIM

EISENHOWER JACKET STARTS NEW FAD

Possibly to mark the opening of the great offensive on the Western Front, New Yorkers fortnight ago were shown the "Eisenhower jacket" for women. This makes General "Ike" the second general to start a fashion. The other: the Montgomery beret (LIFE, April 5, 1943). As a ladies' fashion the comfortable, windbreaker-type Eisenhower jacket becomes a dressy crepe blouse with jeweled buttons and embroidery (see above) or a sport woolen overblouse (see next page).

The original Eisenhower jacket, as worn by the general, is

nothing but a copy of the upper half of the official British battledress. When U.S. officers first met the British abroad they found this snug jacket better than their own blouses for everyday wear. General Eisenhower and many of his officers admired it during the African campaign, ordered copies from British tailors. Last summer the jacket became part of the regular equipment for U. S. soldiers in the European theater. Predictions are that after the war the Eisenhower jacket will become a popular civilian fashion for men as well as women.



GENERAL EISENHOWER IN JACKET

A great name

VAN HEUSEN

...on a great shirt!



More than a well-made shirt... Van Heusen is a *great* shirt... the only shirt with exclusive Van Heusen features: expert styling, custom details, figure-fit—and on whites, the famous Van Heusen collar attached that can't wilt or wrinkle, looks starched but isn't. Sanforized, endorsed by the American Laundry Institute, bear the Good Housekeeping seal. A new one free if a Van Heusen Shirt shrinks out of size! \$2.25 and up. *Harmonizing Van Heusen Ties*, \$1 and \$1.50. The boys overseas want frequent mail . . . V-MAIL!

on pajamas too . . .



Van Heusen means quality. \$2.50 to \$6.50

PHILLIPS-JONES CORP., N. Y. 1
makers of Van Heusen Ties • Shirts
Pajamas • Collars • Sportswear

Eisenhower Combat Jackets (continued)



Black-and-white check is used in this version of combat jacket made by McArthur Sportswear. Buttons at the waist permit a slight adjustment for tight or loose fit.



Three colors of gabardine are used for this adaptation made by Ciro Sportswear, which retains only the cuffed sleeves and the bloused effect of the original jacket.



*If you think a baby's skin
is sensitive...*

Your **Kodak Film** in the making is "coddled beyond belief"

"WHAT A WONDERFUL DAY!"... that's true any day in the year, if you work in the big buildings where the famous Verichrome and other Kodak Films are made.

The temperature is 70°, the humidity 50%, the air washed clean...

If you work in one of the film "coating rooms," the facilities of a fine club are at your disposal. After your shower, you are provided fresh clothing "from the skin out"—laundered free of charge. Your outer garments, from head to foot, are snow-white lintless fabric...

For these garments must not shed lint—not even a "microscopic" speck of lint or dust can be permitted to touch the film coating.

These are only the obvious safeguards. Kodak has compiled—from experience over the years—a "million dollar book of film

allergies"... page after page of weird, "unreal" influences which can affect film in the process of manufacture.

For instance, the treatment of a worker's scratched finger—the medicine applied—can be "poison" to film in the making.

This is an example of the many strange "allergies" which, during the manufacture of film, might affect its photographic qualities.

Knowing these influences, and guarding against them, have contributed much to Kodak Film's outstanding performance as an important military tool.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

REMEMBER THE FOXHOLES ON BATAAN?—How, three years ago, against staggering odds... fighting knee-deep in filth... under a blistering sun... with little food, water, drugs... and under incessant bombings, our boys and the Filipinos fought off the Japs those tragic weeks? A stern example for us at home. BUY—HOLD—MORE WAR BONDS.

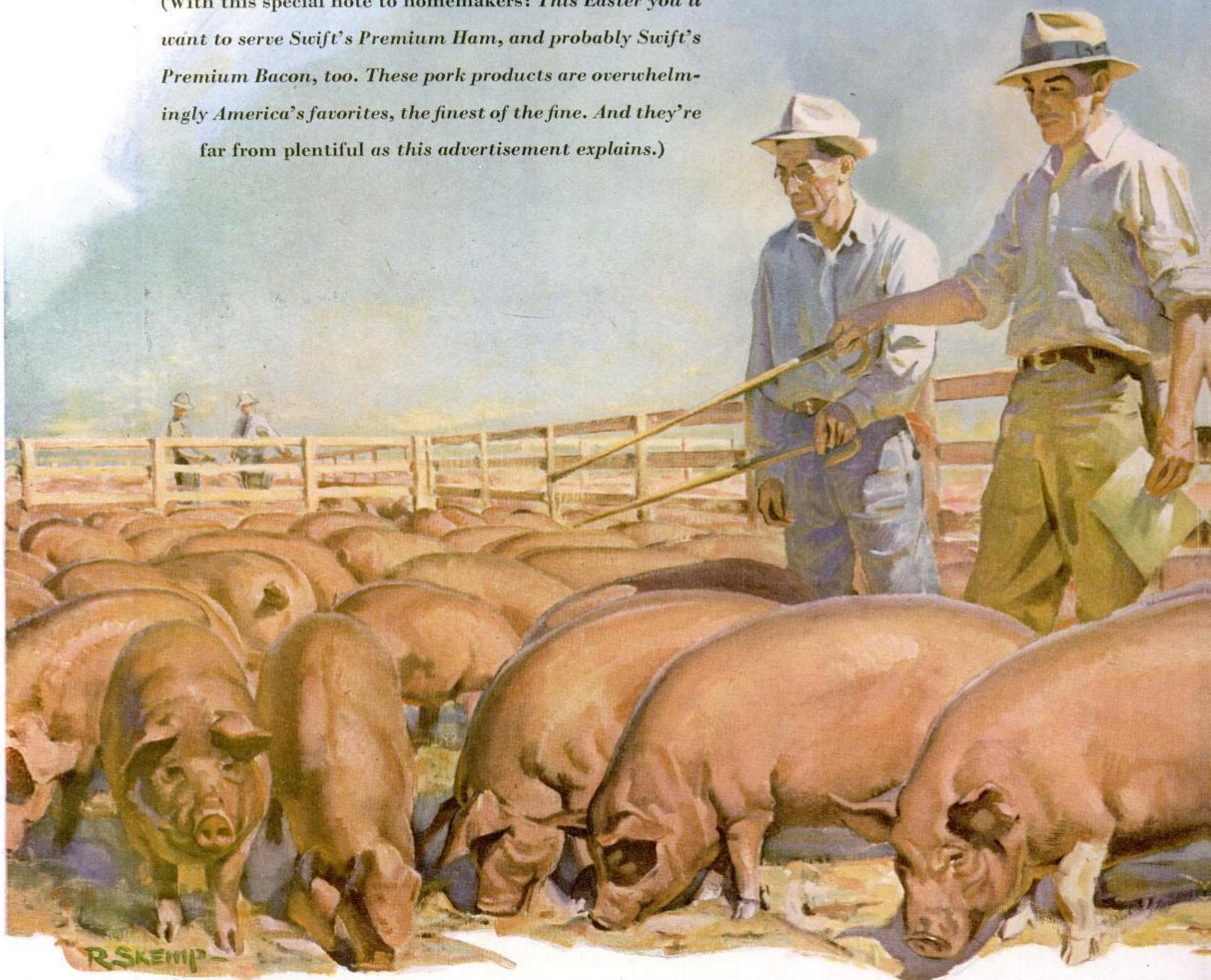


"INCUBATOR BABY"... This is the critical moment when a Master Roll of film base stock, produced and cured under glass, is first exposed to the outer air. The giant roll, 2000 feet long and 50 inches wide, is severed by the attendant from the endless ribbon in production, and quickly enclosed in a "cradle" in which it rides to the coating rooms. There, in darkness, the light-sensitive emulsions are applied.

Serving human progress through photography

The Story of

(With this special note to homemakers: *This Easter you'll want to serve Swift's Premium Ham, and probably Swift's Premium Bacon, too. These pork products are overwhelmingly America's favorites, the finest of the fine. And they're far from plentiful as this advertisement explains.*)



SWIFT PLEDGES THAT THESE FAMOUS PRODUCTS

SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM — Voted "best" by America in a nation-wide poll, Swift's Premium Ham affords maximum nutrition with minimum waste. You'll enjoy its famous mild, mellow flavor—the result of its brown sugar cure—whether you serve a whole ham, the center slices or the butt or shank.



SWIFT'S BRANDED BEEF — of special value to homemakers. A Swift brand on fresh beef is your guarantee of quality. Look for these brands when you buy: Swift's Premium, Swift's Select, Swift's Arrow. Although less of this better beef is now available, these brands are still the finest of their type.

101 Million Pigs . . .

*Where they came from . . . where they went . . .
and why there's still not enough*

WHEN the real meat shortage started, back in 1942, almost everyone, it seemed, with room to raise a pig raised one.

Last year that pork started to come to market, and before the year was out, 101 million pigs had been counted in. It was nourishing, satisfying, stamina-building meat that our people needed badly. A tremendous achievement—typical of the immense job being done by America's livestock and meat industry!

But still there's a shortage of meat! A shortage last year, in the midst of the record-breaking pork run. And a shortage right now. Even a shortage of *pork* and certain pork products! How could that be? The real facts are that war has increased beyond all previous notions our need and demand for meat. Our civilian population is eating more meat and our fighters are eating more meat. Pork is one of the most useful and versatile of all

foods. So the top-quality pork cuts, like those in Swift's Premium Ham and Swift's Premium Bacon, are still far from plentiful—particularly this Easter.

But the job of supplying meat is being done by our industry as other "impossible" meat production jobs have been done since war began. Swift & Company, as a case in point, is accepting its full share of this expanded wartime responsibility and is today producing pork products in tremendous volume *without the slightest change in our policy of maintaining the highest quality standards!*

Hams and bacon destined to bear the jealously guarded Swift's Premium label are still being selected from our never-ending pork production line with the same scrupulous care and according to the same never-varying standards of old. Other Swift pork products are being prepared, as usual, under strict laboratory and kitchen control.

To process the maximum amount of pork possible again this year is our obligation to our country in wartime. To maintain strictly the standards of quality which have made Swift products preferred all over the United States is our obligation *to you* at all times. Thus, you may be assured, when you see a meat product bearing a Swift brand in your meat-dealer's show case, that the pressure of wartime production has not altered or diminished in the least the policy of maintaining quality under which that product was graded and processed.

This is an important thought to remember.

MEAT



is matériel
of War!

Swift's Wartime Policy

—We will cooperate to the fullest extent with the U. S. Government to help win the war. We will do everything possible to safeguard the high quality of our products. Despite wartime difficulties, we will make every effort to distribute available civilian supplies to insure a fair share for all consumers everywhere.

SWIFT & COMPANY

FOOD PURVEYOR TO THE U.S.A.



Your first duty to your Country—BUY WAR BONDS



WILL CONTINUE TO BE THE FINEST OF THEIR KIND

SWIFT'S PREMIUM BACON

—Because it's America's most popular brand, your dealer may not always have it. But ask for it by name to be sure of enjoying as often as possible the bacon with the inimitable "sweet smoke taste". Here's an excellent source of food energy for breakfast, luncheon or dinner.



SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD SAUSAGE

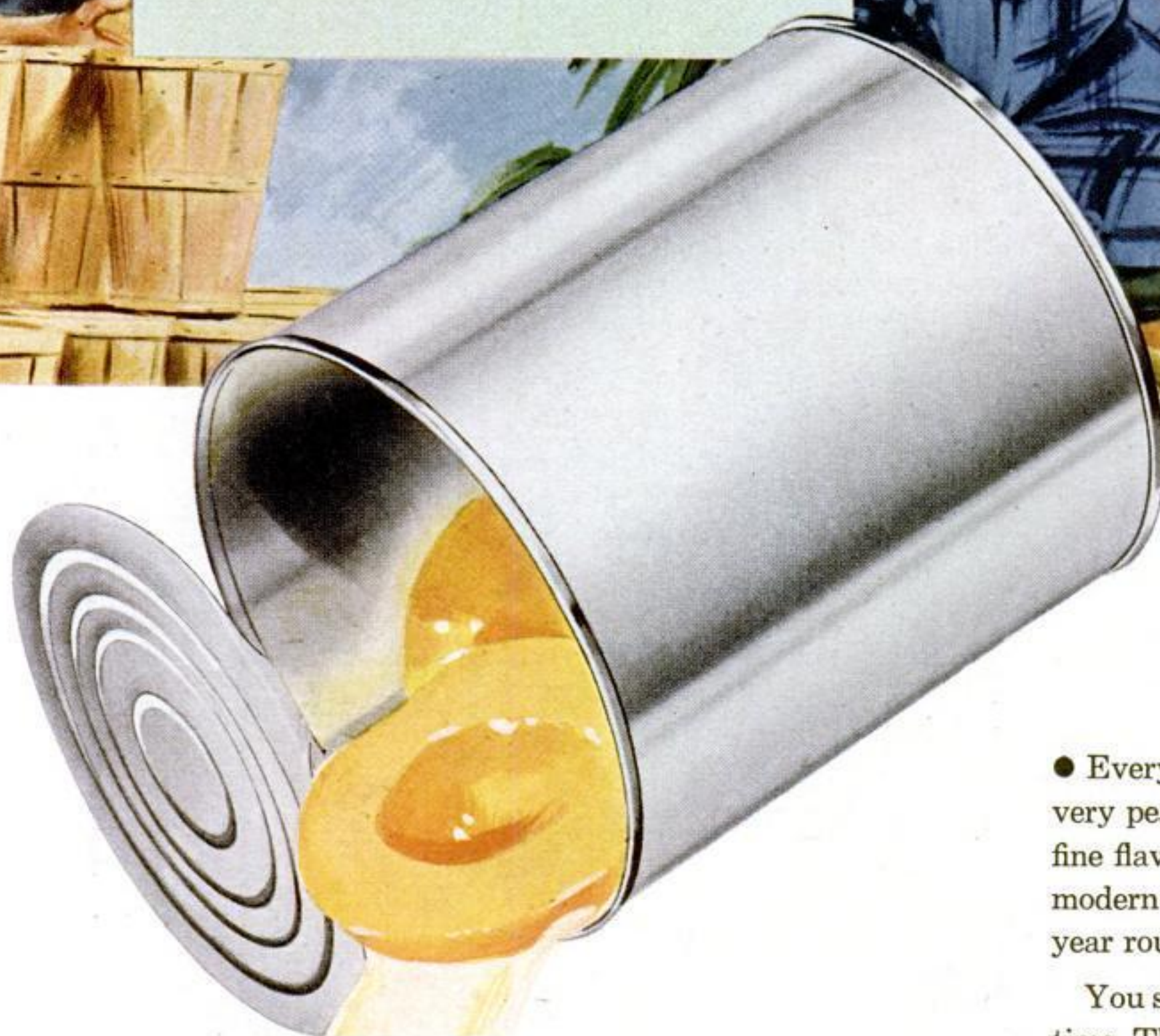
—the pure pork sausage with the just-right seasoning! This famous brand, America's favorite, comes in small links, and the large tender Dinner Links (with skins tendered in pineapple juice!). Every ounce of Swift's Brookfield Sausage is good, nutritious eating!



PREM—This delicious meat by the makers of Swift's Premium Ham is made from Premium quality meat, sugar-cured the exclusive Swift's Premium way. Prem is a particular wartime favorite because it's all meat and no waste. It comes ready to serve cold or can be made into a delicious hot meal.



A "peach" of a way
to protect
your good health...



... thanks to the protection
of the modern tin **CAN**

● Everyone loves juicy, sun-ripened fruits—picked at the very peak of their tempting goodness—fairly bursting with fine flavors and precious health-values. And, thanks to the modern steel-and-tin can, you can enjoy such fruits all the year round—no matter where you live.

You see, most canning processes require only a few hours' time. This means fruits need not be picked till they're "just right" for canning—they can ripen in nature's own way. And, because the can gives *lasting* protection against the spoilage effects of air, light, heat, cold, and contamination of all kinds—these fine fruits reach you with their natural flavors, colors, and healthful wholesomeness *sealed in!*

This same priceless protection also applies, of course, to all sorts of good things to eat—vegetables, juices, meats, milk, to name but a few—as well as to hundreds of other items that make up the more than 2,500 products normally packed in cans by over 135 different industries.

And cans are both economical and convenient. Because they are easy to make, fill, ship, and handle, more of your money goes for what's *in* the cans. They're easy to carry, easy to store, easy to open and to dispose of—and they don't break, crack, chip, tear, or leak! So look for it in cans—for *no other container combines all these advantages!*

**No other container
protects like the CAN**

CAN MANUFACTURERS' INSTITUTE, INC., NEW YORK

WARTIME NEEDS restrict the civilian use of cans for certain products. But stocks on dealers' shelves are yours to buy freely. And remember, *foods* packed in cans come to you with their vitamins, minerals, and nutritional values sealed in.





THIS RED FOX, CAUGHT IN BABCOCK'S TRAP, IS YOUNG MALE. IT WEIGHS NINE POUNDS AND ITS COAT IS IN GOOD CONDITION. ADIRONDACK FOXES ARE FAMOUS FOR RICH COLOR

FOX TRAPPING

NEW YORK STATE LAW ENFORCES HUMANE METHODS OF CATCHING THE ANIMALS FOR THEIR FURS

Among the farmers of the U. S. one of the biggest and most heated arguments concerns the beautiful but destructive wild fox. Orchard owners, who know that a fox eats hundreds of rodents in a year, think that it should be protected. But poultry farmers answer that foxes also eat huge quantities of game birds, chickens, ducks and turkeys. A fox can sneak into a henhouse and steal away with a chicken without even waking a good watchdog.

Because of these predatory habits of the fox, most of the states in the U. S.

use various means to control its population. In some areas farmers even go on group fox-clubbing hunts (LIFE, March 13, 1944). But of all the methods for controlling fox population the most humane and efficient is the type of trapping shown on these pages. It is illustrated by Millard Babcock who traps up in the Indian Lake section of New York's Adirondack Mountains. Under New York State law Babcock cannot use a fox trap that has "teeth" or one that is strong enough to break a leg and must visit all of his traps at least once every 24 hours.

Inside stuff on **Lorre,** **Granville** and **Whiteman**



PETER'S AS GENTLE off the screen as he is gruesome on it! Likes badminton, ping pong, Hungarian goulash—queer hobbies for a movie bad man! This master of hisses gives three cheers for Regents. "That crushproof box," he says, "keeps Regents in perfect smoking condition."



ONCE THE MOVIES' most famous "brat," Bonita at 21 is a pin-up pretty who's clicking in serious dramatic roles. "Regents," says she, "are wonderfully mild. Better-tasting, too, than any other cigarette."

PAUL, WHO MADE a lady out of jazz, got his early training in long-haired music. The King of Jazz salutes Regent's King Size. "It means extra value," says Paul, "because it's over 20% longer."



ALL THREE AGREE that Regents are milder, better-tasting. Reason? Easy! It's Multiple Blending, an exclusive process that makes Regents really mild, ever so gentle to your throat! Next time, ask for Regents. They cost no more than other leading brands.

Quality tobaccos...Multiple Blended
make REGENT
The milder, better tasting cigarette!

Fox Trapping (continued)



How to set a snow trap is illustrated by Babcock. Most popular trap uses bait, usually dark, slightly spoiled meat with strong smell. Here Babcock uses wildcat flesh.



The trap goes in snow, covering the bait. Fox digs for bait, gets caught in trap. Average price for fox pelt in 1944 was \$12 but since retail ceiling has dropped to \$5.



Covering up the tracks is done with a balsam branch. The trapper is careful not to move around and make extra tracks. Some even imitate claw scratches in snow.



The lure, anything from asafetida to whale oil, is placed near trap. Foxes coming up to sniff leave traces which make the place popular and increase trapper's chances.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68

From Head to Tail!



Every Inch OF YOUR DOG IS NOURISHED BY THIS BALANCED...COMPLETE MEAL...GAINES!

From his whiskers to his toes, from his bright eyes to his wagging tail—there's not a single inch of your dog that fails to receive the benefits of GAINES—the Complete Meal for dogs. For body-building strength, there's plenty of MEAT MEAL in it. And you can just imagine the licking of chops that goes on, when a whiff of that tasty meat meal reaches the nose of your dog! Yes, there's *meat meal*, vegetables, milk nutrients, cereals, vitamins, minerals—every type of nourishment dogs are known to need.

This is the dog food—GAINES DOG MEAL—that for over 15 years has been the trusted stand-by of kennels whose *business* is dogs—of prize-dog breeders whose *hobby* is dogs—and of veterinarians whose whole lifetime is spent in keeping dogs happy and well.

And now GAINES DOG MEAL is available for *your* dog. A meal supplying complete nourishment—a meal dogs love—inexpensive to feed—prepared in less than a minute. The largest-selling dog food in the U.S.A.!

FOR ALL DOGS **GAINES**
The Complete Meal

"Nourishes Every Inch of Your Dog"

Just See
the nourishment your dog gets
IN EVERY POUND OF GAINES!

As much body and strength-building proteins as in 1½ lbs. raw beef

As much energy-making carbohydrates as in 2 qts. cooked oatmeal

For sleek appearance and glossy coat—the fats that would be provided by 1 oz. butter.

For strong bones and teeth—the minerals that would be provided by 1½ lbs. cheese

For red-blooded vitality—as much iron as in ¼ lb. beef liver

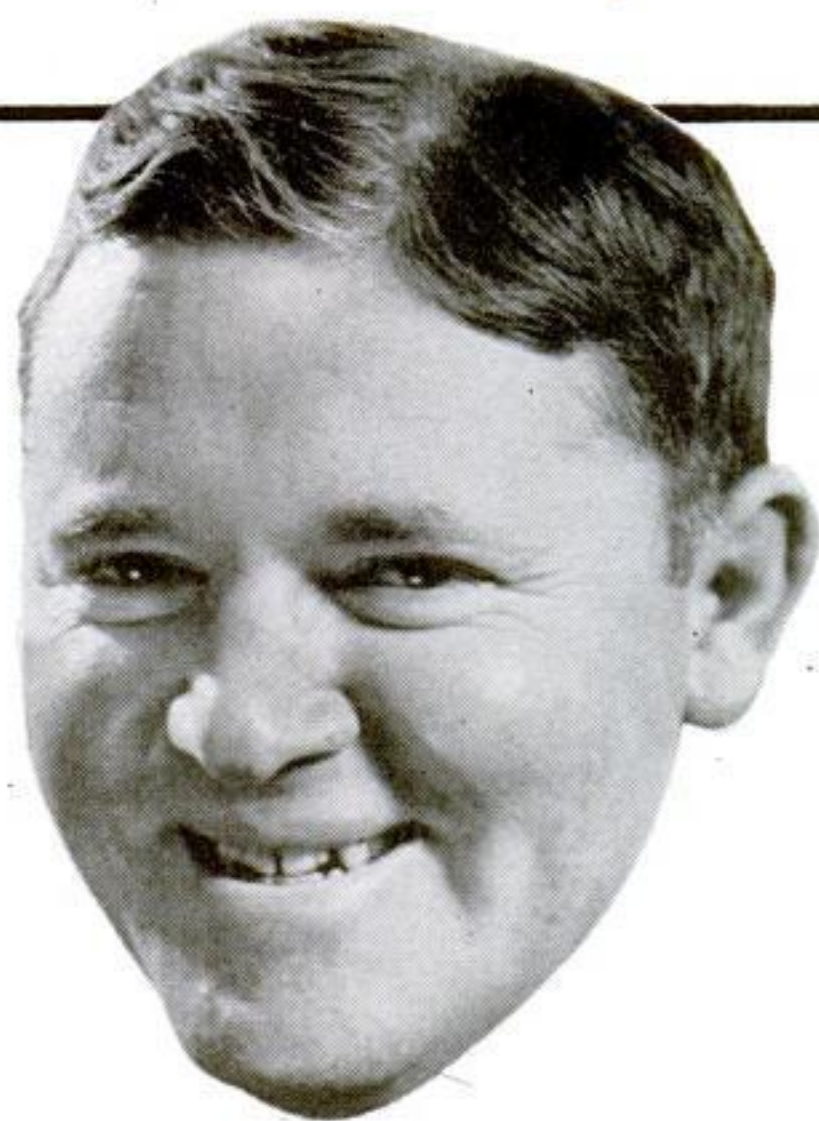
VITAMINS: The vitamin A in 5 eggs; the thiamin (B₁) in 1 lb. whole-wheat bread; the riboflavin (B₂) in 1 qt. milk; the niacin in ½ lb. fresh mackerel . . . and all other members of the B-complex which normally accompany thiamin, riboflavin and niacin.



In 2-lb., 5-lb., 10-lb. bags and larger sizes for kennels

Copyright 1945 by Gaines Food Co., Inc., Sherburne, N.Y.

"...never had the pan
or heads removed in
92,697 miles"



"...have used Ring-Free oil continuously since I bought my Ford in 1940.

...used the same weight oil entire 92,697 miles.

...averaged 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline over 4 year period.

...when taken down for inspection, the engine showed very little carbon deposit and piston rings were free.

...motor showed wear equivalent to a car that had gone only 10,000 miles."

W. A. Dennis

W. A. Dennis, Geologist
514 W. Bay Avenue, Balboa, California

Motorists in many parts of the United States report remarkable results using Ring-Free Motor Oil. The answer is — Ring-Free removes carbon, cleanses the motor and reduces friction fast by thorough lubrication. Ring-Free Motor Oil reduces wear and repair in all makes of cars.

It's Guaranteed.* Try one fill of Ring-Free. If you are not satisfied that Ring-Free Motor Oil does everything claimed in the guarantee, your money will be refunded by your dealer immediately.

*According to a specific guarantee which your Ring-Free dealer will show you.

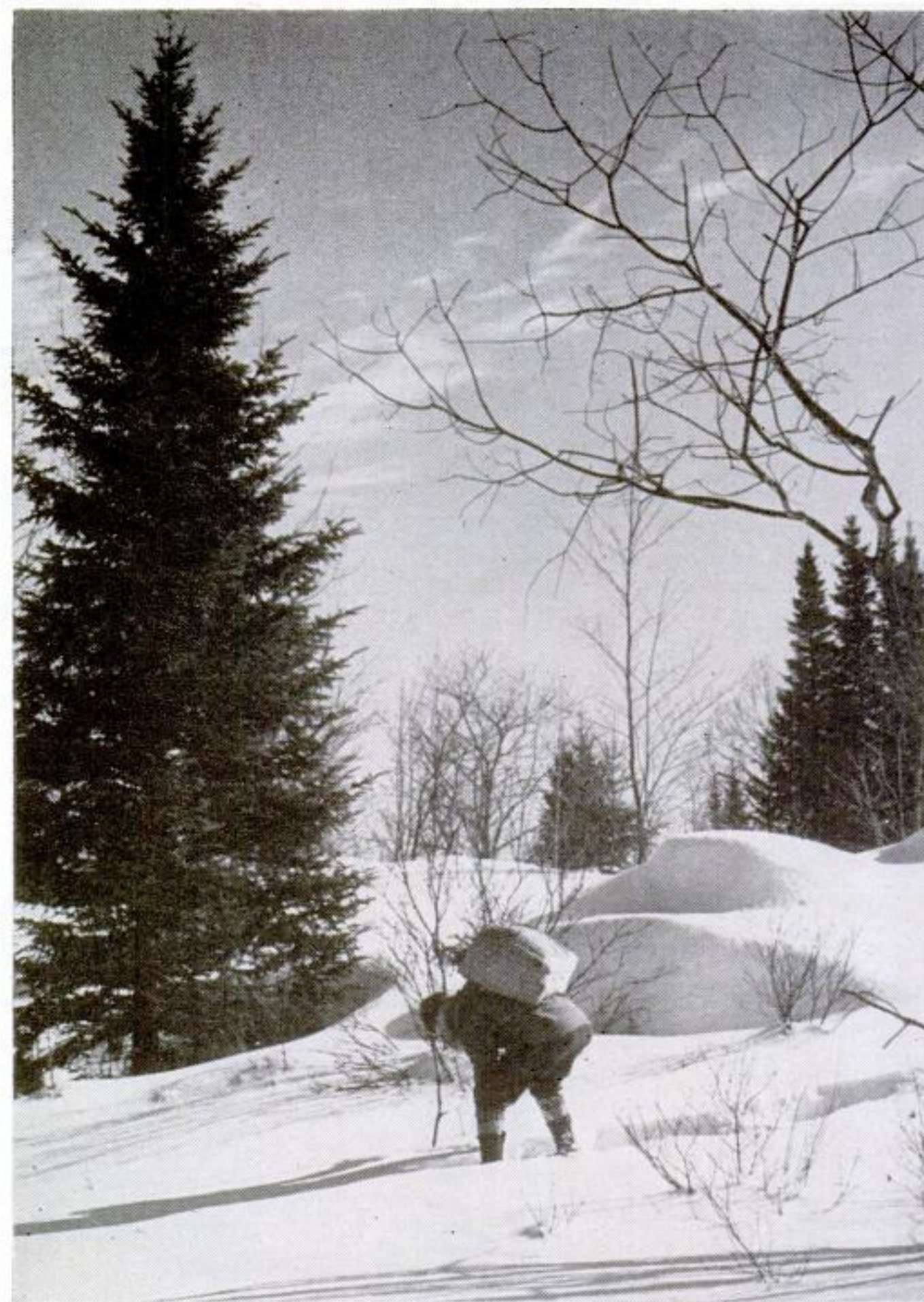
**BUY RING-FREE
WHERE YOU SEE THIS SIGN
35¢ a Quart**



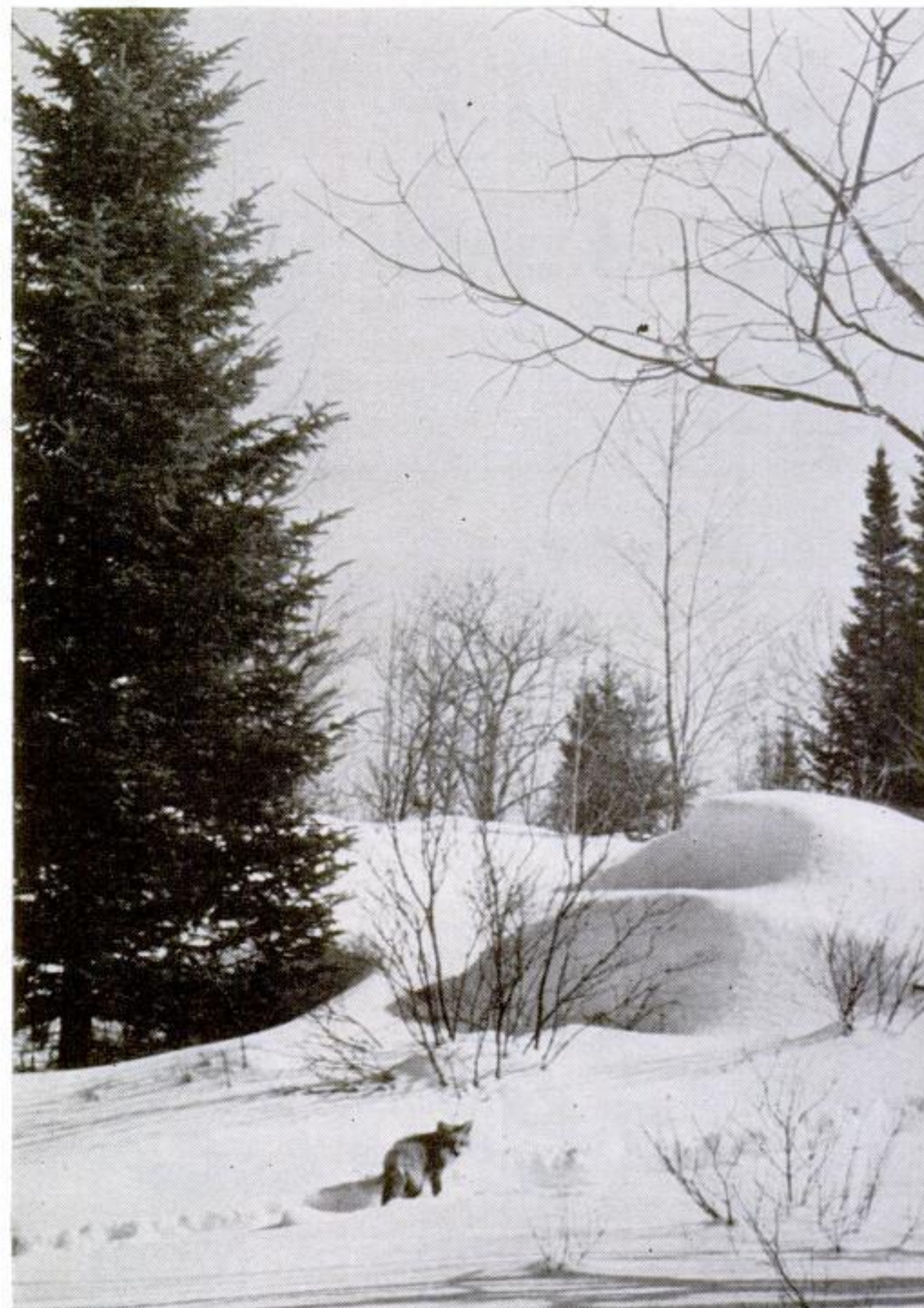
MACMILLAN PETROLEUM CORPORATION

50 West 50th Street, New York 20 • 624 South Michigan Ave., Chicago 5 • 530 West Sixth Street, Los Angeles 14
Copyright 1945, Macmillan Petroleum Corp.

Fox Trapping (continued)



Good site for the fox trap is carefully chosen by Millard Babcock in a meadow near a fringe of spruce trees. The red fox, which has a thick winter coat, likes the open fields.



A fox is caught by next day. Babcock will kill it instantaneously with a single expert blow behind head. Fox cannot be shot because blood might keep other foxes away.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70



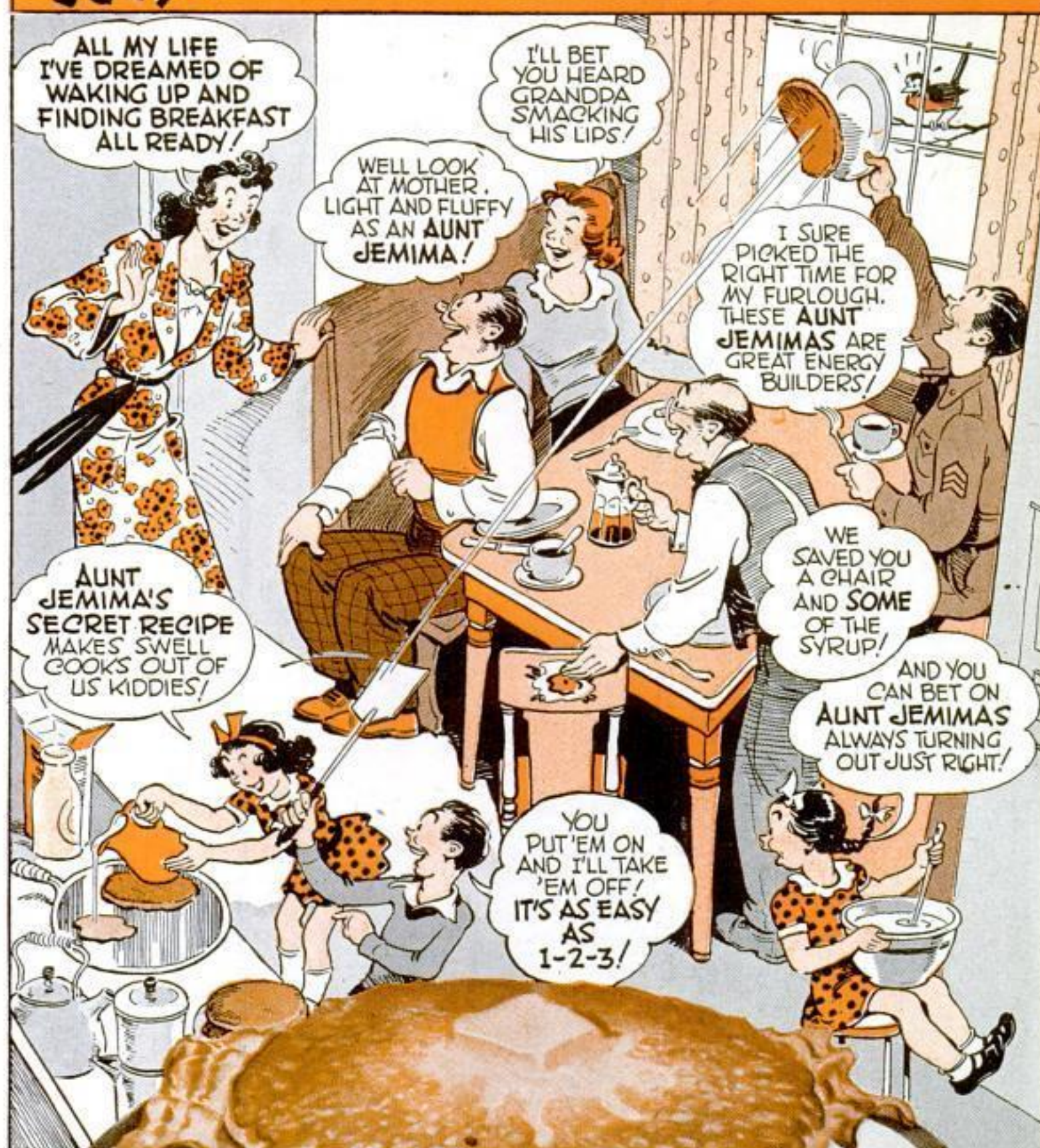
STYLES reflect the times. (Remember those frills of Henry the Eighth and the flour sack lines of grandpa's shirts?) Manhattan shirts are streamlined for today. They're Man-formed, curved to your torso, and tapered to your arms. There's action room at elbows and shoulders and under the arms. The collar slopes *naturally* with your neckline for smart comfort. Today's Manhattans have set the standard for the shape of shirts to come. They're the smoothest fitting, best tailored, most satisfactory shirts you can buy.

**The Shape
of Shirts
to come**

Manhattan **SHIRTS**

TIES • SPORTSWEAR • PAJAMAS • HANDKERCHIEFS

"HI, MOM! Who said us kids can't cook?"



WHOO-EE!
AUNT JEMIMA
PANCAKES
 sho' hits the spot!

RECIPE

Here's HOW TO MAKE delicious
MAPLE SHORTENIN' SYRUP
 another scrumptious sauce for AUNT JEMIMAS

Heat together 1 cup of maple syrup and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of vegetable shortening, beat with egg beater and serve piping hot on Aunt Jemima pancakes.

GET BOTH the red box for pancakes and waffles, the yellow box for buckwheats.



Fox Trapping (continued)



Skinning the fox is here demonstrated by Babcock. Under its fluffy fur the body is thin and tiny. After skinning, the pelt is immediately stretched out on a drying board.



Fox pelts on boards hang by shack where Babcock lives for few days he is on a trapping expedition. Antler over door is "trapper's horseshoe," nailed up for good luck.



Marian Anderson

THE VOICE TOSCANINI DESCRIBED AS "HEARD ONCE IN A HUNDRED YEARS," SINGS SCHUBERT'S *Ave Maria*

If you respond to beauty . . . exquisite, heart-swelling beauty . . . you will want Marian Anderson's recording of Schubert's *Ave Maria*!

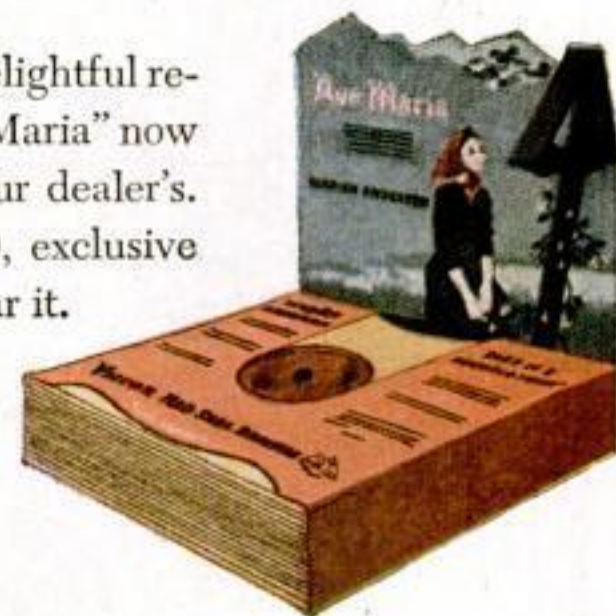
When Toscanini told Miss Anderson, "A voice like yours is heard only once in a hundred years," he expressed the enthusiasm of all who have heard her. She has a rich and warm contralto, filled with tender devotion—a voice that makes Schubert's masterpiece unutterably lovely, inspiring in its soaring exaltation!

Here, indeed, is a performance to treasure,

one you'll want to enjoy many, many times! Today, be sure to ask your Victor dealer for Marian Anderson's *Ave Maria*.

On the reverse side of the record Miss Anderson sings another great Schubert song, his heartfelt *Aufenthalt* (My Abode).

You'll find this delightful recording of "Ave Maria" now on display at your dealer's. List price, \$1.00, exclusive of tax. Ask to hear it.



Listen to RCA's *The Music America Loves Best* every Sunday at 4:30 p.m., EWT, NBC Network Buy More War Bonds

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON

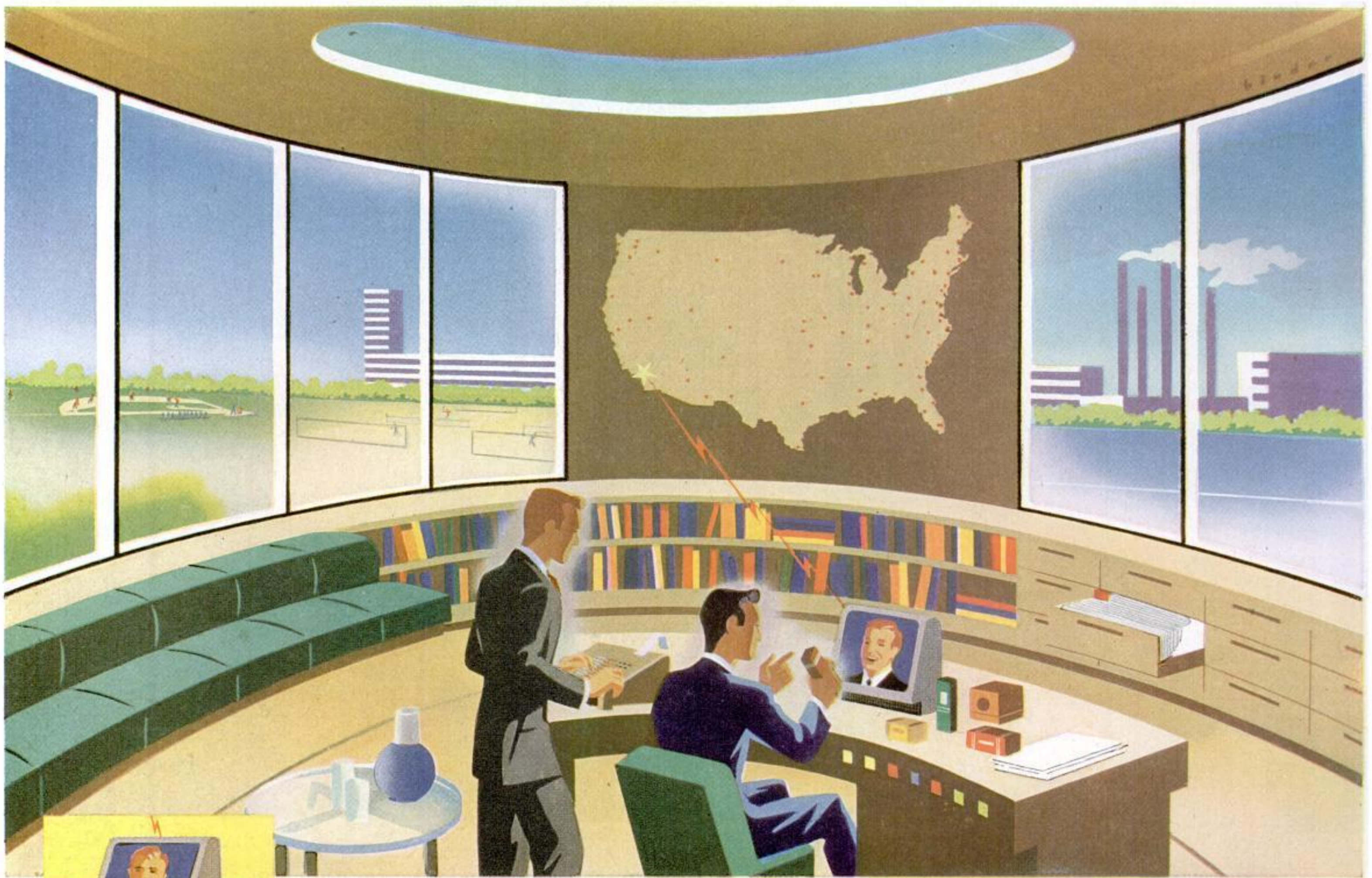


VICTOR RED SEAL RECORDS

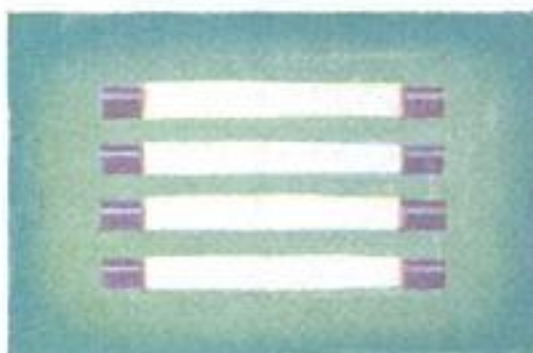


RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA, RCA VICTOR DIVISION, CAMDEN, N. J.

Men Who Plan beyond Tomorrow Like CANADIAN Whisky at its Glorious Best



*Television-telephone devices
will eliminate distance.*



*Germ-free air will result
from new hygienic lighting.*



*All figuring will be done by
miraculous electronic devices.*

THE OFFICE OF TOMORROW

Electronic controls will let the executive of tomorrow revolve the center section of his office to take full advantage of sunlight streaming through the glass walls. Face-to-face conferences through television will be held coast-to-coast, and intricate calculations of quotas or sales by territories will be turned out at the touch of an assistant's finger. Records will appear as if by magic from files automatically operated in the electronic age ahead.

YESTERDAY'S PLANNING FOR TODAY'S PLEASURE

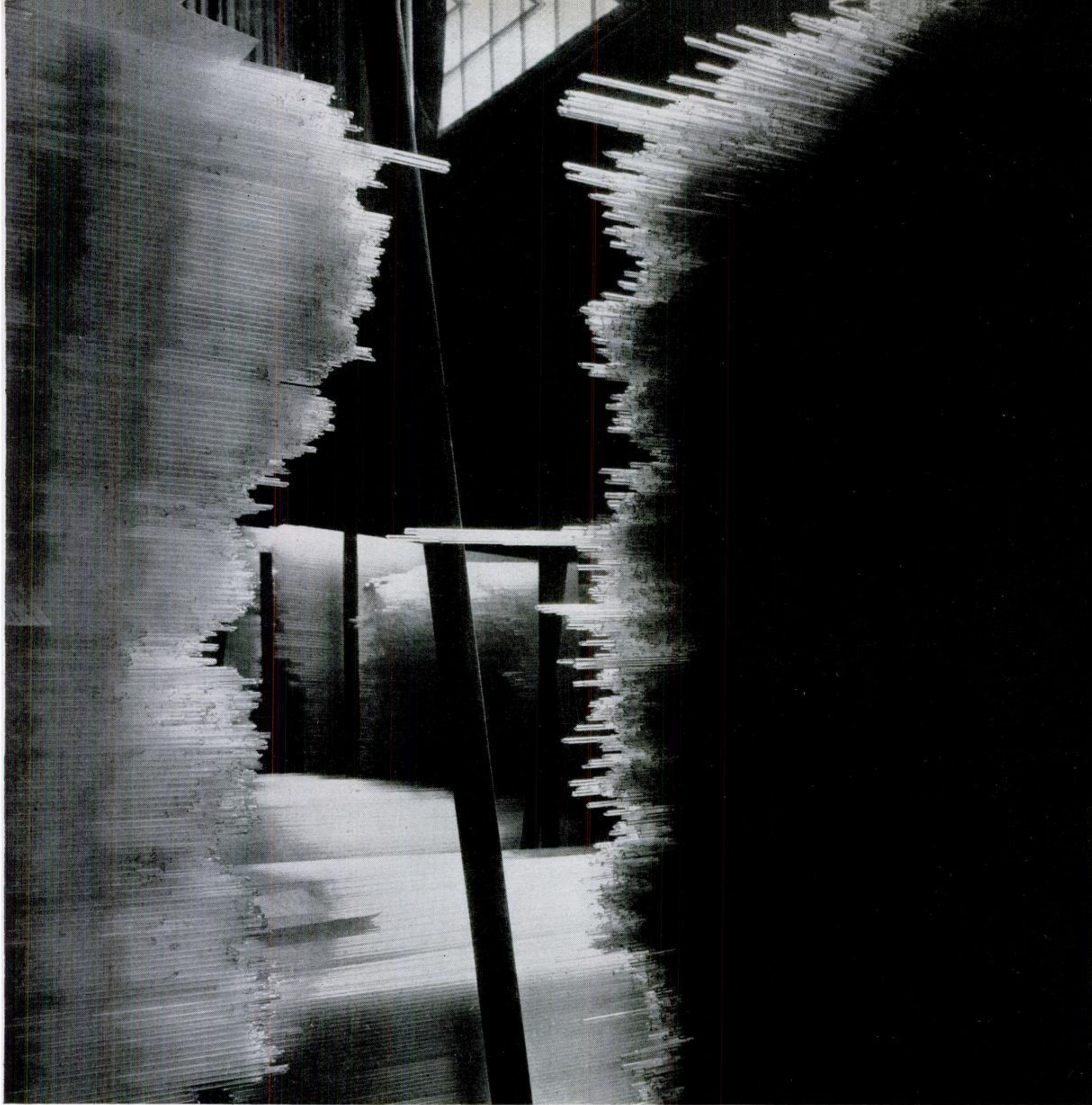
For your pleasure today, the youngest whiskies in Seagram's V.O. Canadian were laid away six years ago—the year the World's Fair opened in New York, the year of the first commercial passenger flight from the United States to Europe, the year the invasion of Poland plunged us all into World War II.

Six Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers
Corporation, New York



Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND . . . OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES



GLASS TUBES LIE STACKED IN CORNING GLASS WORKS WAREHOUSE. MADE BY MACHINE AT RATE OF 20 MPH, TUBING IS USED TO EXHAUST AIR FROM LIGHT BULBS

GLASS

OLDEST AMERICAN INDUSTRY FINDS MANY NEW USES

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR LIFE BY ANDREAS FEININGER

The oldest U. S. industry had its start in 1609 when a small glass factory was built in Jamestown, Va. to make beads and bottles. During the following three centuries the glass industry grew bigger and bigger but basically it did not change much, producing hand-blown glass by methods which were much the same as those used a thousand years ago.

But during this century glassmaking has expanded into one of the country's major industries. It has undergone a tremendous technological change which has greatly affected not only its production but also its prod-

ucts. No other material has so many useful forms as glass. There are more kinds of glass—some 1,000—than of all metals and alloys combined.

Today the U. S. manufacturers produce glass in the form of rods, tubes, sheets, foam, bulbs, fiber, vessels. Its rigid, brittle property has been greatly reduced. It can be sawed, bent, twisted, knotted or woven. It will withstand the sudden shocks of heat, bullets and accidental falls (*see p. 33*). It can be made lighter than aluminum or heavier than iron. The future promises such miracles as fireproof cloth, plumbing and airplane fuselage made of glass.

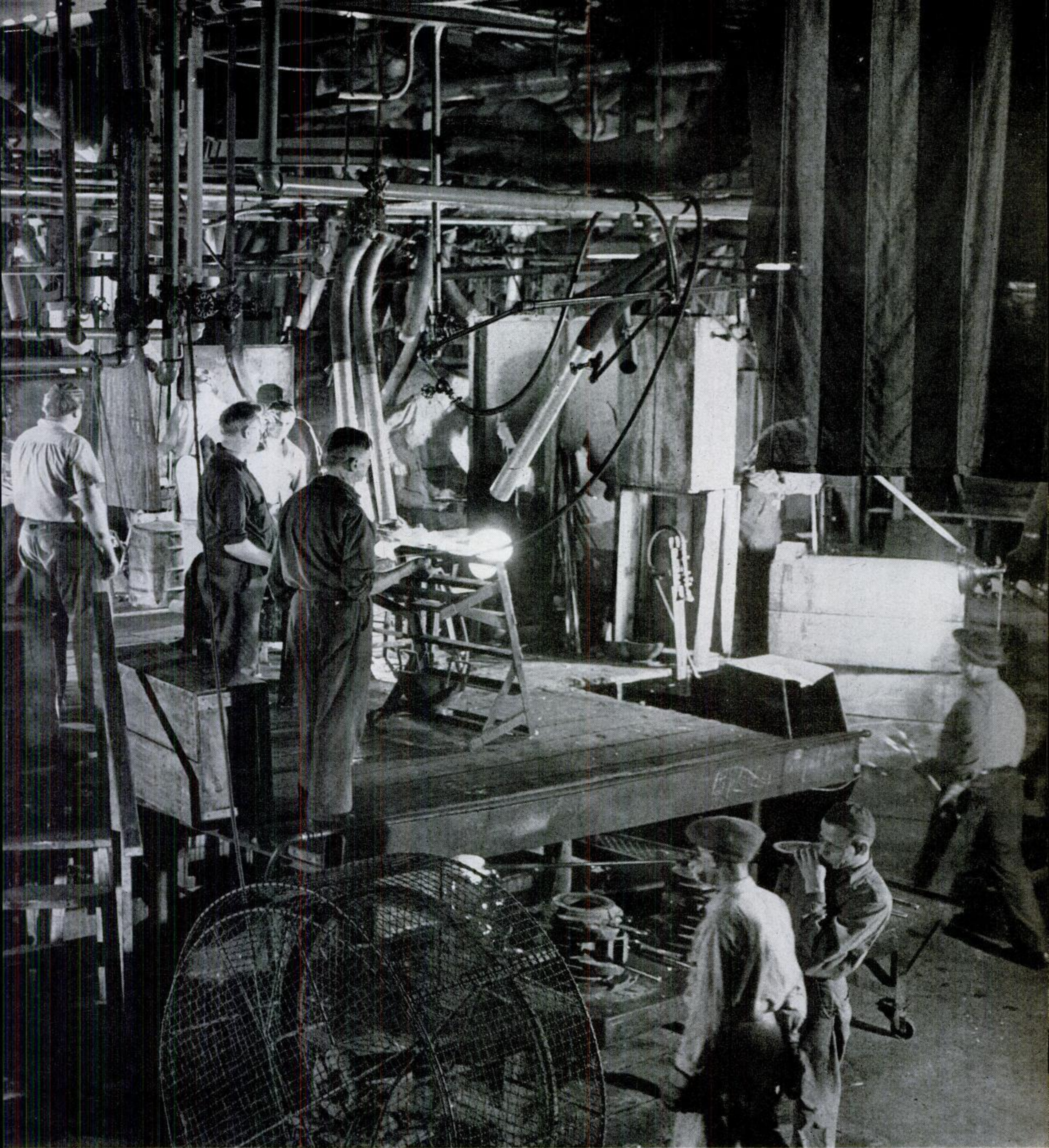


A GLASSMAKING SHOP AT CORNING GLASS WORKS IS A JUMBLE OF WORKERS, TOOLS AND TUBES. AIR TUBES (TOP) COOL WORKERS FROM HEAT OF FURNACE IN REAR.

BLOWER STILL PRACTICES HIS ANCIENT ART

Automatic machinery now produces most of the glass industry's products—electric light bulbs at the rate of 600 per minute, window glass at the rate of 125,000 sq. ft. per day, soft-drink bottles at the rate of 5,000 per minute. But the glass blower and his blowing iron, which was invented about 2,000 years ago, are still an essential part of the industry. Only they can turn out delicate table glassware and the fine precision glassware used in laboratories.

The glass blower's ancient art has not changed much in 2,000 years, even though the blower works now in big factories equipped with huge furnaces like those shown above. His blowpipe is a hollow tube with a mouthpiece at one end and a small bulging knob at the other. A workman called a "gatherer" (*in center above with back turned*) dips the knob end of the blowpipe into molten glass, lifts it out with a "gather" of glass adhering to the knob. He



AT LEFT, A SKILLED "GAFFER" BLOWS HOT GLASS INTO SHAPE. SEATED BEHIND CROSSED TUBES IS "BALL HOLDER." IN CENTER WITH BACK TURNED IS A "GATHERER."

hands the pipe to a "ball holder" (seated in left center) who, by dexterous twirling of the pipe and carefully controlled blowing through mouth-piece, shapes the molten gob into its first hollow form. After the "coverer" adds more glass to the gob and reshapes it, the pipe is finally handed to the "gaffer," who is head man and most important member of the glass-blowing team. He is the man shown at the left of the photograph above blow-

ing the glass into its final shape. A "crack-off boy" (left foreground) takes the new-blown object away. When it has cooled, it is "cracked off" the pipe.

A glassmaking shop is a sweltering place. In huge furnaces the basic raw material of glass, ordinary silica sand, is cooked with other ingredients, usually lime, soda ash, lead or boric oxide. The fierce heat acts as a fusing agent melting the dry mixture into a clear liquid mass. After the glass has been

taken from the furnace, the glass workers gauge its temperature by its changing colors, know by color and feel how and when to twirl and blow.

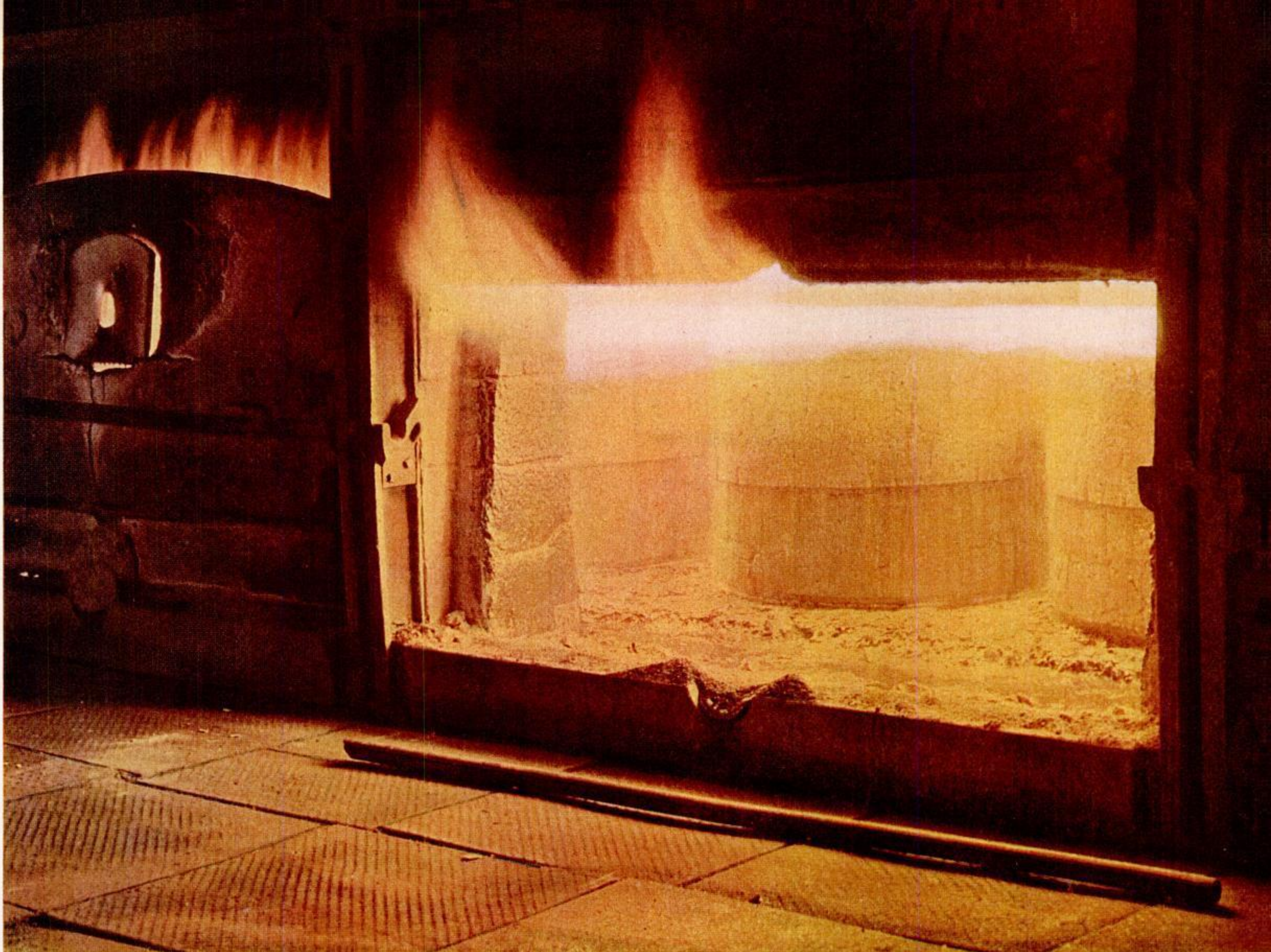
At the Corning Glass Works, where the photograph above was taken, hundreds of glass formulas are melted to make anything from a 10¢ lamp bulb to a \$1,000 vase. A pioneer in research, Corning has been mainly responsible for such developments as glass pumps, Pyrex, glassware, electronic tubes.



CHEEKS PUFFED LIKE A SQUIRREL'S, Gene Vang practices his lifetime art of glass blowing. Power-

ful lungs coupled with breath control enable him to survive in a mechanical age. The old-time glass workers took

pride in the expanse of their rubbery cheeks and considered it a great compliment to be called a "blowhard."



POTS OF MOLTEN GLASS stand in the fierce, glowing heat of a large gas-fired furnace. Each clay pot holds

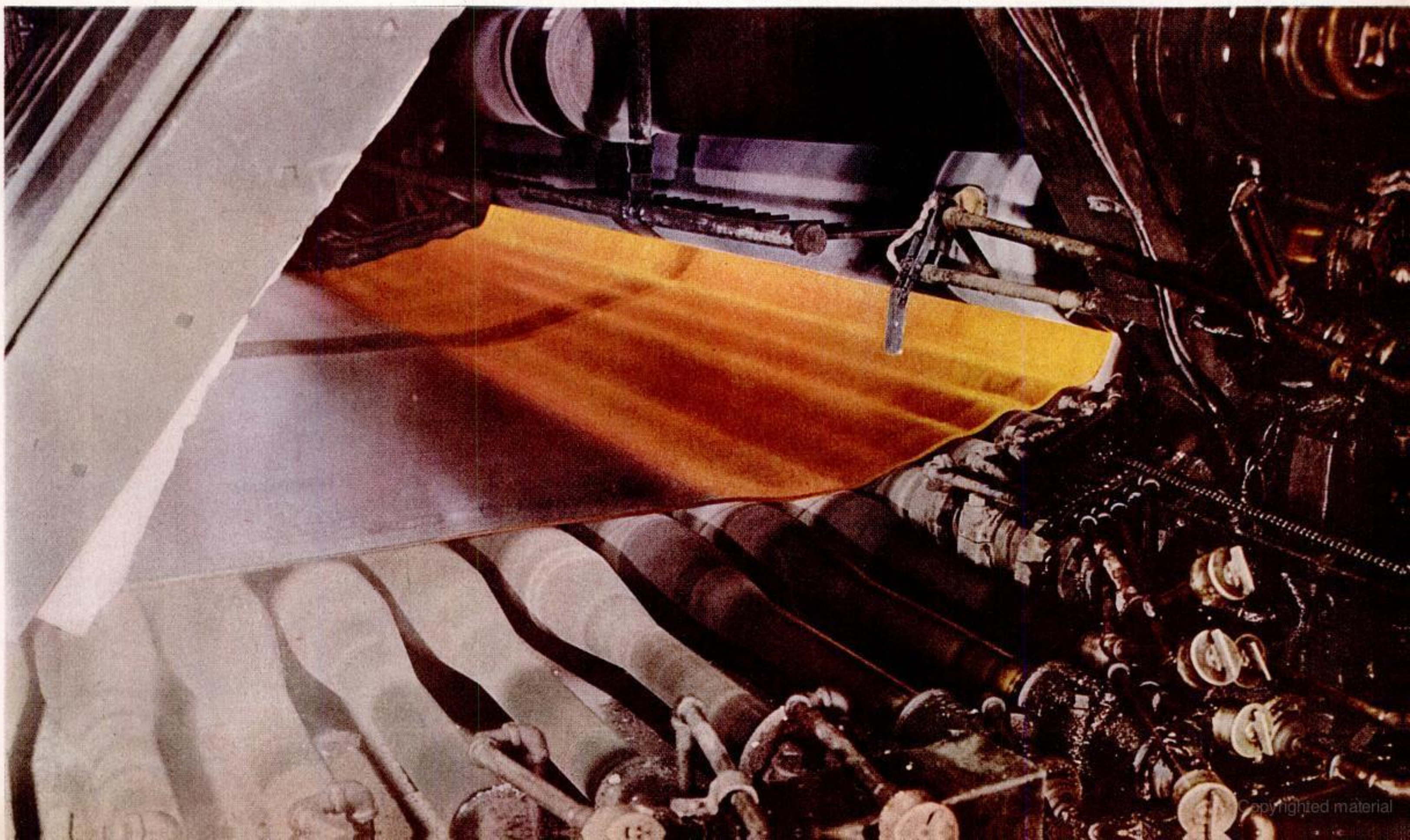
nearly two tons of glass and is kept in the furnace from about 36 to 72 hours at temperatures ranging up to a

maximum of 2,800°F. When it reaches a syrupy consistency the hot glass is poured and rolled into flat sheets,

CARPET OF SEMILIQUID GLASS is squeezed between water-cooled rollers (*right*) onto conveyer. Glass

loses its hot orange color as it hardens and cools, moving at the rate of 100 inches per minute. At end of 350-

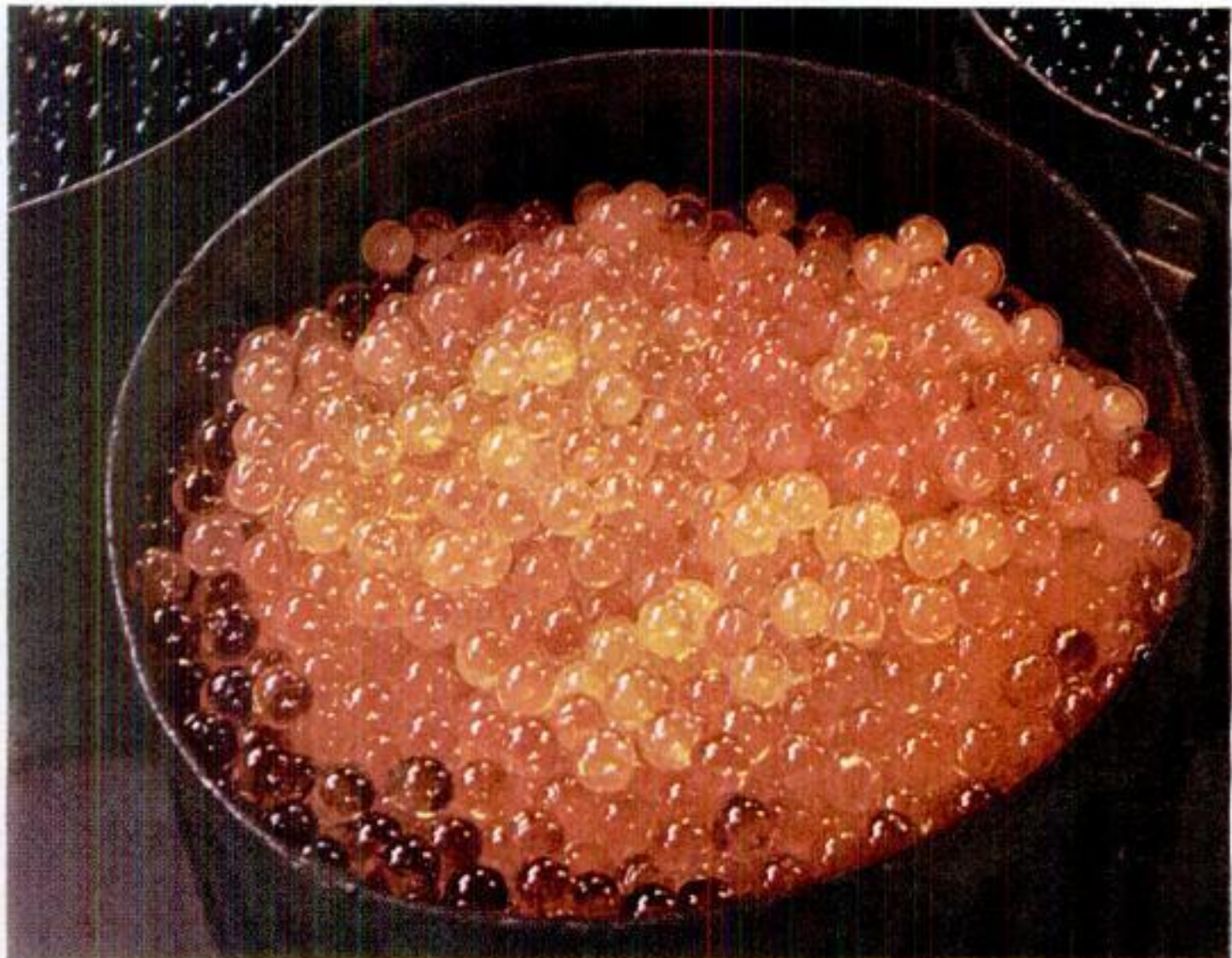
foot-long conveyer the strip is cut into blanks of rough plate glass. This machine handles 150 tons of glass a day.



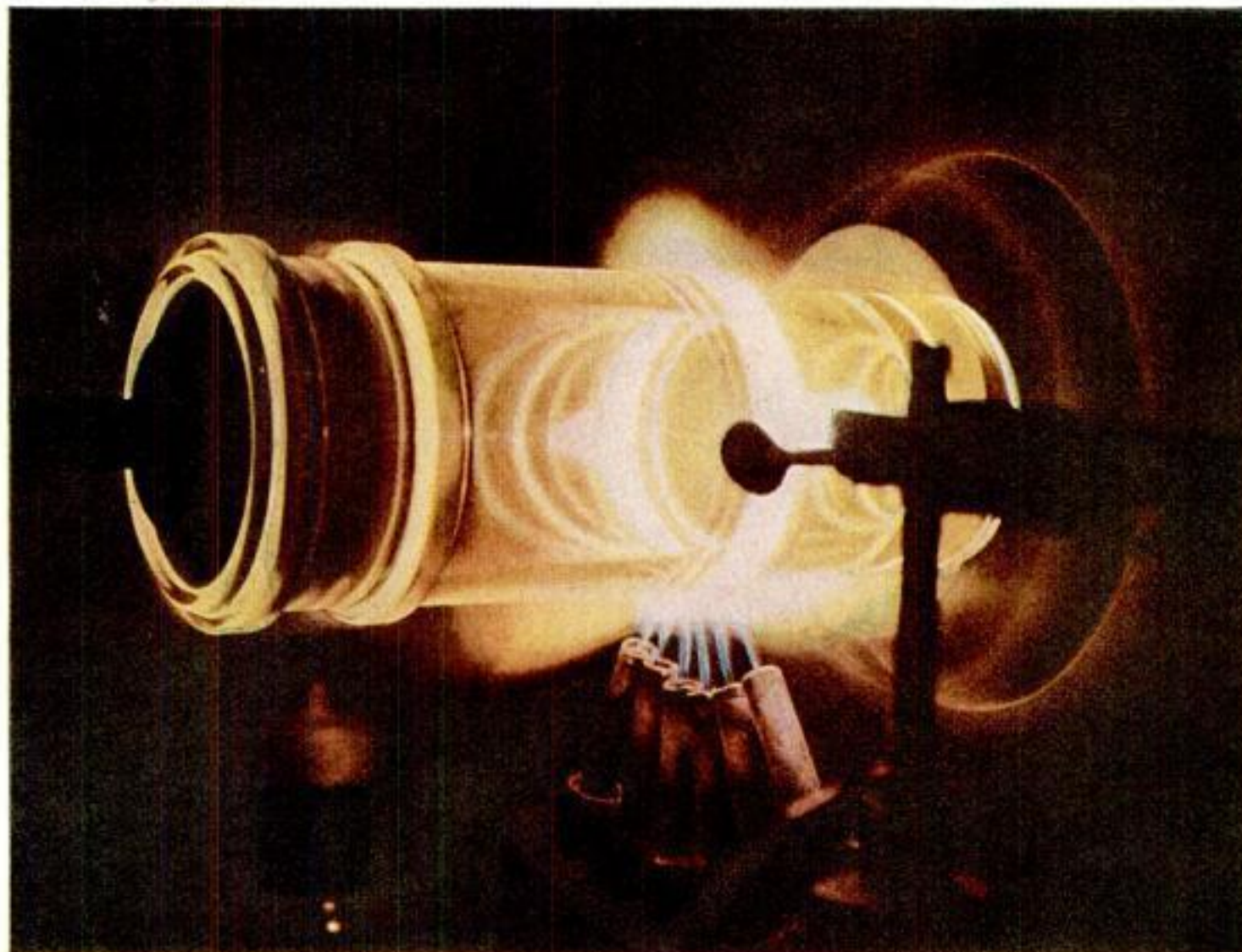


POLISHING DISCS, fitted with enormous felt pads, whirl over the surface of plate-glass sections mounted on slowly moving flatcars. A mixture of water and extremely fine rouge acts as the polishing agent underneath the felt pads, giving the glass a

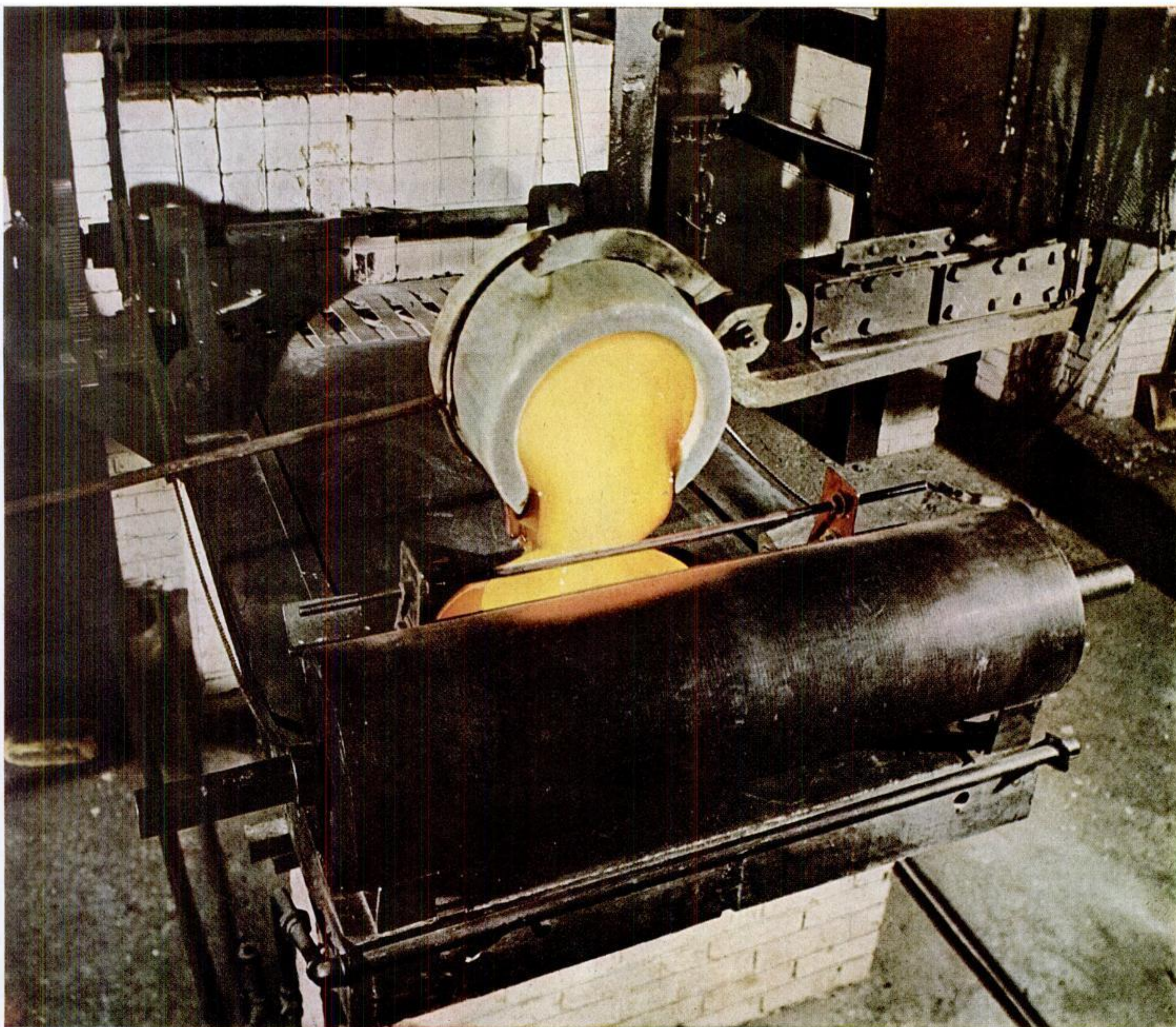
smooth, undistorted finish. The picture shows five of a continuous battery of 50 similar polishers which extends for almost 400 feet. After a thorough inspection the glass eventually will be made into store windows, show cases, mirrors, table tops.



RED-HOT MARBLES used in the production of fiber glass lie cooling in a deep metal bucket. When cooled, the marbles are inspected for flaws, then melted and drawn into filaments. From a single glass ball 97 miles of filament may be drawn.



GLASS IS WELDED by heat of an electric arc, two cylinders being joined to make a lightning arrester. Surfaces of the glass soften and fuse under heat and pressure to form smooth bond. Gas flame under cylinder preheats glass before arc is applied.



BLOB OF MOLTEN GLASS oozes from a small test pot and spreads on an iron table much as pancake batter spreads on a hot griddle. Heavy cylinder (*foreground*) is rolled over the viscous mass, flattening it into a uniform sheet. Sheet of glass is then

sent through annealing oven (*rear*). Glass was made from a special formula and will be tested for desired properties. At the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. where this photograph was taken, as many as 500 different formulas are mixed and tested each year.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



GLASS MELTING TANK is shown above in disassembled state. When tank is in operation, arched cham-

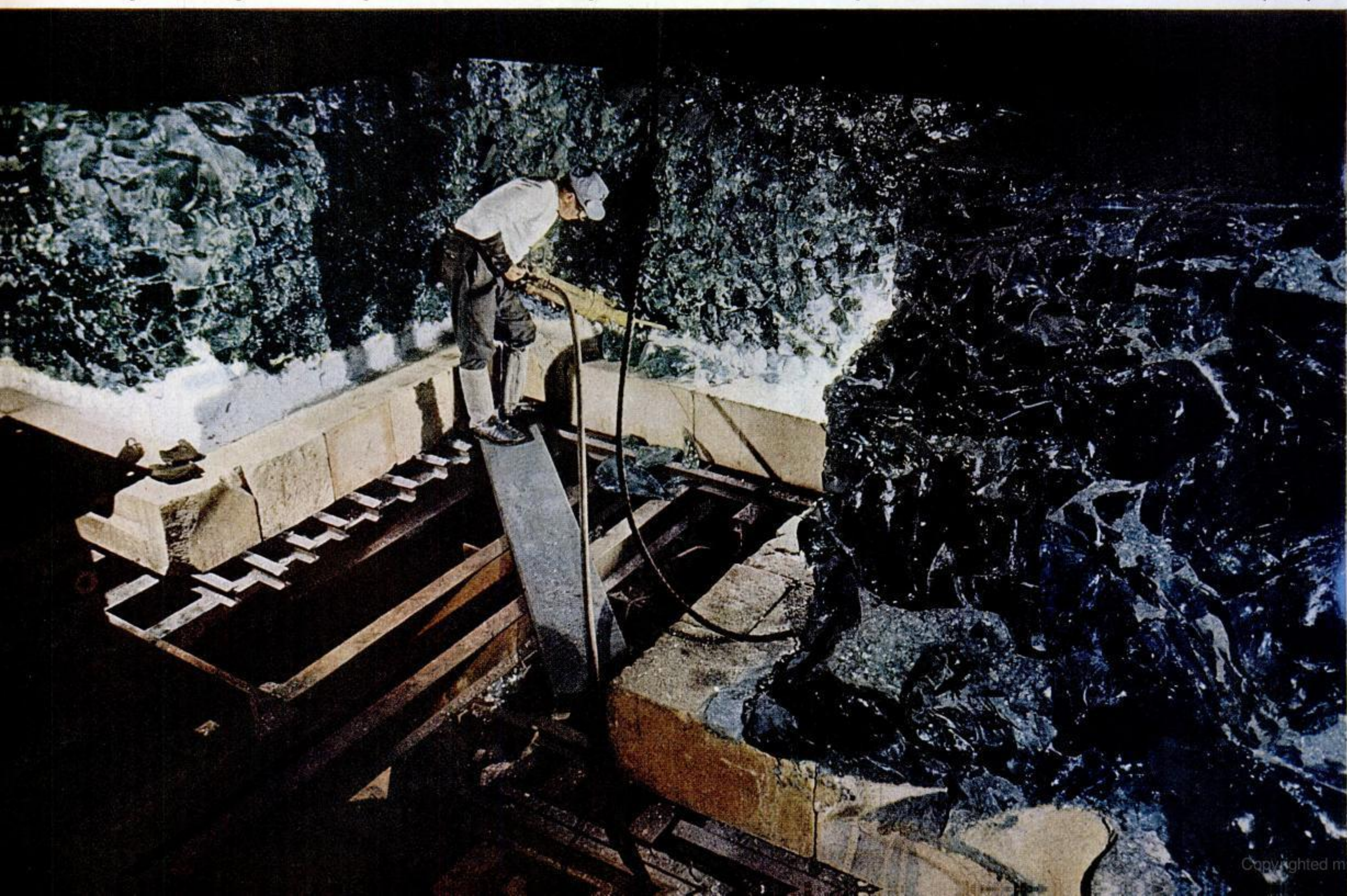
bers (*left*) carry hot gases which are blown over top of platform at upper right where raw material is cooked

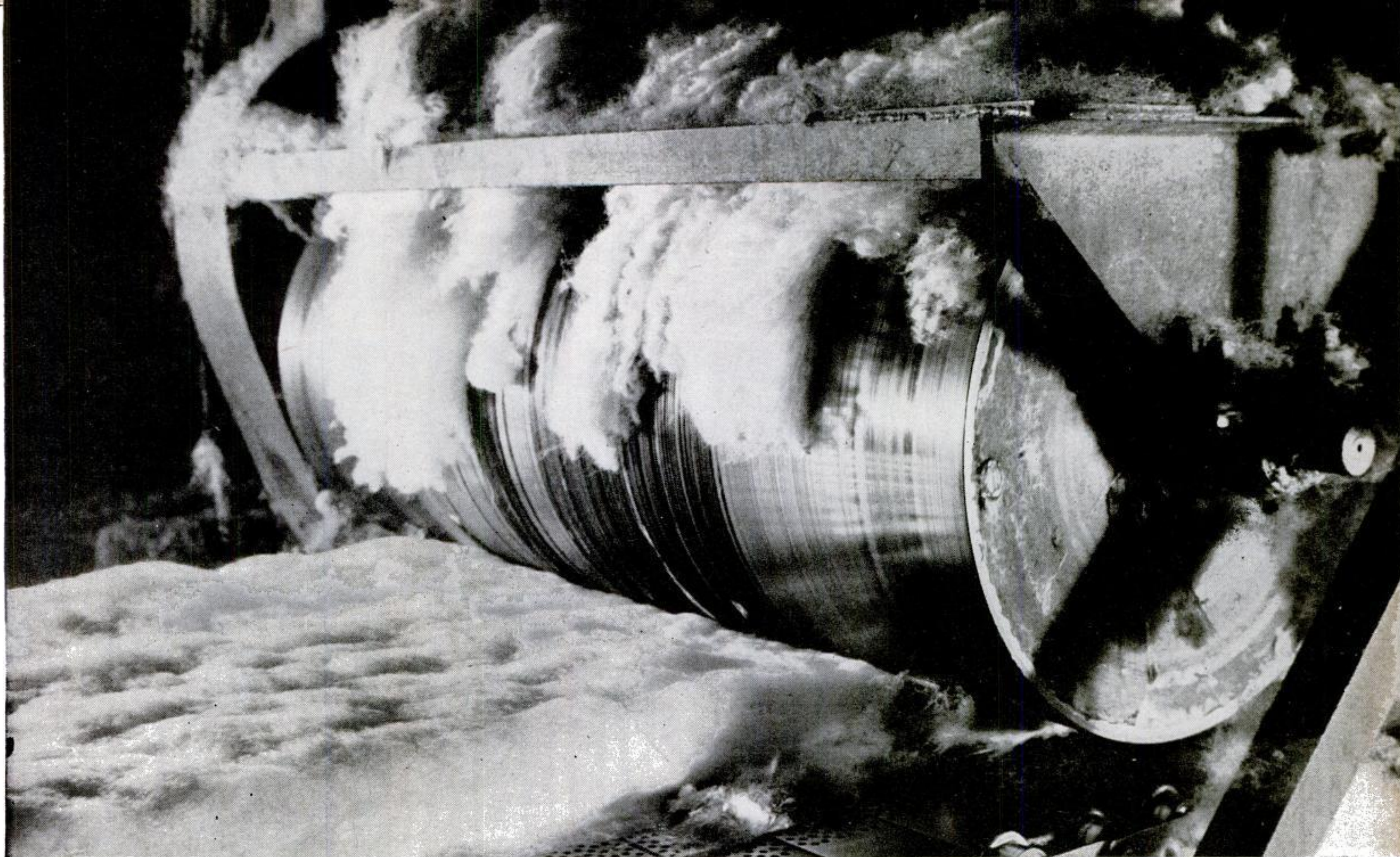
into molten glass. This flows slowly along to the rolling machines. Glass slab seen here is "frozen" (*see below*).

"FROZEN" GLASS, being chipped off by a worker, is part of the huge slab shown in picture above. The

entire slab is 125 ft. long, 28 ft. wide, 5 ft. in depth and weighs 1,500 tons. It was cooled down to permit re-

building of the tank. Because hot glass eats away tank walls the tank must be rebuilt about every two years.





ON OWENS-CORNING'S FIBER-GLASS PRODUCTION LINE, BATTING OF GLASS FIBERS IS SMOOTHED BY A ROLLER. IT WILL BE USED TO INSULATE SHIPS, OVENS, HOUSES

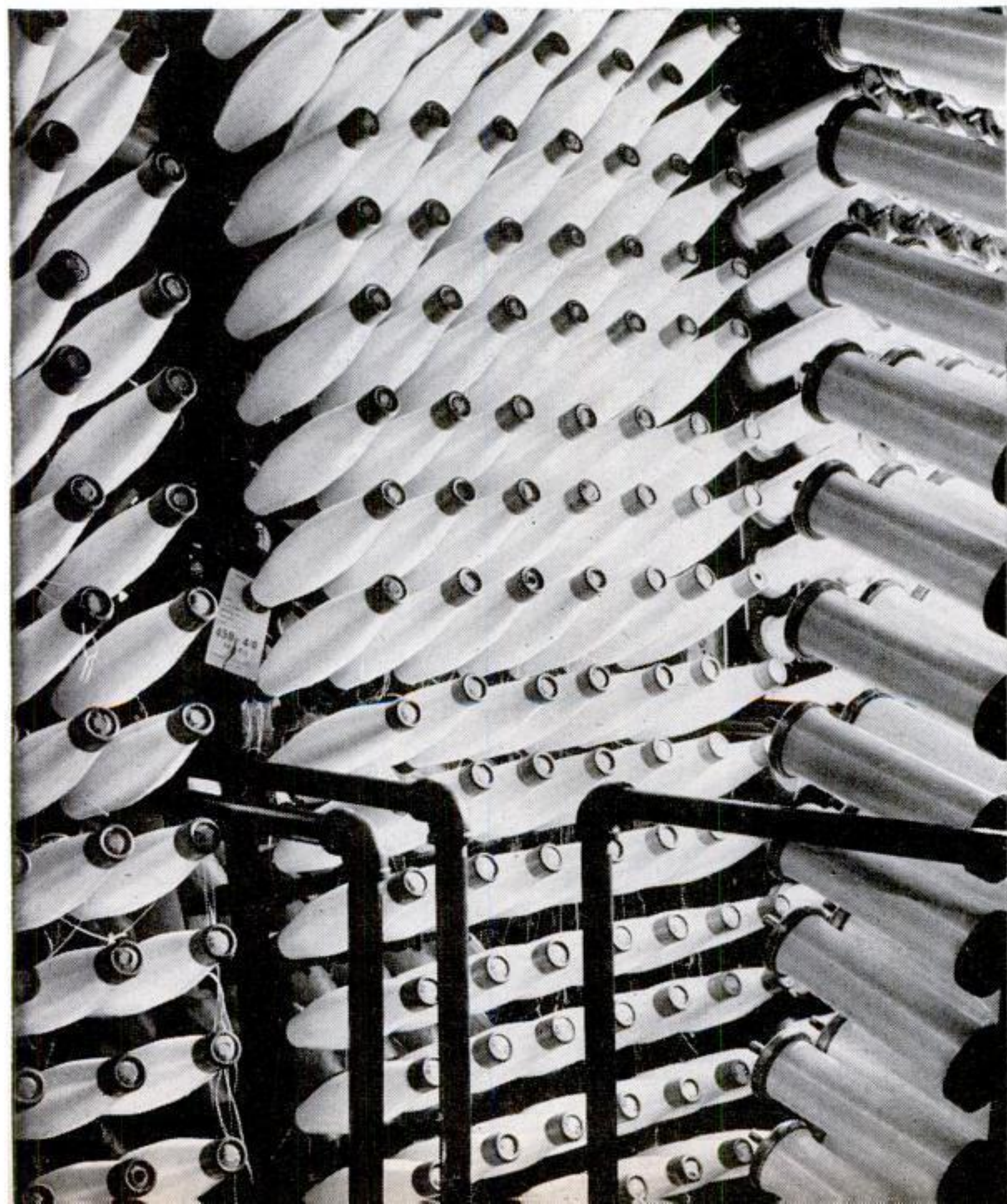
IT IS MADE INTO FIBERS AND FABRICS

The color photographs on the preceding pages mainly show the making of plate glass, which is turned into staple bulk items, such as windows, mirrors, trays, table tops. On this page is shown a specialized type of glass. It is fiber glass, whose two basic forms are wool (*above*) and yarn (*below*). In making the wool, raw melted glass is drawn through tiny holes to form a fluffy mass of inter-laced fibers. In making the finer yarn, glass is

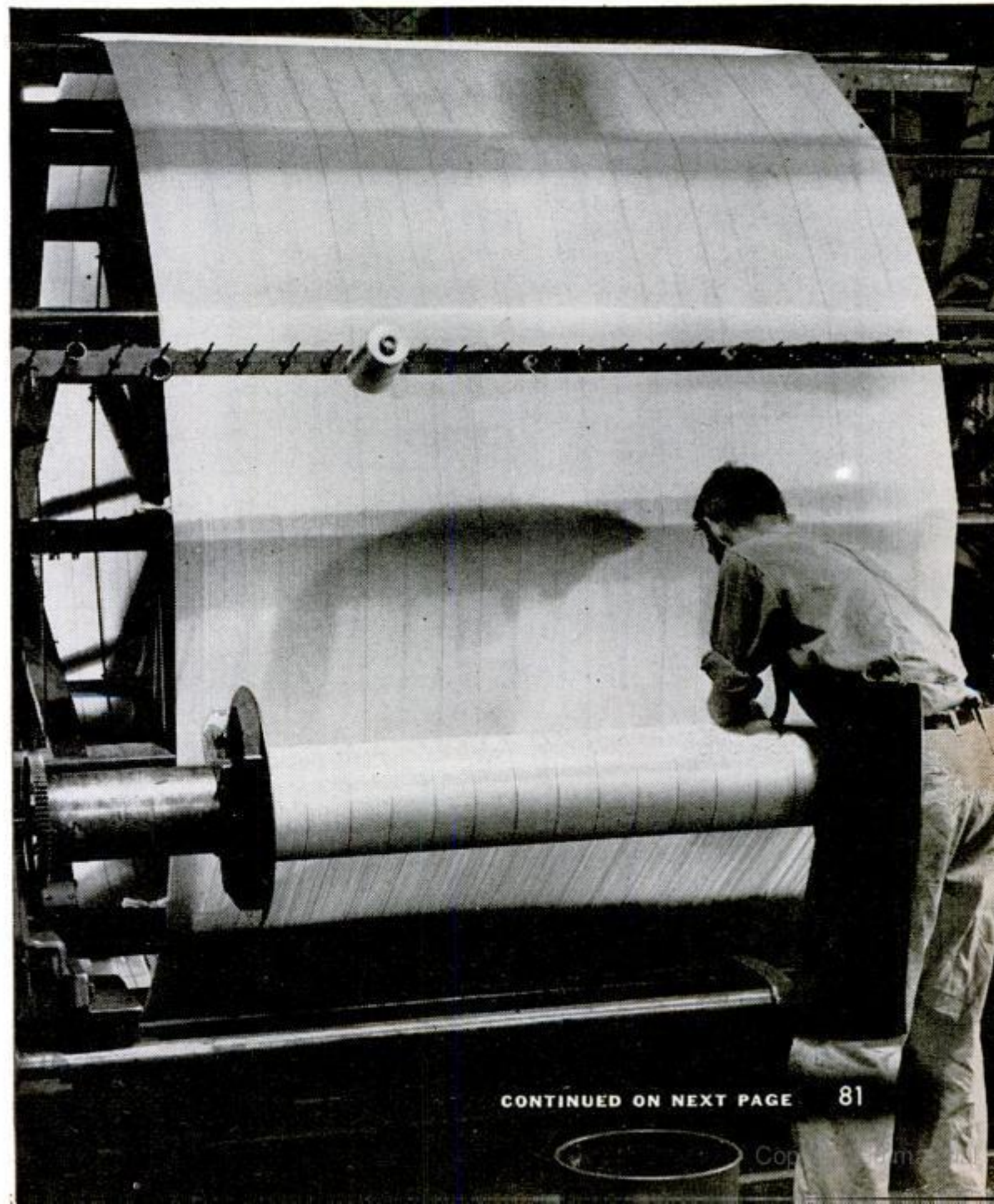
first molded into marbles (*see page 79*). Marbles are then remelted and drawn into filaments.

Fiber glass is used as heat and electrical insulation, as blood-plasma filters and it has been tried with some success as surgical sutures for sewing wounds. Glass yarn has been woven into bedspreads, lamp shades, curtains, neckties. Its great heat resistance makes fiber glass a fireproof material, opens enormous fields for its use in the future.

GLASS YARN FOR WEAVING IS WOUND ON SET OF TUBES. EACH TUBE HOLDS 8,300 YARDS.



YARN IS WOVEN INTO CLOTH. HERE, IN FIRST STAGE, WARP IS FORMED

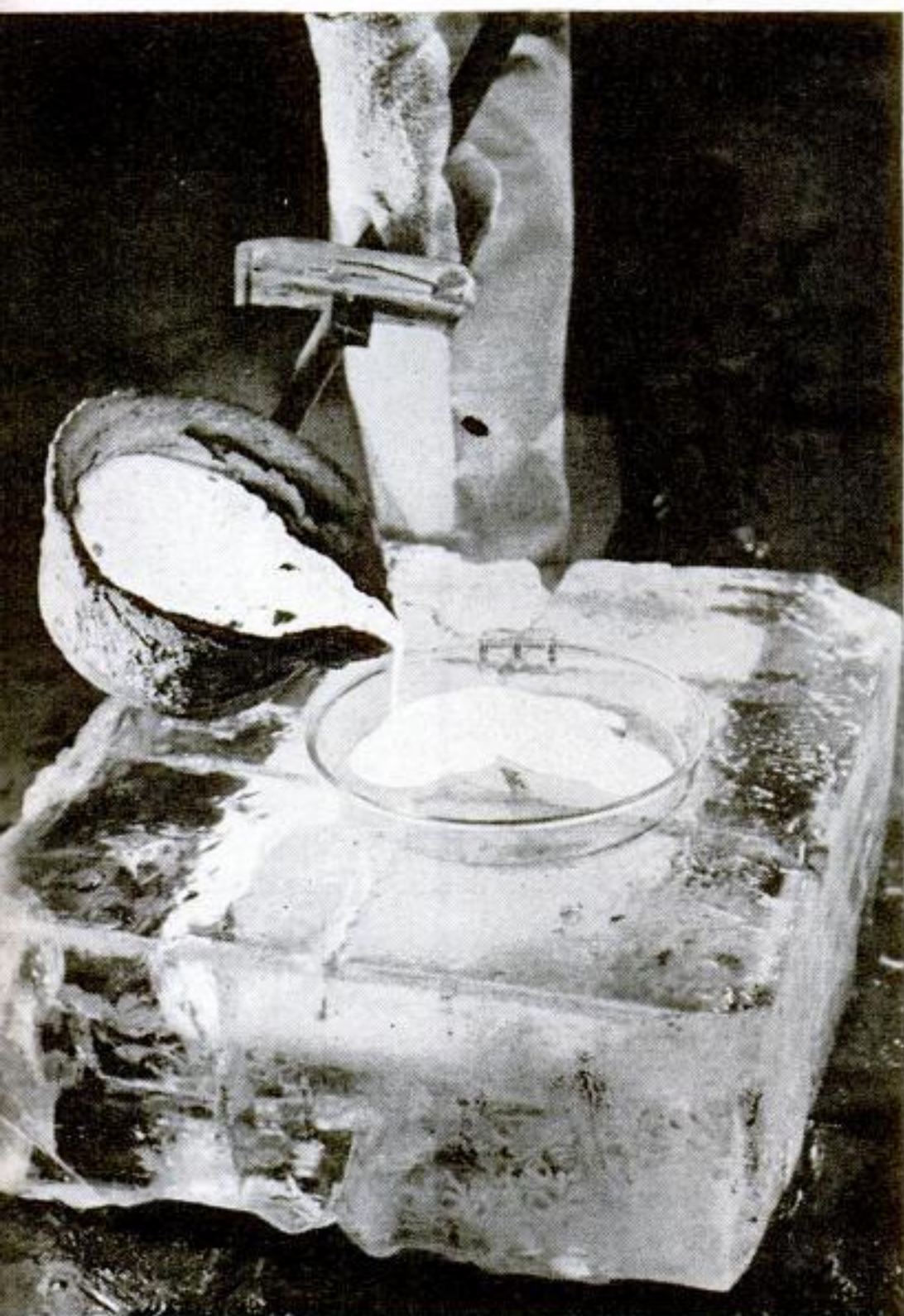


IT CAN DO STRANGE BUT USEFUL TRICKS

For thousands of years people have known glass as a rigid, transparent substance which breaks easily under sudden heat and rough handling. Today, as a result of intensive research, glass retains its virtue of transparency but, in many new and strange forms, has lost its fault of fragility. It does not crack when white-hot metal is poured over it (*below left*). It bounces from

a hard surface without breaking (*opposite page*). It floats. It supports heavy weight. It is elastic.

Thousands of formulas, each producing a different type of glass, give glass products versatility. Just a few ounces of a single ingredient may make the difference between a glass which is soft or hard, opaque or transparent.



SUPERHEAT-RESISTANT GLASS set on cake of ice does not crack even when molten metal is poured over it. It can be used as laboratory crucibles.



THIN GLASS STRAND supports girl in swing. The strand is made up of 117,504 separate filaments, has breaking strength of more than 1,000 lb. Same size manila rope breaks at 300 lb.



FLOATING GLASS RAFT supports man in density-testing tank. Called foam glass, it is full of air cells, is made by Pittsburgh-Corning Corporation.



GLASS FIBER BOARD insulates girl's hand from the heat of a Bunsen-burner flame. Temperature of flame is about 1,800° F.; thickness of the board, 2 in.



GLASS CLOTH more than a yard square is woven from these ten tiny glass marbles. There are approximately 970 miles of filaments woven into the fabric. The cloth feels like soft silk.



GLASS SPRING is depressed by weight of hand. Test on similar spring made 449,992,000 such depressions with no apparent change in structure.



GLASS DISHES ARE DROPPED without breaking from a height of eight feet to a hard surface. Made by a special formula, the glass undergoes careful tempering to give it added strength. Although the glass withstands this test it is not unbreakable.

No glass is unbreakable, but its toughness is continually increasing. These dishes are used by both Army and Navy. Wall in the background is made of hollow glass blocks, widely used in modern architecture because translucent walls make rooms lighter.



PRECISION LABORATORY WARE combines graceful forms with accurate dimensions. Objects are (*l. to r.*): methyl iodide reactor, Erlenmeyer flask, English graduate with washing bottle on top, Kipp generator, metric graduate and spiral condenser.

Glass is the perfect medium for such specialized apparatus. It is free from corrosion of virtually all acids. Its low degree of expansion permits exact measurements. Before World War I, the U.S. imported this glass, now produces it in quality second to none.

Roblee

SHOES FOR MEN



Roblee Redskins

Roblee Redskins...a good leather shoe

in warm-leather color for city or campus



Roblees are priced

\$6⁰⁰ to \$8⁰⁰

Some special styles slightly higher

ROBLEE DIVISION, BROWN SHOE COMPANY, MANUFACTURERS, ST. LOUIS

Roblee Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"My how things have changed..."

BETTER REST MAKES BETTER HUSBANDS!

WILL an ENGLANDER Mattress transform Mr. Morning Grouch into a charming, attentive husband? *Very likely*, science says. The secret of a sunny disposition is frequently the proper kind of rest!

ENGLANDER Mattresses are specially designed for proper rest... a brilliant advance in mattress-making. Luxuriously comfortable, magically buoyant, ENGLANDERS are built for perfect body balance. *That's* why they relieve subconscious physical tension... why they provide the utter relaxation your body

needs nightly for sparkling vitality... for glowing health.

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AMERICA'S MOST LUXURIOUS
mattress



BOB HOPE (FLATTOP), FRANK SINATRA (SHAKY) AND BING CROSBY (TRACY) SING, "WE'RE THREE PIN-UP BOYS FILLED WITH CHARM AND POISE—TRACY, SHAKY AND FLATTOP"

CROSBY, HOPE & SINATRA DO RADIO "DICK TRACY"

In Hollywood on Feb. 15 Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra and a notable cast put on the most gala performance of a *Dick Tracy* story ever known to radio. The occasion was an Armed Forces Radio Service *Command Performance*, which records programs for U. S. troops overseas. Bing Crosby played the square-jawed detective, Dick Tracy, Hope the villainous Flattop, Sinatra the despicable Shaky. Title of the show was "Dick Tracy in b Flat," or "For Goodness Sakes, Isn't He Ever Going to Marry Tess Trueheart?" The show managed to do what Tracy's creator, Cartoonist Chester Gould, had never done: marry Tracy to Tess.

The act opened with a Tracy-Tess wedding scene and song, "Oh, happy, happy, happy . . . wedding day," which faded into the sound of an auto, the squeal of tires, a machine-gun burst and three pistol shots. Subsequent wedding scenes were interrupted by a bank robbery, a kidnaping, a holdup with 13 killed. At one point Hope sang a *You're the Top* parody, "I'm the top, I'm the vicious Flattop. I'm the top, Got it in for that cop. I'm a naughty boy, I'm the pride and joy of sin." But the program's best moment was not in the script and will never be heard on the air. Unplanned and unrehearsed, it is shown on the next page.



The Mole is Jimmy Durante, who sings "Folks call me the Mole" to the tune of *The Music Goes Round and Round*.



Snowflake (Judy Garland) says, "I appeal to you on bended knee." Flattop: "Kid, you appeal to me in any position."

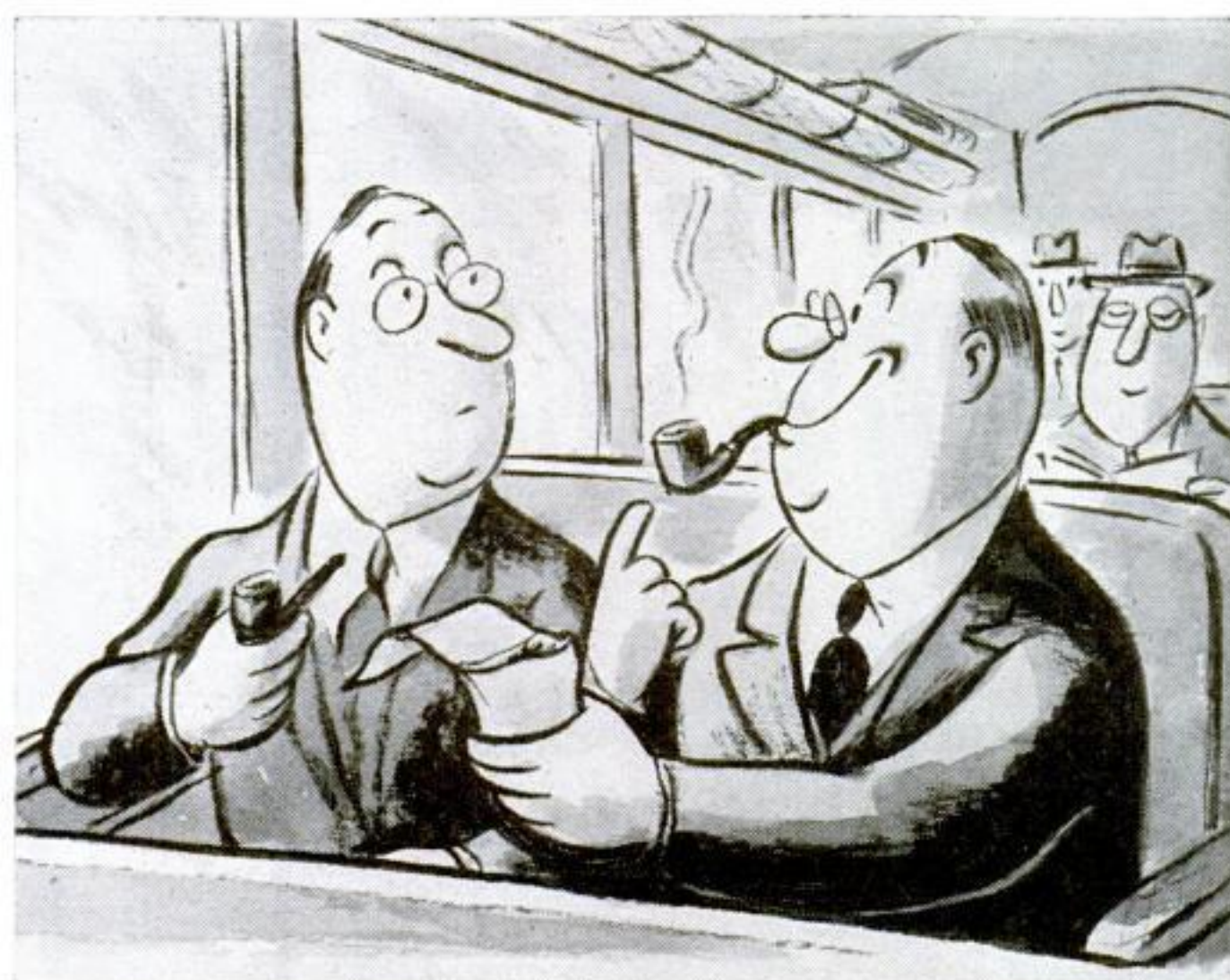


Vitamin Flintheart (Frank Morgan) sings "A wandering actor I, My life is interurban, I drink a lot of bourbon."

PIPE TYPES... by W.^m Steig



THE ETERNAL LIGHTER. Whenever he sits down to smoke, a mountain of matches rises up beside him. So busy *lighting* his pipe, he hardly manages to enjoy *smoking* it. Someday he'll pack it with Briggs—and relax with an even-burning, *satisfying* smoke!



THE DELIGHTED DISCOVERER. So pleased with Briggs, you'd think no one else ever discovered its wonders! Keeps telling folks about Briggs being aged in oaken casks for YEARS—*extra-aged* for *extra* flavor, time-mellowed for mildness. Try Briggs—*yourself*!



CASK-MELLOWED EXTRA LONG FOR EXTRA FLAVOR

Crosby Plays Tracy (continued)



A Crosby-Hope gag not in script occurs when Bing whips out a photo of Bob hidden in his script and hands it to a sailor in first row. Hope's reaction is shown below.



Terrified lest it be an embarrassing shot which Crosby had been threatening to show of him, Hope almost dives over footlights to retrieve it. Bing tries to restrain him.



Down on his knees, the blushing Hope tears the photograph out of the sailor's hand. Bing makes as if to kick him while Sinatra and the rest of the cast howl with mirth.



Hope examines the picture and discovers to his great relief that it is nothing more than a harmless picture of his bay-windowed self, wrapped sarong-fashion in a sheet.



INGRID BERGMAN
GREGORY PECK

in

ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

SPELLBOUND

A SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

Screen play by BEN HECHT

Released thru United Artists



IVAN IS CROWNED CZAR BY THE METROPOLITAN OF MOSCOW

IVAN THE TERRIBLE

NEW SOVIET SUPERMOVIE MAKES A HERO OUT OF A CZAR

This is just about the best season Ivan IV of Russia, usually called the Terrible, has had since 1577, when he stormed the Livonian fortress of Kokenhausen. In fact, Ivan is probably a greater hero in Russia this year than he was then, at the peak of his career. Furthermore, he is not very terrible any more.

No single historical figure has had so much attention in the Russian arts in the last few months as Ivan the Terrible. There have been two plays about him, one by Alexei Tolstoi who died last month, and the other by Vladimir Solovyov, written entirely in unrhymed iambic hexameter. There has been a novel about Ivan. There have been two nonfiction books, one by the foremost expert on Ivan, Professor Robert J. Wipper of the Soviet Academy of Sciences. A reviewer wrote that Wipper's book makes Ivan's reign "one of the most entrancing moments in the history of Europe." A new painting of Ivan, looking a little like Sir Galahad, hangs in a Moscow gallery. But the greatest tribute of all is a three-part film on which Russia's foremost director, Sergei Eisenstein, has been working for three years. Part I has recently been released in Moscow. The pictures on these and the following pages are from it.

According to prerevolutionary history books, Ivan IV was a brilliant but fearful neurotic. As a royal orphan he was maltreated by rich noblemen called boyars and grew up vindictive, suspicious, ruthless, proud. He is reported in the old histories to have thrown one boyar to his dogs; to have chosen his first wife Anastasia from among hundreds of virgins gathered from all over Russia for his inspection; to have allowed his close followers, the *oprichniki*, to plunder and steal at will; to have strangled the Metropolitan Philip; to have had seven wives, several of whom died by poisoning; to have massacred the population, destroyed the buildings of the second wealthiest city in his czar-dom, Great Novgorod; and to have struck his son Ivan, whom he passionately loved, such a blow the son fell dead.

But Soviet "historical science" has rediscovered another side of Ivan, and it is this new Ivan who is pictured in the film. This Ivan is heroic because he was the first man to unite the present territories of Russia under one rule. He was a nation-builder. Such harshnesses as are pictured are explained on the grounds that he had to indulge them in order to discipline the boyars, who were internal enemies of the state, and the Tatars, Swedes, Poles and Livonians, who were external enemies. This new Ivan is stern, but he is stern for the sake of unifying Russia.

Part I of Eisenstein's film takes Ivan from his coronation, pictured on the opposite page, through the year 1564, when he was 34 years old. This part shows how he was embittered by his enemies, betrayed by his friends. The film is a brilliant pageant, making up in splendor what it lacks in action and historical veracity.

Ivan the Terrible is a one-man film. Practically the only thing about it that Sergei Eisenstein did not do was act the part of Ivan, which is played by Nikolai Cherkassov. Eisenstein, who combines the qualities of Hitchcock, Billy Rose, Orson Welles, Noel Coward and Cecil B. de Mille, is one of the most versatile geniuses of the art of making movies. His three greatest earlier pictures were *Potemkin*, *Ten Days That Shook the World* and *Alexander Nevsky*. Late in 1940 Eisenstein read a book about Ivan. He at once began consulting historians, gathering books and manuscripts about Ivan. In January 1941 he began writing a script. After war broke out his studio moved from Moscow to Alma-Ata in Central Asia. There he revised his script, designed sets and costumes, gathered his cast and eventually, in an old theater with the stage and pit redesigned as a studio, he began shooting. Red Army soldiers who were resting up in the area played mob scenes. He shot and shot and shot, until he had reeled off 30,000 meters of film, spent \$2,200,000. The whole of *Ivan* will take six hours to show. He expects to finish Part II in June, Part III sometime next winter.



OLD PORTRAIT OF CZAR IVAN

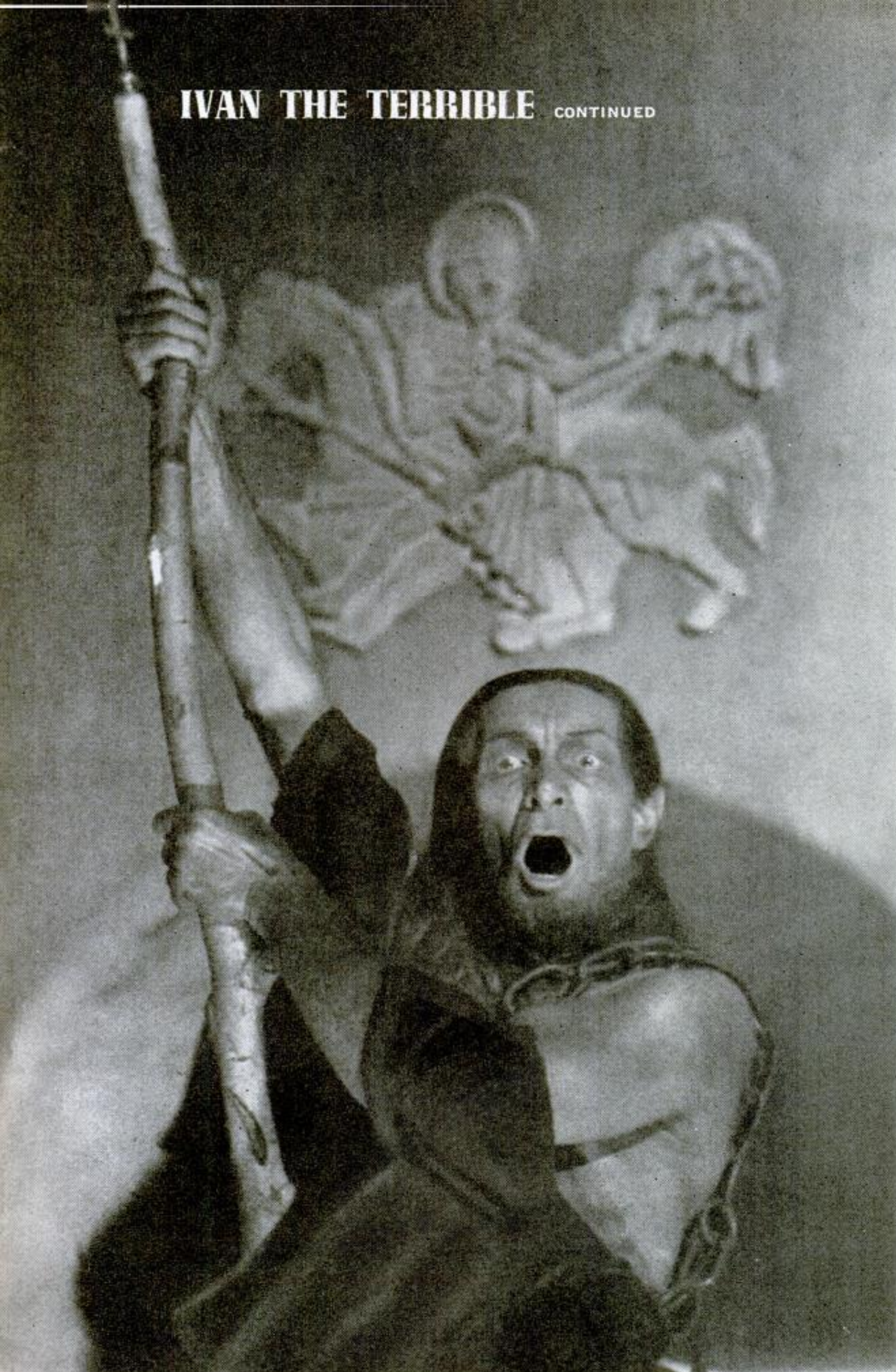


AT THE CORONATION Ivan's enemies, the boyars, watch sullenly. Their leader is the woman in the fur hat, Staritskaya, whose half-wit son (left) is claimant to throne.



IVAN IS MARRIED to beautiful Anastasia of the Romanov family. Guests shout, "Bitter! Bitter!" According to old Russian custom this is cue for the groom to kiss bride.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE CONTINUED



A RABBLE, roused by the boyars, rushes the palace and breaks into wedding ceremony. Ivan quiets the mob with a speech about what he hopes to do for Russia. Many of the mob join his army.



ASSAULT ON KAZAN, which Ivan (*standing bareheaded on hillside*) undertakes as his first step in unifying Russia, is blessed by priests holding icons. The full-scale city of



CONVALESCENCE is interrupted by news that the boyars are plotting to put Staritskaya's half-wit son on the throne in place of Ivan's son in case the czar dies. Ivan crushes the plot.



PRINCE KURBSKY is Ivan's closest lieutenant, but he loves Czarina Anastasia. He takes part in plot, but when he hears of Ivan's recovery swears allegiance to the czar.



Kazan was built by Eisenstein for the film. Since there are no forests in part of Central Asia where picture was made, lumber for this temporary city had to be imported from Siberia.



PNEUMONIA almost kills Ivan after his Kazan expedition. In a weird scene grotesque priests give him last rites, lowering a Bible over his wild-eyed face. Eventually the czar pulls through.



BOYARS' PLOT is finally finished when Ivan chooses obscure officer named Alexei Basmanov and makes him general of all his armies. The half-wit Vladimir cringes at left.



BRITISH EMISSARY comes from Queen Elizabeth. Ivan sends her a handsome chess set, each man of which represents a demand he makes. Profile on wall is a typical Eisenstein trick.



ANASTASIA IS POISONED by Staritskaya. The sneaking leader of the boyars hates the czarina because she has borne a son who will get throne instead of her Vladimir.

AT HIS WIFE'S BIER Ivan languishes for hours until a follower tells him that the boyars are plotting again, Russia's enemies are moving, Kurbsky has turned traitor.



SHARP-EYED SKURATOV IS SECRET AGENT

CZAR GREW FIERCER IN LATER YEARS

Part I of *Ivan the Terrible* ends as Ivan recovers from his grief over losing his wife and declares his intention to abdicate. But in a wonderful winter scene (opposite page) the people come and implore him to stay on as Czar. This he agrees to do on his own terms.

So far Ivan has not been very terrible. Eisenstein promises that in Parts II and III he will be more so, but insists that the purpose of the picture is not so much to show how awful Ivan was, but rather why he was obliged to be so. There may, however, be a harrowing episode in the second part in which, after hearing a letter from the traitorous Kurbsky in Poland, Ivan gets so angry that he thrusts his spear through the foot of Kurbsky's unfortunate courier. Eisenstein also plans to liquidate a conspiracy of the boyars with some terrible beheadings. Most of the rest of the film will be taken up with Ivan's conquest of the Baltic States and Siberia. But it will not show the last seven years, in which Ivan lost most of his conquests again and grew really bitter and fierce.



BASSO MIKHAILOV SINGS A WEIRD CHANT



THE PEOPLE COME TO BEG IVAN NOT TO ABDICATE



FEW MONTHS AFTER BATTLE, TARAWA'S BETIO BEACH IS STILL LITTERED WITH RUIN AND ITS SHELL-TORN TREES ARE STILL GAUNT. BUT NEW INSTALLATIONS COVER WHITE SAND

THE ATOLLS

OUTFIELD OF PACIFIC WAR, YESTERDAY'S ISLAND BATTLEFIELDS ARE STATIONS ON ROAD TO TOKYO

by JOHN DOS PASSOS

IN THE MARSHALL ISLANDS

It was after 7 so all the restaurants along the broad main street of Waikiki were closed. The only place I could find open was a dingy soft-drink parlor with a lunch counter. A sallow-faced young sawed-off marine sitting on the next stool tilted his head my way.

"Which way you bound, mister?"

I mumbled something about forward areas.

"Ain't you kind of old for that?"

I answered stiffly that correspondents came all ages.

"Well, good luck, mister. Take it easy. Me, I'm back for the rest cure."

When my transportation came I was the only passenger in the station wagon. The streets of Honolulu were empty as stage scenery. There wasn't a car on the broad truck-worn highway that leads through the swamps to Pearl Harbor. Out at the airport the rows of planes, some silvery, some olive drab, swam in the moonlight beside the white coral runways like sleeping whales. Ours was a four-motor Douglas. With a goodbye we heaved up our gear,



The eminent American novelist, John Dos Passos, whose report on the American home front, *State of the Nation*, appeared in LIFE on Sept. 25, is currently out on the Pacific battlefronts as special war correspondent for LIFE. This, his first report, sets forth the author's impressions of Kwajalein, Tarawa, Makin and other famous oceanic battlegrounds which he visited on his westward flight. Dos Passos' most famous work of fiction is the trilogy *U. S. A.*

climbed up the little ladder and settled down into the padded seats set up to the rear of the carefully corded pile of cargo. Rapidly we climbed into the empty sky where even the moon began to look small and lonely. The air began to get cold. The flight orderly came back with a couple of blankets for us.

When day broke we were very high over a pearly ocean of clouds. We dozed and read through 1,000 long miles of morning until the pilot came back to get us to look at something up forward. Through a threadbare place in

the clouds we barely could make out a faint irregular ring.

"Ailuk . . . Atoll . . . Marshall Islands." His lips formed the unfamiliar words against my ear. Then he tried to get us to make out another atoll 50 miles to the left, Wotje, where there still were Japs.

As we worked our way down through the cloud floor the sky cleared. We could see the blue Pacific strewn with little spits of foam. Soon we were low enough to make out flying fish taking off and diving from the long swells and

then, as the plane banked, a surf-bordered strip of island slid past. The orderly was crawling through the plane with his insect-control bomb fizzling in his hand, leaving a fresh-smelling trail of pyrethrum mist.

You climb out of the plane at Kwajalein in the Marshalls into a gray dazzle of coral dust. The densely packed tents and Quonset huts round the edges of the airfield have the look of an Arizona mining village or of one of those rattletrap boom towns that spring up on a new oilfield. The bombing and blasting of our assault when we landed a year ago and the subsequent leveling of the bulldozers chewing out airstrips has hardly left a tree standing. Only occasionally behind a hut or in the middle of a row of tents grimy with coral dust, you find a withering coconut palm or the skeleton of a breadfruit tree. The sun is hot but the northeast trade blows briskly bringing a taste of surf and of endless miles of ocean.

It was late in the morning. As the public relations jeep drove me around to see the island, which is all of two miles long, we passed cheerful chow lines of sweating bronzed men in khaki pants or shorts. At the end of every row of tents a windmill spun merrily in the unfailing trade wind. Some were patched together out of boards from old packing cases, metal strips from wrecked Jap planes into contraptions as complicated as the machines in Rube Goldberg's drawings. "What on earth are those?" The driver put on his brakes. Even as I asked the question I caught sight of a bucket of soapsuds being agitated by a plunger that worked up and down as the windmill spun round. "Those are impromptu washing machines," said the public relations officer laughing. "After all, this is a mechanical war."

We met up with a medical officer. "Everybody says there is no sickness here. How come?" He answered that the first problem after getting the dead Japs underground was to starve out the flies and the rats. All refuse containers and latrines were screened. All standing water was oiled. Everything was policed by sanitary details. No, here they hadn't needed to use the wonder insecticide DDT. He looked me straight in the eye. "This, sir, is the healthiest damned island in the Pacific."

"We're all natives of some place"

At the beer garden, where there was more beer than garden, a bunch of Seabees was celebrating a baseball game with a team from one of the other atolls. A middle-aged man with white hair, who looked the mechanic to his blunt fingertips, brought up a rangy young marine whom he introduced as the sweetest goddam third baseman in the Marshall Islands. "Hell, I'd trade four Seabees for him."

"Ain't he the atoll Connie Mack," said a kidding voice.

The middle-aged man took us over to see his outfit's repair truck. "We could just about rebuild a battleship with it," he boasted proudly.

When we went back to the beer garden a young man was bitching in a sing-song voice about what a hell of a miserable goddam thing it was to be away from home on a lonely island with ten thousand miles of water all around you.

"Lonely?" a voice yelled. "Kwaj is about as lonely as Times Square on election night."

We looked around at the crowds of men milling around in every direction among the close-packed tents and at the Dallas huts and the Quonset huts and the trucks and the reefers and the generators and the rattling distillators distilling fresh water and the repair shops and the ranks of fighter planes along the strip beyond, and laughed.

"Son," said the mechanic, "you don't need to talk. You young fellers don't need to talk who ain't even married yet. You don't know what it's like for us old guys." His voice dropped gruffly. "You don't know what it is to have home cookin'."

In the Majuro radio station they were playing over a recording they had made the Sunday before of Marshallese singing, men and women singing in parts. The voices were low and sweet. The announcer, a mild-mannered man with thinning red hair who had worked in a radio station in Los Angeles, whispered that it sounded like Bach. That was the Lutheran influence. German missionaries were in here for 15 years.

"Sounds more like Moody and Sankey," said somebody else. "That was the Boston Mission. It was Hiram Bingham and his New England missionaries who converted all these people to Christianity."

A slender dark brown man in khaki pants and undershirt was standing just inside the swath of light of the doorway. "Come in, Jim," said the young captain with the Teddy-bear haircut.

The man in the doorway gave a little giggle and showed his irregular yellow teeth in a grin. He made a stiff little bow.

"Quit that Jap stuff and come in and sit down," said the captain in a cordial Middlewestern tone of voice.

The brown man let out a ripple of laughter and walked in supplely and sat down in the empty chair.

"He didn't want to come because he hasn't had a bath," explained the sergeant. "He's a kind of foreman in this Marshallese work battalion we have here. He knows more English than you would think. Meet Jim Milne, sir."

Jim Milne shook hands and then gave a smiling look at the sweating white

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Baseball games break monotony of life on conquered atolls. Now that Pacific war has moved more than 2,000 miles to the west, island garrisons find existence safe but dull. This picture was taken on Tarawa where each island of atoll has own ball team. Note graveyard in background.



Like Gettysburg, the historic battleground of Tarawa (above) is now studded with signs chronicling details of action, tactics, casualties. Here today soldiers, sailors and marines walk reverently, bareheaded, among the relics of violent battle. Below: barbers have a busy day in the mid-Pacific.





"Her..Hand,

Fair as some
wonder out of
fairyland" *

—"Calidore," John Keats



* No "fairyland"
for hands that
Hit the Dust

Housework's no excuse for OLD-LOOKING hands!

HOUSEWORK'S no fun, no matter how you dress it up. It's just plain "scrub, clean, cook" from morn till night. Hard on your hands! But you *can* use Pacquins...

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Originally formulated for doctors and nurses, whose hands take the abuse of 30 to 40 washings and scrubbing a day.

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE



Stringing communications lines, Seabees find coconut palms make good telephone poles and pretty ones, too, when fronds have not been shredded by shell fragments.

THE ATOLLS (continued)

faces around him. A resigned bashful look came over his face and he leaned forward attentively with his long arms hanging over his knees waiting to be asked a question.

I asked him if his people remembered the Boston missionaries. He didn't answer for a moment but sat there as if letting the question sink in. Then he answered seriously in precise, rather fragmentary English that the American missionaries were good people and had always been very kind to the natives.

"We're all natives of some place," said the captain.

"But we are savages," said Jim Milne in his low modest voice.

"Who isn't?" said the sergeant.

"Missionaries teach us everything," he said smiling.

"They sure are Christians," said the sergeant. "Your people are all right, Jim. Most generous people in the world. They'll give you their shirt, always giving presents."

Jim went on in his slow, low, broken speech to say that his grandfather was an Englishman. He looked proud and solemn when he said that. I asked him if his people remembered the days before the missionaries came.

"Then we all time fight war... We worshipped the ancients," he said, pronouncing the word slowly and correctly as if dragging it out of some deep recess of his memory. We asked him if his people liked working with the Americans. He laughed. "Very good," he said. "Was the work hard?" He laughed again. "No work," he said. "Machine do all work."

Majuro to Makin


A thin line of yellow was just beginning to stain the cloudy indigo of the eastern horizon when we drove up to the plane. The pilot, a plump redheaded boy from southern Illinois, was heaving a box of canned goods into the cabin. Under his arm he had a bundle of white sheets and some colored print material for loincloths.

"Lava-lava for the Gouks," he said.

By the time he had warmed up his motors the sky had cleared and it was day. As he banked to set his course we got a last glimpse of the gray ranks of fighter bombers and the palms bunching together like grass and the yellow bench of the reef spuming with surf between the green lagoon and the blue ocean. Majuro atoll shrank to the size of a broken piece of pretzel and became a vague blur on the horizon.

Soon far to the left another one appeared. That was Mili, the navigator said. Still Japs there. Machine-gun fire. We gave it a wide

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100



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THE ATOLLS (continued)

berth. For a while there was nothing in sight but the ocean steaming with white and lilac-shaded clouds. Then under a whiter patch of cloud a streak of land appeared that sprouted palms as we drew near.

That was Makin, a half-moon-shaped scrap of island set in putty-colored banks of coral mud. A rank steamy latrine smell rose up from it. The tide was dead low. High and dry on the edges of the lagoon a couple of Jap hulks quietly rusted red in a patch of sunlight. You could still see the streaks and wallows, like muskrat paths through a marsh, that showed where our landing craft had gone ashore when we hit the beach there. Thatched roofs of huts, a white church bombed to pieces and then the airstrip. Ours was the only plane. Climbing down the little ladder we crossed the puddles left by the recent rain and walked over to a shack marked "Operations." Under the tent flap that served for a porch we found a hawk-nosed Army lieutenant with a little truck on his collar.

"House cleaning after the party"

"Nothing left here," he said belligerently, talking out of the corner of his mouth without moving his lips. We explained that we were just making a short call on the way to Tarawa. He looked a little less blank and muttered that he was just here to tidy up the odds and ends. "House cleaning after the party." He had damn little transportation left but he guessed he could show us around a little. We piled into his jeep and set off down the edge of the airstrip. "Built it in 15 days," he said, puffing out his chest as if he'd done it all himself.

On Makin there were still palm trees but they had a moth-eaten look from being sprayed with shrapnel and fragmentation bombs. For miles where the marines had camped the thinned-out jungle had the look of a vast picnic ground on Monday morning. There were signs and rutted roads going off at right angles into the trampled wilderness. It was like a Florida real-estate development after the boom has failed. The rain began again. We drove through a native village of dripping thatched huts. On the platforms of the houses brown people wearing odds and ends of Army issue were taking it very easy. As we passed they raised bare arms in greeting, or smiled, or called out "good day" in sweet tinkling voices.

"They are nice people. There's no getting around it," said the lieutenant thoughtfully. "A lot of those girls have quite nice dresses and they are very clean. No B.O. and all that. You ought to see them at parties. No rolling in the hay or anything like that. The whole

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102



Windmill clothes washing machine was made from crates and oil drum by Navy man. Throughout Pacific inventive Americans have harnessed trade winds for small chores.

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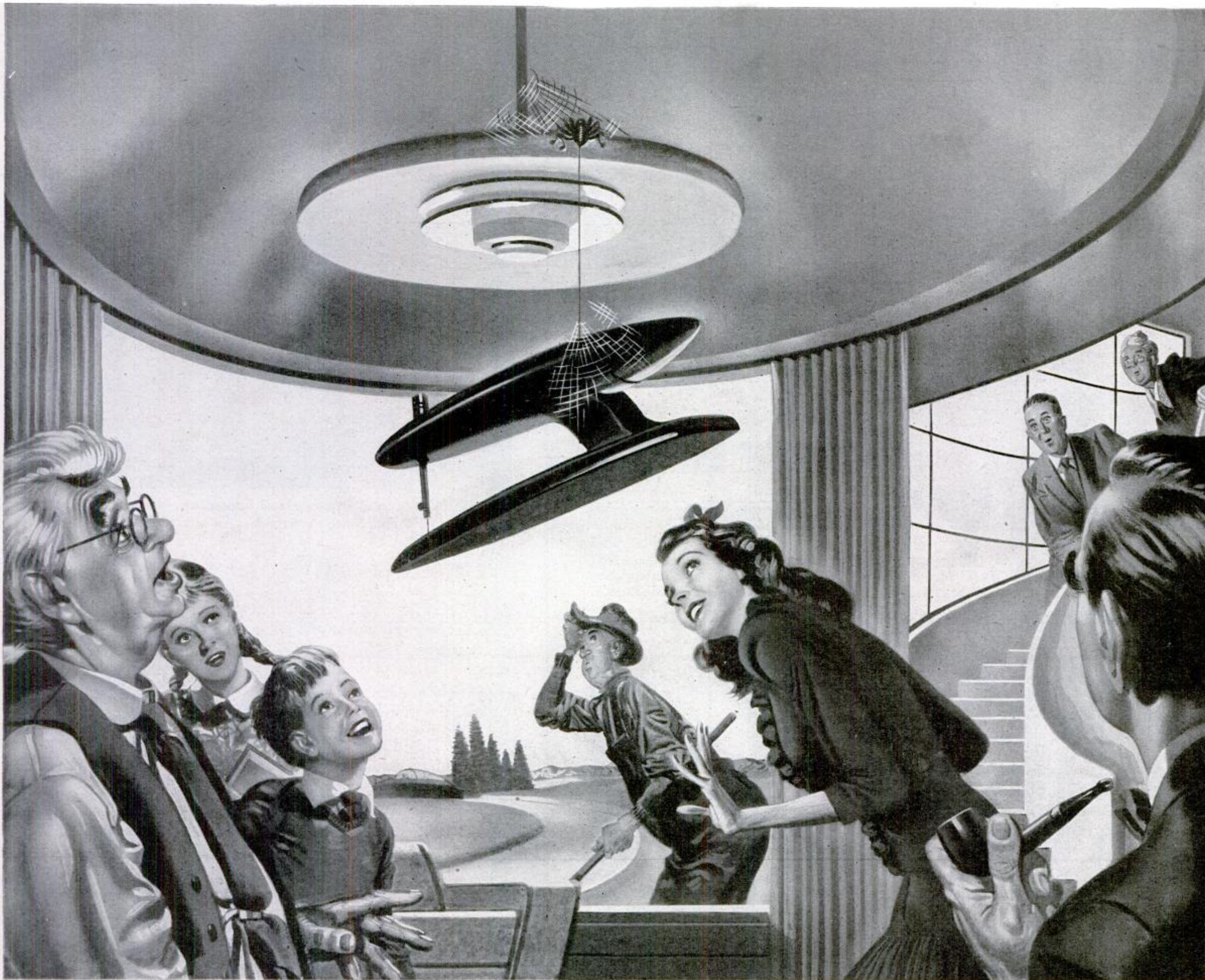
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Magnesium makes heavyweights sew, sew much lighter

Grandmother had a sewing room, complete with north light, table, thread cabinet, and a foot-operated sewing machine parked permanently by the window. Today many of us, in our new small houses and in city apartments, have a living-dining-study-sewing room combined into one. The sewing machine has become an electric portable parked in a closet, and it is Papa's job to drag it out and hoist it to the table before he leaves for work.

Progress? Yes! But that machine should keep up with the times, now that magnesium, the light, strong, safe metal, is available without Government restriction, subject only to the prior claims of war production. Magnesium—the ultra-light metal, the one that weighs less than one-fourth as much as iron, that transmits vibration less, changes man's work into child's play. Magnesium, the modern metal, reduces the toll of dead weight upon muscular and mechanical power in homes and factories.

Would you like a portable sewing machine so light you can carry it anywhere? Or a vacuum cleaner, a washing machine, a wheelbarrow, a lawnmower? Then ask your dealer, and he will pass along the news of your demand. Revere does not make finished products of magnesium. But we do operate one of the world's largest magnesium mills, turning out large quantities of plate, sheet, rod, bar, tube, forgings and extrusions, to be used in the manufacture of featherweights that used to be heavyweights.

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FABRICATORS OF COPPER, BRASS, MAGNESIUM, ALUMINUM, BRONZE AND STEEL

FALSE TEETH WEARERS



How YOU Can Avoid
The Danger of
DENTURE BREATH

Guess Who? He doesn't have to guess ... he knows! There's just no hiding your ... DENTURE BREATH. Avoid offending in this way. Don't trust brushing

with ordinary cleansers that scratch your plate material. Such scratches help food particles and film to collect faster, cling tighter, causing offensive Denture Breath.

PLAY SAFE—SOAK DENTURES IN POLIDENT DAILY

It's Easy! It's Quick!

Soak your plate or bridge in Polident fifteen minutes or overnight ... rinse ... and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into tiny crevices brushing never seems to reach—keeps your plate sparkling clean and odor-free.



NO BRUSHING



What's more ... your plate material is 60 times softer than natural teeth, and brushing with ordinary tooth pastes, tooth powders and soaps often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your

plate in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens. But, since there is no need for brushing when using Polident, there's no danger. Besides, the safe Polident way is so easy and sure!



Later—Now no Denture Breath comes between them! She's one of the delighted millions who have found Polident the new, easy way to keep dental plates and bridges sparkling clean, odor-free. If you wear a removable bridge, a partial or complete dental plate, play safe. Use Polident every day to help maintain the original natural appearance of your dental plate. Costs less than 1¢ a day. All drug counters; 30¢, 60¢.

NEW!
Another
Polident Product
DENTU-GRIP
Pleasant Powder to
Hold Plates Tight

Use POLIDENT Daily TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES
CLEAN ... AND ODOR-FREE!



Officers' club on Tarawa is reconstructed Jap stockade. In 15 months since landings, Americans have installed such comforts as tennis courts, a recreation hall, a church.

THE ATOLLS (continued)

family turns out and the old folks never take their eyes off them. You have to wait until a girl asks you and then you can't stay till the dance is over. Their favorite tune is *You Are My Sunshine*. They often dance all night and if they get tired they conk off right there on the dance floor. I guess that's enough village. They are all alike."

He turned the jeep around and drove us back to his headquarters. He took us into a building made out of several Dallas huts put together. "Here I reside in solitary glory," he said.

He went to the icebox and brought out some cans of beer. "Might be worse. Since the doctors cleaned this place up it's the healthiest damned island in the Pacific."

We took off and flew southward, threading our way through rain-clouds. Abaiang atoll passed beneath us, a coral island in a dream. At Tarawa we came down.

Tarawa was like Gettysburg. Carefully tended squares of white crosses, little plots with signs. "150 Japanese dead"—"200 Japanese dead." On the Japanese pillboxes are carefully lettered explanations of what took place in various phases of the battle. Soldiers, sailors and marines staging through walk reverently around with their hats in their hands spelling out the story of that hotly contested landing. Betio, the fortified island at the end of one of the legs of the V-shaped Tarawa atoll, seems hardly larger than four or five baseball fields. In the fierce glare of sun on white crushed coral you can walk around the emplacements of reinforced concrete and the rotting coconut-log shelters and look with awe at the twisted muzzles of Vickers guns and the trenches and the great square command centers that rim the airfield crowded today with ranks of shiny new Liberators staging westward.

Tea on Tarawa

In one group of huts sits the commissioner who suavely represents His Britannic Majesty in the crown colony of the Gilbert Islands, serving tea at 4 every afternoon and Scotch whisky afterward as imperturbably as if he were looking out on the green lanes of England instead of a green lagoon. Outside one hut someone has put up a sign: "Naugatuck, Conn. 9137 mi." with a hand pointing N.E.

That night a Pittsburgh lawyer, still somewhat dazed to find himself in suntans on a coral island 6,000 miles from home, invited me out of the brilliant moonlight of the airfield, where the propellers of Liberators about to take off churned up great clouds of coral dust, into his brightly lit falley—grass-thatched hut—to drink a spot of Old Grand-Dad with him. He was a plane dispatcher. It was monotonous but it was a healthy life. "This, sir," he said setting down his glass to emphasize the statement, "is the healthiest damned island in the Pacific."

"We don't have any proper weather reports in these latitudes," said the pilot cheerfully as we settled down to our course next morning. "There always seems to be a front of bad weather just

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

Hollywood-New York Sky Passengers

VOTE THESE THE "SMARTEST ARRIVALS"

in beautiful, GOLD CROSS SHOES

At American Airlines terminals in New York and Los Angeles, our interviewers made their Fashion Poll. To smart passengers (and those there to meet them, see them off) they put the question: "Which of the new Gold Cross Shoes for Spring do you consider most beautiful?" And here are the shoes they selected... fashion-choices of fashion-wise casts of U.S.O. stars on camp tours... officers' wives... wives of government officials, of business executives... women correspondents and editors.



GOLD

CROSS SHOES

FAMOUS FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS AS RED CROSS SHOES



Fashion Poll Winners reflect the new, unrestrained femininity and charm that pervade all fashions for Spring. See the new Gold Cross Shoes... choose your youthfully fitting pair at your dealer's now. A—Harem Sandal, B—Cocaroo No. 2, C—The Sandra, D—The Stratford, E—The Fiesta, F—Harem Pump.

America's unchallenged shoe value at **\$6.95**...most styles, Denver West, \$7.45



The United States Shoe Corp., Cincinnati 7, Ohio • Gold Cross Shoes are manufactured and distributed in England by Somervell Bros. Ltd.; in Australia by The Meyer Emporium, Ltd.



They knew what they wanted...

THE PIONEERS who founded the unique Italian Swiss Colony, more than sixty years ago, loved good food...and good wine. Deer and quail bagged in the nearby hills graced their boards...good wines came from their own cherished vineyards, stocked with cuttings from prized European vines. But what these Colonists wanted *most* was to grow wines that would win the world's acclaim...and they succeeded! For within a few years of the Colony's founding, their wines were winning repeated honors at world expositions.

Is it any wonder that Italian Swiss Colony Wines today have *special* qualities...which set them apart? A special brilliance, a special bouquet...and above all, a flavor that, once tasted, is not soon forgotten.

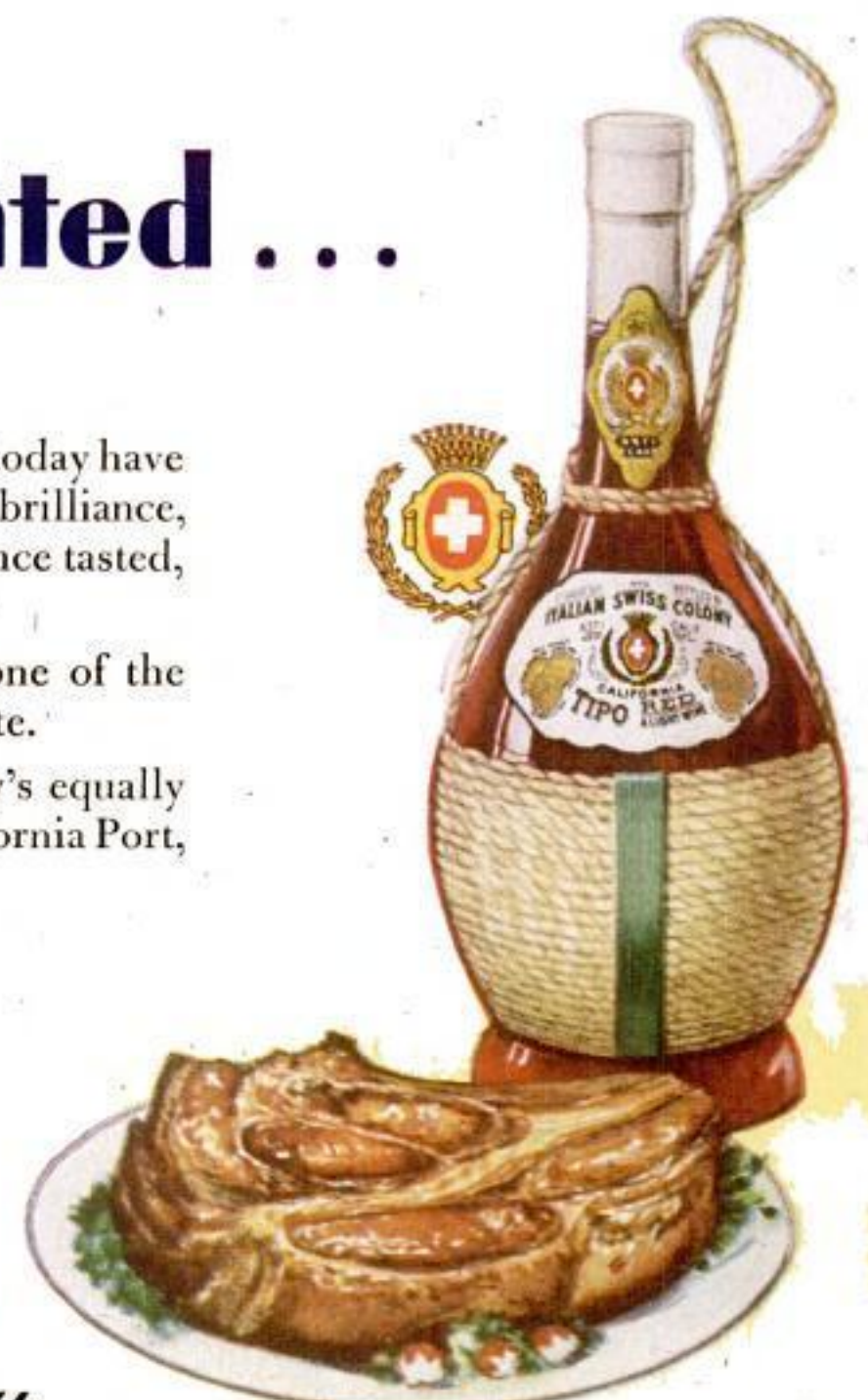
Tonight...make *your* dinner memorable with one of the Colony's famed table wines...Tipo Red or White.

You'll find special enjoyment, too, in the Colony's equally famous dessert wines...such as Private Stock California Port, Sherry and Muscatel.

ITALIAN SWISS COLONY
Wines with a past — for your pleasure today

GENERAL OFFICES: SAN FRANCISCO

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TIPO RED—especially good with roast beef and other red meats.

YOUR SHOES ARE SHOWING!



EMBARRASSING, ISN'T IT?



YOU NEED SHINOLA

● The opposite sex has an eagle eye for grooming errors. Unshined shoes never go unnoticed. Furthermore . . . the care you give shoes has a lot to do with the wear you get from them. You'll do well to use Shinola.

Here's why: Shinola's scientific combination of oily waxes helps hold in and replenish the normal oils in leather . . . helps maintain flexibility . . . and that means longer wear. Better KEEP 'EM SHINING WITH SHINOLA.



SHINOLA
for every type
and color shoe
only 10¢

If your dealer happens to be out of stock, please be patient.



A CANARY Thrills FRANCES LANGFORD

Popular Songstress on the Bob Hope Radio Show
And you, too, should know the heart-warming thrill of owning a canary. Like the stars, you'll want to feed it FRENCH'S Bird Seed and Biscuit—the largest selling brand in the U. S.



OWN A CANARY—THE ONLY PET THAT SINGS

THE ATOLLS (continued)

north of the equator but we never know where it is till we hit it." Sure enough, soon we were threading our uneven way through tunnels of cumulus. Occasional patches of hissing rain blanked everything out. The plane bucked and pitched until suddenly we came out into a serene region of dense blue against which little porcelain clouds stood out in cameo like the pattern on a Wedgwood teapot. A half hour farther south the sky was clear again and the oval atoll of Abemama began to sharpen into focus dead ahead.

The plane came to rest on the runway into absolute silence. When we climbed down onto the empty airfield beside the still palms the sweet hot air ran down our faces like molasses.

We walked slowly down the edge of the clearing toward the green glare of the lagoon. There was no one in sight. Then we began to hear the sound of a motor far away up the curving beach. "I reckon the Britisher heard us," said the pilot. "I sure buzzed him plenty. . . . You gentlemen go with the commissioner and we'll walk over to Titty City to trade for bananas with the Gouks."

After a while a jeep appeared driven by a yellowish man. The Australian army captain who was British commissioner sat beside him. Yes, he could drive us around if it wasn't too far. This jeep was all the transportation he had. We drove slowly along a road arched with coconut palms. Here and there were rows of thatched huts. On the raised platforms the brown people lolled and indolently watched us go by. This was Stevenson's Abemama, the South Seas as young boys dreamed about them in Bible class a hundred years ago.

Nuns vs. Japs

To pass from one islet to the other we had to cross shallow channels where the jeep slipped and floundered over the coral. You could see the captain shaking his head mournfully over the wear and tear on the jeep. He had no radio. A schooner every three months was his only contact with the Empire. No supplies had come through to him. He was still living on GI canned goods left with him when the American troops moved out. "When this jeep breaks down," he said, shaking his head, "it'll be shanks' mare for me."

"Over there," he gave us a reproachful look as he pointed through the pallid trunks of the palms, "is the village you bombed by mistake. The natives hadn't run away because they saw American markings on the planes and thought they were friends. They killed the native pastor."

"Yes sir," spoke up the yellow man. "He wake up in the night . . . thirsty . . . tell his wife go get him drink of water . . . and when she come back house all gone, he dead."

Mumbling our national apologies we walked over to the bank of the inlet. "You see we landed on the next island," the captain was saying. "I came out from Oahu in the submarine. We were packed in like sardines, 29 of us besides the crew. The Japs only had a small force. Your planes bombed them a bit and then we landed. They had some machine guns here. But in the end the beggars turned out rather considerate. They pulled off their shoes and shot themselves under the chin with their rifles, about 15 of them right here in this trench so all we had to do was to pile the earth back on top of them."

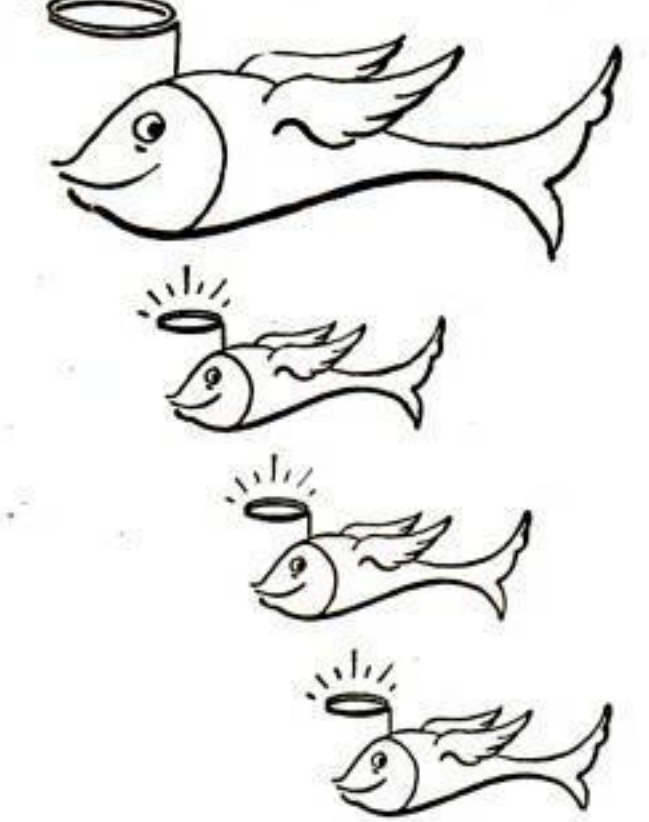
Driving along the winding track between sunken gardens of ba-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Australian nuns of the Sacred Heart Mission never left Tarawa during the entire Jap occupation. Natives fed nuns, helped them escape when Japs threatened to kill them.

For a Heavenly Treat!



40-FATHOM Fillets Parisienne

IT'S HEAVENLY! The flavor of these 40-Fathom Fillets Parisienne is simply out of this world—rich with the fresh-caught flavor of plump, quick-frozen 40-Fathom cuts of your favorite fish. Cod-fish, for instance, is grand! And many others!

IT'S EASY! No bones. No waste. No trouble. Just peel off the wrapper—there's nothing but delicious meat in a 40-Fathom Fillet! No objectionable "fishy" odors in your kitchen, either. For these fillets of fresh-caught fish are quick-frozen at the ocean's edge—with a blast of cold that keeps them fresh when they reach your store. Try this heavenly recipe tonight!

Place two 40-Fathom Fillets in greased baking dish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Sauté ¾ cup finely chopped celery, ¼ cup chopped green pepper, and 2 tablespoons minced onion in small amount of fat. Spread over fillets. Sprinkle with ½ cup buttered bread crumbs. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) about 30 minutes, until fish is tender.

40-FATHOM FISH, INC.
BOSTON



New Orleans Molasses Sponge Cake



**GETS ITS LUSCIOUS FLAVOR
FROM IRON-RICH BRER RABBIT
GREEN LABEL MOLASSES**

- 4 eggs, separated
- ½ cup Brer Rabbit
New Orleans Molasses*
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- 6 tablespoons sugar
- 1 cup sifted cake flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon nutmeg
- ¼ teaspoon mace
- ½ teaspoon soda

Beat egg yolks very light; gradually beat in molasses. Beat egg whites until foamy; add lemon juice and beat until stiff but not dry. Gradually beat in sugar. Fold into egg yolk mixture. Mix and sift other dry ingredients; fold into egg mixture. Pour in two ungreased 9-inch layer cake pans lined on bottom with waxed paper. Bake in slow oven (325°F.) 20-25 minutes. When cool, spread vanilla pudding (packaged) between layers and sprinkle top with confectioner's sugar, using paper doily for stencil. 8-10 servings.

* For a rich flavor, use **Green Label**, a full flavored, dark molasses recommended for cooking.

* For a milder flavor, use **Gold Label**, highest quality, fancy, light molasses—sweet and mild.



Brer Rabbit
NEW
ORLEANS **Molasses**

Free! Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc.
New Orleans, La.
Dept. L312-5

Please send my free copy of "Brer Rabbit's Modern Recipes for Modern Living," telling all about New Orleans molasses for table use and cooking.

Name _____
(Print Name and Address)

Address _____

THE ATOLLS (continued)

nanas and taro I asked the captain if it wasn't rather lonely here now that the American troops had pulled out.

"We've been busy clearing up after them, you know . . . I've had 15 years of this. After I'd had three years of Ocean Island my wife and I got married. I thought it was up to me to take her back to Melbourne. We stood it for a few months and then one fine day I said, 'Dear, suppose we go back.' She said 'Rather,' and here we've been ever since. . . . She's waiting in Suva now. . . . As soon as you fellows push a bit further west I hope to get her up here. . . . We could never live in suburbia after this."

At the Catholic mission on the next island the Sisters brought out their best cups and a pot of tea and a fruitcake for us. All three of them were Australians. The thin-faced one with glasses who taught school for the natives was the most talkative. How had it been when the Japs were here, we were asking.

"Horrid," she said, "they were horrid little people. . . . They never came in by the path. They'd always pop out of the bushes somewhere and frighten you to death. They were always searching for radio sets. They'd be after every scrap of paper. We had a time hiding the poor Father's wine. They'd steal anything to eat. We'd have starved to death if it hadn't been for the natives. They managed to bring us something now and then. The Japanese soldiers weren't supposed to come into the church. Their officers were dreadfully strict with them . . . always boxing them on the ears. I should think they would all be deaf. The soldier would just stand there and bow each time the officer hit him. It was a nightmare the way they infiltrated in through the shrubbery. I gave a couple of them a fright one day myself. They'd been in the church touching things and throwing stones at the statues and they came over to the door and stood there looking at me and grinning. I was so angry I ran right up to them and poked my fingers in their faces like this." She screwed up her mouth and made aggressive poking gestures with two fingers of each hand out of her long white sleeves. "'Taboo, taboo,' I said, and they understood that. One of them pointed to the other one as if to say, 'He did it, not me,' but I just kept poking my fingers at them and saying 'Taboo' till their knees began to shake and they ran away."

"The Seabees can make anything"

When the picket boat drew up the landing at Laura Village on Majuro we were met by a very tall native and a very short native who shook hands exuberantly. Everywhere we went along the dusty lane that ran parallel to the shore, people came out of their houses and shook hands and said, "How do you do, sir? I am very well thank you." In this village there were fewer thatched huts than in the others. The white frame houses with porches had a faintly early American look. We walked between rich tangled thickets of breadfruit and papaya and flowering hibiscus to the end of the village where the church was. It was a big bare building of a definitely evangelical cast. Beyond that was the thatch and bamboo house of the interpreter. His name was Mike Madison. He was a large-boned brown man with an aquiline nose and a subtly Roman cast of countenance. He spoke in low tones in a clipped English that had a faintly Australian twang to it. He had the offhand manner of a Britisher. While we talked to him his plump brown wife and daughters, who wore American-type cotton dresses, beamed sweetly at us from the corners of the hut.

"Yes," said Mike Madison, "in the old days it was all copra. Everybody dried and collected copra. The stuff shrinks," he made a small twisted smile. "My word, the stuff shrinks and loses weight when you ship it. Now the ladies make baskets and shellwork for the Americans. You know the cowrie shell."

"We can dispose of all you can make," said the military government man. "Our servicemen are in the market for souvenirs in a big way."

"Tell him if they don't hurry and make us a lot of handicraft the Seabees'll take the market away from them," said one of the doctors. As we walked back to the landing he asked me if I'd heard about the Seabee who used to get himself up in a grass skirt and paddle an outrigger canoe out to the transports staging through and do a tremendous business in native handicrafts he'd made himself. "The Seabees can make anything."

That evening we ate dinner with the Navy captain who was atoll commander in his plywood-finished falley. He told us about how when he had explained to the people of Majuro that we celebrated Thanksgiving Day every November to commemorate our thanks for the first harvest at a time when we were a very small nation



He visioned freedom...

In the days before human liberty dawned, William Penn envisioned a new frame of government . . . where people would live under laws of their own making. He embodied his ideals in Pennsylvania's charter, precursor of the Declaration of Independence, and the U.S. Constitution.

The champion of brotherly love wrote with quill on parchment. Today the planners of a better world have better pens, Inkographs . . . easy-flowing, dependable, with 14kt gold ball-like point, writes like a soft lead pencil, good for years of hard use.

You may not always be able to get an Inkograph—the needs of service men come first. But if your dealer is out of stock, keep trying.



INK-O-GRAPH²

Inkograph Co., Inc., 200 Hudson St., N.Y.C. 13



"It's amazing how customers always come back for Marlin Blades!"

Marlin double edge blades 18 for 25c. Guaranteed by The Marlin Firearms Co., New Haven, Conn.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

CRO-PAX

for CORNS
CALLOUSES

BUNIONS

AT ALL
10c
STORES

FOREST CITY PRODUCTS, INC. - CLEVELAND 13, OHIO

CONTINUED ON PAGE 103

She's Engaged to a member of the Royal Canadian Air Force She's Lovely!

HER RING—an upraised center diamond flanked by smaller diamonds on intricate design in gold.



FRANCES KING, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., of the old Hudson River family—another lovely Pond's bride-to-be. Her engagement to H. Paul Richards, of the R.C.A.F., was announced by her mother, last May.

Pretty as a picture, with shining brown eyes, lovely dark hair, and a complexion so petal-clear—you'd think Frances' beauty was just happenstance.

But Frances herself says very positively, she keeps it that way with her faithful Pond's devotions.

"Skin needs regular care," she declares. "I love my daily Pond's Cold-Creamings. They make my skin feel glorious. It looks fresher, too."

HOW FRANCES BEAUTY-CARES FOR HER FACE WITH POND'S

• First—she smooths snowy Pond's Cold Cream all over face and throat, pats it with brisk finger tips to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off well.

Next—she rinses with more luscious-soft Pond's, plying her white-tipped fingers in little spiral whirls around her nose, mouth, cheeks, forehead. Tissues off again. "This double-creaming is important," Frances says, "makes skin extra clean, extra soft. Feels heavenly!"

Use Pond's Frances' way—every morning, every night. Daytime, too, for clean-ups. You'll find it's no accident engaged girls like Frances, noted society beauties, love this soft-smooth beauty care.

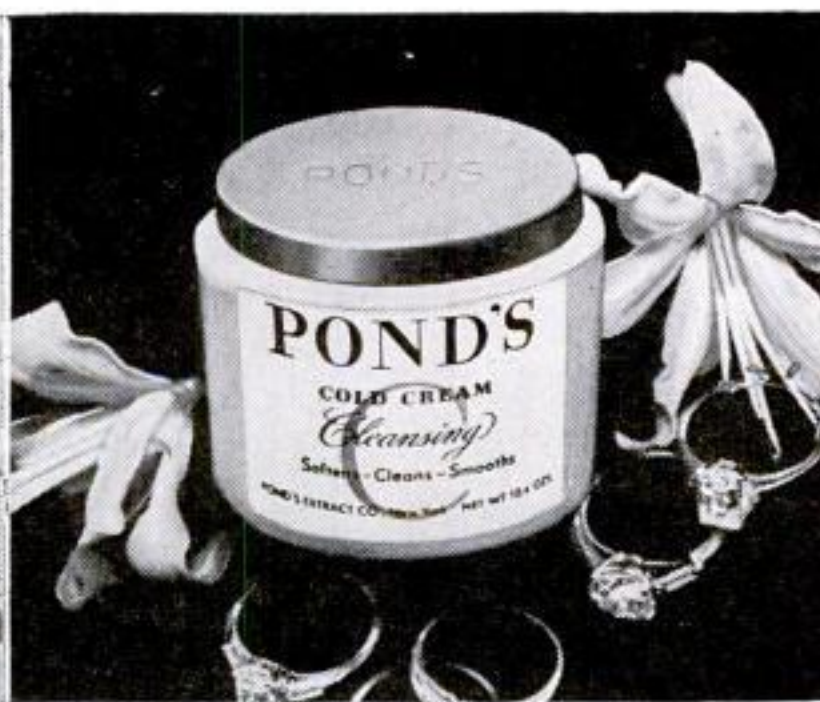
Get yourself a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. You'll like being able to dip the fingers of both your hands in the luxurious, big jar.



SHE'S A DARLING! Frances is petite, with wistful brown eyes and skin so baby-soft! "I keep it nice with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It's such a grand cream for giving that beyond-a-doubt cleanness and sparkle."



ON HIS FURLONGS Paul and Frances are inseparable. While he is away she serves, too—in the Red Cross, at the "Two for One" canteen, and at the Halloran Hospital.



TODAY—more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for this delightful cream at your favorite beauty counter.

She uses Pond's

A few of the
Pond's
Society Beauties

MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III.
LADY BRIGID KING-TENISON
MRS. GERALDINE SPRECKELS
MRS. CHARLES MORGAN, JR.
MRS. JAMES J. CABOT

For the Open Season!



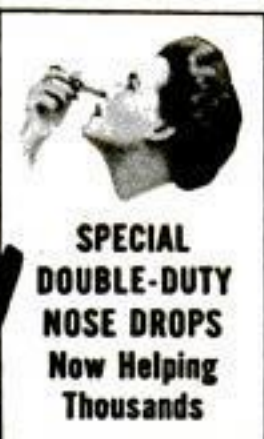
• The tempo quickens . . . it's the open-hearted season—time for the prettiest cut-away-and-perforated footwear! For your lighter moments be low as to heels but up on your toes in Walk-Over's "Tama" . . . with happy, clinging fit.



WALK-OVER
"Polka-Dots"

Walk-Over Prices \$8.95 to \$12.95
Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.

Watch Out for Sniffly, Sneezy Head Colds!



SPECIAL
DOUBLE-DUTY
NOSE DROPS
Now Helping
Thousands

Don't be guilty of neglect. Head colds can cause much suffering. So when you catch a head cold, do this: Put a few drops of double-duty Va-tro-nol up each nostril. This specialized medication does two important things—

Helps prevent many colds from developing if used at the first warning sniffle or sneeze.

Promptly relieves sneezy, sniffly, stuffy distress of head colds. Makes breathing easier.

It's sensible always to keep Vicks Va-tro-nol on hand—ready to use when needed. You can save yourself from much head cold misery! Follow directions in folder.

VICKS
VA-TRO-NOL

CHILD'S COLD To relieve misery—rub VapoRub on throat, chest, back and let its time-tested poultice-vapor action go to work! Ideal for children. Good for adults.

VICKS
VAPORUB

Weren't
those
beans
wonderful?



Remember how proud you were of the beans you grew last year—so plentiful, so tasty, so full of nutrition and goodness? Of course they were wonderful! There's nothing finer than your own fresh vegetables grown from Ferry's Seeds.

Naturally you plan to have a vegetable garden again this year and, in addition, you'll want beautiful flowers in abundance. And Ferry's Seeds are readily available to help you start right. Back of them are 88 years of scientific seed breeding and more than 65,000 tests annually to determine that they are true to type and of good germination. They're the choice of experienced gardeners everywhere.

Your favorite dealer carries a wide assortment and can get for you quickly any additional varieties you may wish. Have a *better* garden with Ferry's Seeds.

FERRY-MORSE SEED CO.
Detroit 31 San Francisco 24

LET THE GOOD EARTH PRODUCE



PLANT

Ferry's
SEEDS



Collecting sea shells is pastime on atolls. The connoisseur above is Boatswain's Mate 1/c D. Puckett. "You get so lonesome," he says, "you feel like you could swim back."

THE ATOLLS (continued)

indeed, numbering about as many as the people of Majuro, they had answered that they would institute a Thanksgiving Day, too, to commemorate the day the Americans landed. We agreed that either they really liked us or else they showed exquisite tact.

The phone rang in the outside room and the atoll commander was called to it. He came back frowning but picked up the conversation where he had left it.

"No," he said, "I think they are sincerely for us. The more I see of them the more I think the early missionaries did a good job. . . . They were the first white men who tried to help these people. They made pretty good Christians of them."

There was a pause. The men along the table were looking questioningly at the atoll commander's face. "Bad news," he said shortly. "A plane down . . . operational. Near Arno, the next atoll."

We got up from the table a little clumsily. Nobody had anything to say.

The colonel in command of the land-based planes was making arrangements to send me out with the Dumbos in the strike against Mili, one of the Jap-held atolls, that was planned for next day. (The Dumbos are the seaplanes or amphibians that follow the fighters and bombers for reconnaissance and to pick up survivors of any planes that have ditched if the water is smooth enough or, if it isn't, to indicate their location to surface craft.) We drove down to the operations hut on the airstrip.

The thin tow-headed boy on the teletype showed us his entries. "The search plane reported an oil slick, sir," he said. When the colonel walked up to the other end of the Quonset hut he said to me, "The only time we get any excitement any more is when somebody is in trouble. Makes you feel kind of bad to find yourself enjoying it."

At breakfast the atoll commander had a radio message from one of the search planes that they had seen something in the water that might be the wreckage of the plane. It was a fighter bomber that carried only two men. The atoll commander said nothing.

A strike against Mili

At the airstrip after lunch, before we took off in the Dumbo for the strike, they told us that Joint Air Control had a message from a search plane reading, "Found plane too late to help."

As we climbed into the Dumbo the colonel said in a low voice, "Well, those boys still might be alive." But his face looked grim. This was an amphibian plane that had seen a lot of service. Our place was in the big bulging blisters in the rear. At my feet was a blue volume of *Best American Short Stories* that the gunner had evidently been reading. We raced past the ranks of the gray fighter bombers with their backs to the surf and immediately we were off the island and purring across the limitless ocean. After a half an hour the fighter bombers passed us on the way to the target, a formation of tiny dark crosses high overhead.

Mili atoll when we reached it looked much like other atolls, a ragged necklace of islands around a green lagoon at the edge of the immense foamlaced blue dish of the Pacific. As we circled near, waiting for the attacking planes to peel off and do their stuff, I began to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 111

Belmont

Television

WILL BE OUT FRONT

With enlarged pictures big enough for the whole family to see

With faithful reproduction of both sound and scene

With familiar push-button tuning

With a full line of beautiful cabinets

You've heard of illusions created with mirrors. But here's where mirrors create something real!

In the coming Belmont Television Receiving Sets, mirrors, as used in the Schmidt Optical System, produce bright, greatly enlarged pictures. Then these pictures are flashed before your view on a large sized screen. The results are pictures the whole family can see . . . without straining or crowding.

And you'll know ease of operation that fulfills every wish. You can pull pictures from the air as easily as you "tune in" with your present radio. You'll have the same familiar push-button control. And with every picture, you'll enjoy faithful reproduction of every broadcast sound . . . *talking pictures at television's best.*

As one of the pioneer builders of fine radios, Belmont has the experience, the facilities and the skill to bring you television as you want it . . . in the cabinet you want . . . at the price you want to pay. And that's our goal.

Today, Belmont's job is to produce high-precision electronic equipment for the Armed Forces . . . in volume and on time. In this job, there will be no lull until it is finished. But that day will come. Keep your eyes on Belmont! Belmont Radio Corporation, 5923 W. Dickens Avenue, Chicago 39, Illinois.

***Wage War With Your Wages—
Buy War Bonds!***



Belmont Radio

By showing a black and white picture on the television screen in the above illustration, Belmont is being realistic. This is the type of television picture you can expect to see. But when television in color is ready and practical, Belmont will have it for you.

R A D I O ★ T E L E V I S I O N ★ F M ★ E L E C T R O N I C S



Copyright 1945, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

WRITE ON A TYPEWRITER WITH ONE KEY?

Might as well try to make truly great beer from just one brewing! That's why Pabst Blue Ribbon is *full-flavor blended* from at least 33 fine brews...to insure depth of *flavor*, even *goodness*, superb *quality*. Order it with confidence, serve it with pride—for no matter where you go, there is no finer beer than Pabst Blue Ribbon.

33 Fine Brews

BLENDED

into One Great Beer



DANNY KAYE ON THE AIR EVERY SATURDAY 8 P.M. EWT-CBS
WITH HARRY JAMES AND HIS MUSIC MAKERS

THE ATOLLS (continued)

understand what the word "neutralized" means in relation to the atolls the Japs still hold.

A rusty freighter sunk in the lagoon looked like a toy boat somebody had stepped on. There was a strange dusty desolation about the main islet. The few palms still standing had been shredded by fragmentation bombs. The airstrip was pitted and scarred by direct hits.

After circling the place once the Dumbo lumbered back out over the ocean to give the attackers air room.

We saw the dense putty-colored smoke curling up out of the island before we saw the planes. Then we saw them, small, black and fast, speeding across the target and out over the lagoon and away.

A few bombs made geysers in the water beside the pier.

We circled the island once more well out of range of the machine guns. The smoke had blown off and it looked empty and colorless and desolate as before, more like a sample photograph of a target than a real island where living men of flesh and blood were eking out an existence in burrows underground.

The Dumbo took a couple of turns outside the reef to make sure every plane had gone home and set off on a straight course over the changeless ocean back to Majuro.

Natives honor our dead

Back at the airfield, operations told us that the boys who had crashed the day before were both dead, bodies had been taken ashore by the natives. An LCI was on the way to bring them back.

When we got back to the atoll commander's quarters he met us at the door with a sheet of paper. Without saying anything he placed it in my hand and turned on his heel and strode into his bedroom.

It was the report, in stiff naval language, of the commander of the patrol boat. He had landed on Arno and interrogated the natives with the help of an interpreter. The natives had seen the plane crash in the shallow water at the edge of the reef and had gone out in canoes at considerable personal risk and brought back the bodies. They had tried artificial respiration for 20 minutes but both men were dead. Then they had gone back to the wreck and rescued as much gear as possible. All the articles had been carefully itemized on a sheet of paper by the village scribe. They had further made coffins for the two men and piled flowers over them and held a funeral service in the Marshallese language, the account of which was enclosed.

Enclosed was a sheet of lined schoolroom paper covered with unfamiliar words written in a fine Spencerian hand.

The atoll commander stood looking at us severely from his bedroom door. His eyes were dark and his lips pressed tight together. "I must get that translated. . . . Touching, isn't it?" he said.



Signpost on Tarawa atoll points to future. This is on Betio Island where most Marine landings took place. Today U. S. planes fly regularly out of Betio's big field.

WHO ELSE WANTS A "Stay-Moist" Shave?

AHOY! LIFEBOUY SHAVING CREAM'S HEAVY LATHER STAYS MOIST—KEEPS BEARDS SOFT FOR AN EASIER SHAVE

WHAT A SHAVE! MY FACE FEELS FRESH AND SMOOTH. LIFEBOUY'S "STAY-MOIST" LATHER DOES THE TRICK. TRY IT!

THE SAILOR IS RIGHT. EVEN WITH COLD WATER OR A USED BLADE LIFEBOUY GIVES BETTER SHAVES THAN FAST-DRYING LATHERS

TRY LIFEBOUY SHAVING CREAM'S HEAVY "STAY-MOIST" LATHER—YOU'LL LIKE ITS MILD FRAGRANCE

LIFEBOUY Shaving Cream

120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE

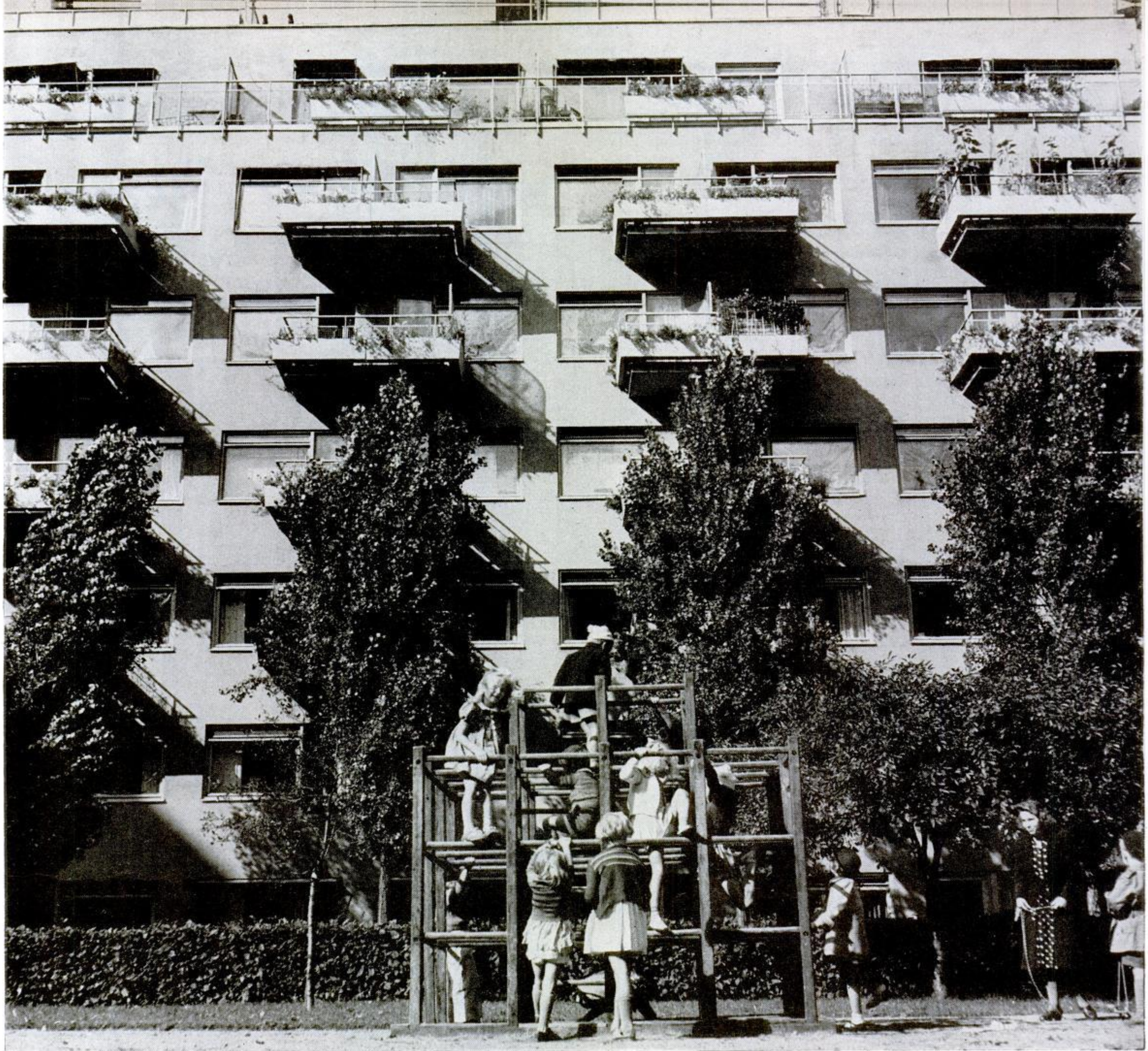
Your BLOOD and MONEY too!

1945 RED CROSS WAR FUND

Blood donors can be accepted only in and near 31 large cities, but everyone can contribute to the War Fund during March.

OFFICIAL U. S. COAST GUARD PHOTOGRAPH. GRAFLEX-MADE

THIS APPEAL PREPARED BY THE FOLMER GRAFLEX CORPORATION, ROCHESTER, N. Y., U. S. A. PEACETIME MANUFACTURERS OF GRAFLEX AND SPEED GRAPHIC PRIZE-WINNING CAMERAS



BACK OF "KOLLEKTIVHUSET" FACES ON LANDSCAPED COURT USED AS PLAYGROUND. BALCONIES, BIG WINDOWS AND ROOFTOP SUN DECK GIVE TENANTS PLENTY OF LIGHT AND AIR



FRONT OF KOLLEKTIVHUSET ALSO HAS BALCONIES, ONE FOR EACH OF THE APARTMENTS

SWEDEN'S MODEL APARTMENTS

Stockholm building is wonderful for wives who work

For ten years some 15 middle-class families in Sweden have had most of the problems of daily living solved for them. They live in "Kollektivhuset," or "Collective House," a cooperative apartment building in Stockholm especially designed by Architect Sven Markelius to provide for the needs of husbands and wives who work and have children. Going away for the weekend, a couple may leave its 4-year-old in a day-and-night nursery right in the building. Older children stay in a dormitory on the ground floor and get their meals in the cafeteria. Coming home tired on Sunday night, the couple may order a meal for two for about \$1 and have it sent up from a central kitchen to their apartment on a dumb-waiter. During the week a wife can get all her housework done for 25c an hour by salaried maids who are a part of the apartment house staff. The apartments themselves are designed for maximum utility. Each living room, for example, is provided with screens and couches so that it may be converted easily into a guest bedroom.

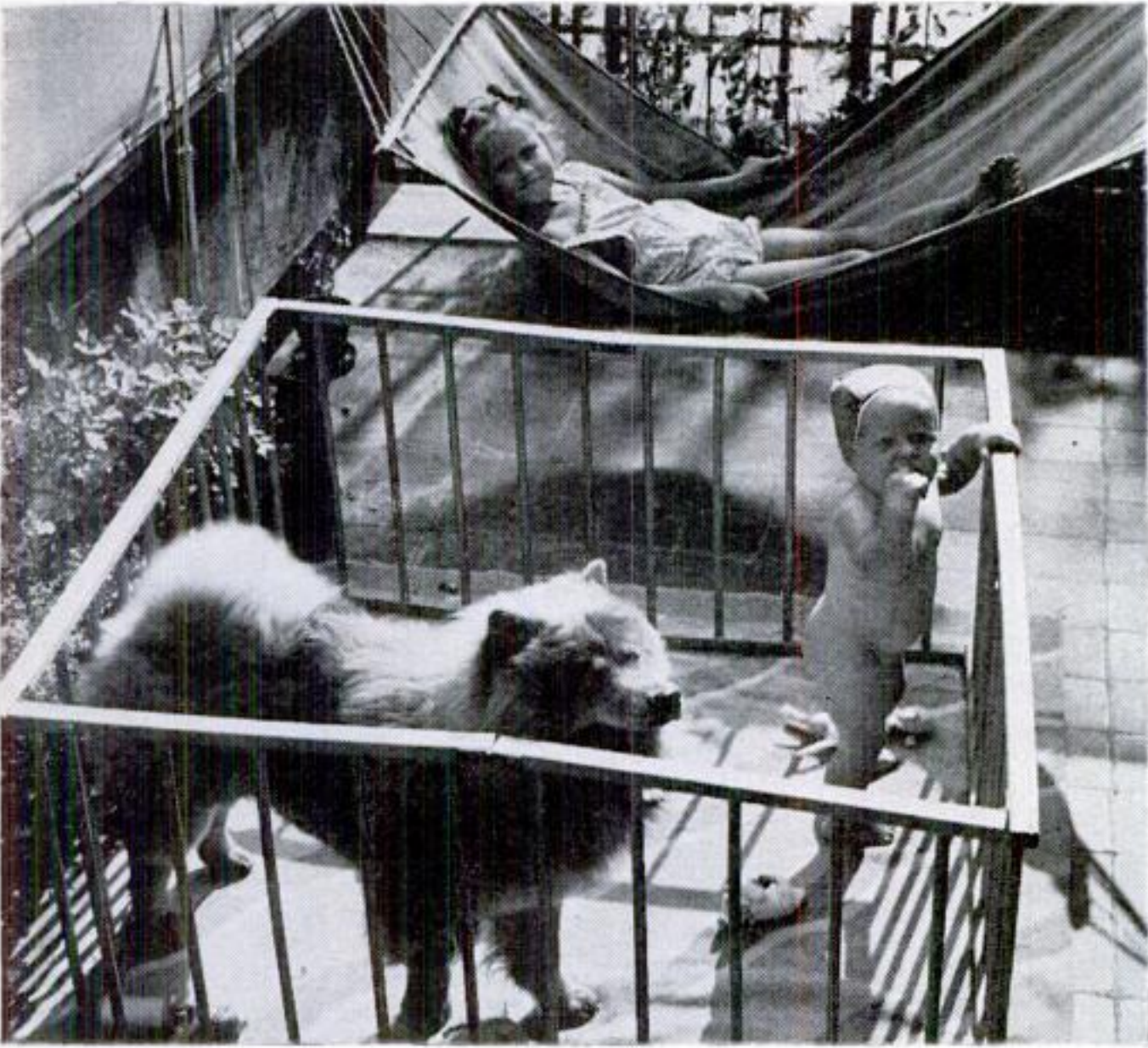
All these conveniences may be had in the U. S. but only at fancy apartment-hotel prices. Rents in Kollektivhuset, which was built largely with private capital but is now run on a cooperative basis, vary each year according to the operating cost of the building. They range from about \$30 a month for a one-room apartment to approximately \$75 for four rooms. For U. S. wives who may want to keep on working after the war, houses patterned after Kollektivhuset would be like a small bit of Utopia.



Combination nursery-kindergarten is bountifully supplied with toys, is in charge of trained nurses. It is always open. Charges are about \$1 per day per child with meals.



Baby sitters, members of the apartment-house staff, are always available to spend the day with children while father and mother are at work. Building has 80 occupants.



On apartment balcony children play in sun, parents grow flowers. Kollektivhuset was privately financed. Tenants now buy shares, own and run the building cooperatively.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

FOR HAPPY MOMENTS



Good taste will confirm your good judgment when you drink HIRES... a refreshing thirst quencher... a delicious snack-chaser



...Owes its great popularity to its consistent high quality and fine flavor.

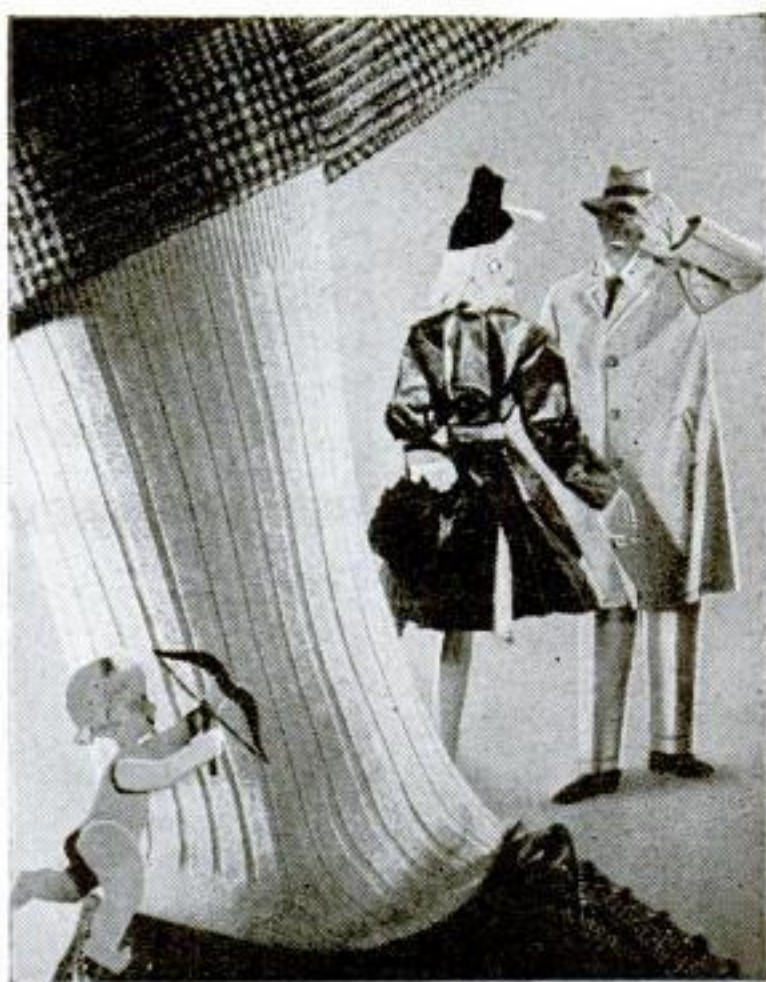


Beech-Nut GUM

Until final Victory, you may not always find this delicious gum at your dealer's. Our fighting men are now getting most of it.



GIRLS GATHER 'ROUND men who wear Westminsters. They have what it takes . . . classic patterns, handsome colors, trim fit! In short, they're **RIGHT 'ROUND THE ANKLES!**



IT'S PRETTY COZY wearing Westminsters. Feet keep snug and warm while March winds blow. Get the socks that look right, feel right, fit **RIGHT 'ROUND THE ANKLES!**

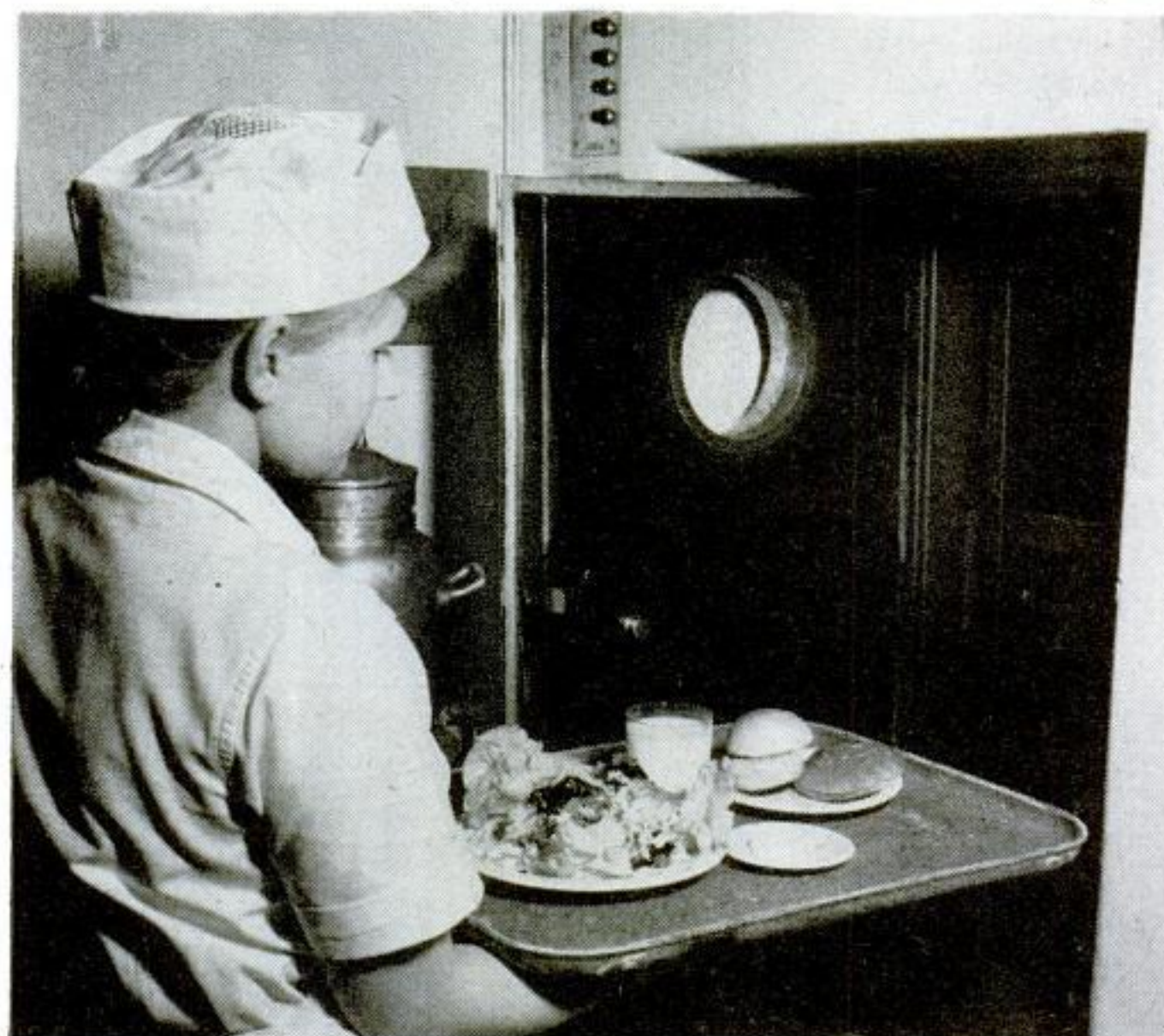


Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

Sweden's Model Apartments (continued)



Cafeteria on the ground floor serves meals to tenants as well as to general public. Dinner costs 50¢. Kollektivhuset is proud of its low divorce rate: two cases in ten years.



Dumb-waiters lead from the main kitchen to all six floors and to almost all of the apartments. Each apartment is also equipped with a kitchenette for home cooking.



Chutes lead from each floor to basement laundry operated by Kollektivhuset. Tenants hold monthly meetings, discuss efficiency of services, suggest improvements.

"Honest, Boss, we like **MILK-BONE!**"



Puppy hearts . . . and big-dog pulses, too . . . beat faster when they see Milk-Bone Biscuit coming their way in the morning! It's so crunchy and chewy that it's like a real bone to your dog! Good clean exercise for teeth and gums besides!

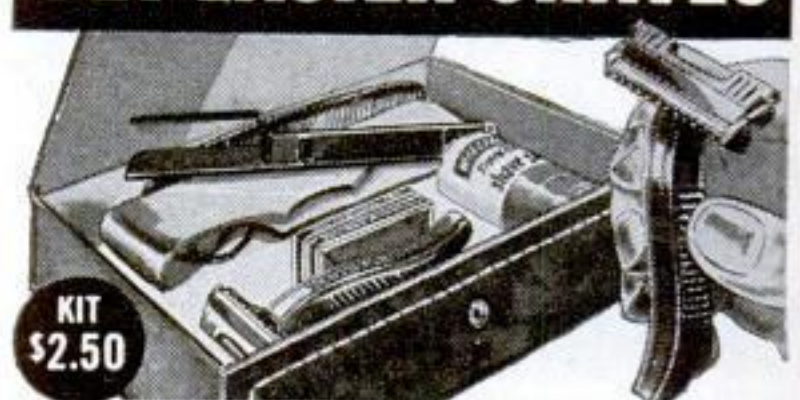
Remember . . . feeding your dog Milk-Bone makes your work lighter . . . your dog happier!

Milk-Bone foods . . . made especially for dogs . . . are sold at your dealer's.

Milk-Bone foods contain nutrients your dog needs: Vitamins A, B₁, B₂, D and E . . . Meat Meal . . . Fish Oil . . . Whole Wheat Flour . . . Minerals . . . Milk

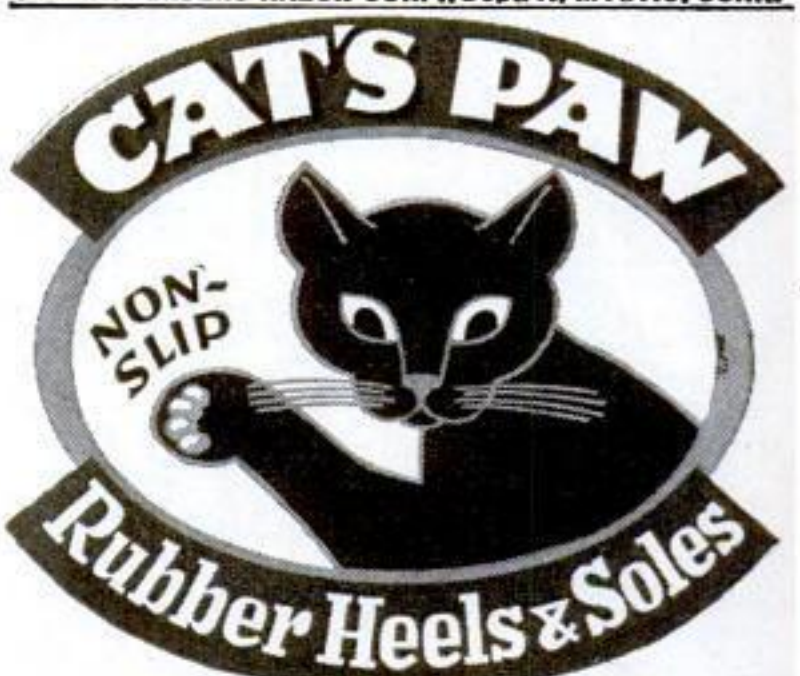
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GET THIS ENDERS KIT AND GET EASIER SHAVES



Here's streamlined shaving . . . smooth, fast, simpler than you ever dreamed shaving could be. Cushioned blade action, new type one-piece razor head, scientific balance—these assure you effortless, feather-touch shaves. Blade clicks into razor instantly like magic. Nothing to take apart. Quick, easy shaves from start to finish! Kit includes razor, 10 blades, soap, comb and STROP for "new-blade" smoothness every shave. Switch to easier shaving.

Mail \$2.50 direct, if not available at dealers. Money back guarantee. Strop alone \$1.00. **DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. A, MYSTIC, CONN.**



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MENDS FURNITURE
Easy to use. No mixing. Also mends toys, models, wood, china, glass, leather, 'most anything. Sold 'most everywhere—10¢ bottles or larger sizes from ¼-pint up: McCormick & Co., Inc., Baltimore 2, Md.

AN ELEPHANT FOR STRENGTH



THREE FEATHERS

Reserve

*First among
fine whiskies*



Enjoy this fine Whiskey...

AT ITS PRE-WAR BEST!

Rare pre-war*whiskies in Three Feathers are skillfully blended with the choicest of American grain neutral spirits. Three Feathers—at its pre-war best—is deservedly termed "First Among Fine Whiskies". Try it today!

FEATHER YOUR NEST...HOLD THE WAR BONDS YOU BUY!...Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York. Blended Whiskey, 86 proof.*The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. 40% straight whiskey, 60% grain neutral spirits.



Unretouched color photograph of Regal Style No. 1275

British Bootmaker Style—

AT JUST \$6.60

REGAL SHOES

You've got to hand it to British Bootmakers for smart styling. And these shoes—English as a Churchill Toby Jug—were styled by one of the Empire's best—famous James Lobb of London. Expensive? Yes, his original pair cost 9 guineas (\$38)—but Regal's amazingly accurate Reproductions, in finest King Calf, cost just \$6.60!

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Regal uses the skills of other noted custom-bootmakers, too—so when you buy Regal Reproductions in town, country or sports shoes you get authentic custom-styling—high-quality leathers—shoes that *look and feel* like expensive, hand-made bootmaker shoes. Yet all Regal Shoes are sold only through company-owned stores at one low price coast to coast—\$6.60!

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ADV. BY H. W. AYER



NEAR THE END OF THE LONG STILWELL ROAD AT KUNMING, A SWARM OF HAPPY CHINESE CHILDREN WITH FLAGS CLIMB OVER AN AMERICAN JEEP IN THE FIRST TRUCK CONVOY

Life Goes Over the Stilwell Road

The first U.S. truck convoy to reach China since 1942 arrives at Kunming after a journey of 1,000 miles

In January a convoy of trucks formed at Ledo in India's tea-growing province of Assam and started down a fresh-cut road to the south. It is now the dry season in Burma and the trucks growled along in a column of dust. At the beginning they crossed a range of 5,000-foot mountains but they were soon in the green valleys of northern Burma. At Myitkyina, captured by Allied soldiers late last summer, the trucks stopped for a while. When they heard the

road had been cleared of Japanese to the south, the drivers started off again, rolling past the bodies of newly killed Japanese into the barren mountains and valleys of southwestern China. After a journey of 1,000 miles from Ledo, the trucks arrived at Kunming. It was the first convoy to China since the Japanese cut the old Burma Road in May of 1942.

When the trucks rolled into China, Chiang Kai-shek gave the new road a new name: the Stilwell

Road. The Burma Road had begun at Lashio, which is still held by the Japanese to the south. The new road cuts across the top of Burma to join the old one north of Lashio. While it was being built it was called the Ledo Road, or sometimes "Pick's Pike" after its builder, Brig. General Lewis A. Pick. Now the Generalissimo had named the road after the American commander who was too plain-spoken with him to stay in Asia but who made the road possible.



A smiling Buddha, damaged by fighting along the road in Burma, is inspected by men of the convoy. This is a conventional Buddha, seated on a lotus leaf in formal attitude of contempla-

tion. In peacetime Burmese Buddhist monks come out of their gilt temples in yellow robes at sunrise to make their rounds. Some hillbilly Burmese worship animals instead of Buddha.



In Chinese town of Paoshan, which is about halfway from Ledo to Kunming, part of the convoy
rolls down a narrow street. On the smooth old stones of the sidewalks stand the citizens of the

town. These Chinese are used to the sight of trucks because the original Burma Road passed
this way. Before the war, however, this part of China was almost never visited by white men.

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AUSTINIZED
Washable
Telo-weave
CLOTH

McGREGOR
SPORTSWEAR MADE IN U.S.A.

The Suit Shirt will give you new ideas on Summer comfort. You'll be cooler during the business week and over country weekends. You'll look trim in this style that features "extra" tailoring*. Shown is the Lamont Suit Shirt, of Austinized Telo-weave Cloth, a Sanforized, vat-dyed rayon that's guaranteed washable by the Crown Tested Green Light tests, \$5.95

The Shirt Suit gives complete comfort, is the complete set of Suit Shirt combined with pre-blended slacks. In fine wools from \$22.50 . . . rayons from \$16.50



***The "extra" tailoring in a SUIT SHIRT**

- Tapered body lines...prevents slack and bunching at waist.
- Tapered sleeves...look trim, provide extra elbow room.
- Body conforming shoulder...prevents bunching at shoulder.
- Extra large pockets...made with pen and pencil sections.
- Phantom collar stays...keep collar flat, neat looking.
- Convertible collar...shirt looks well with or without tie.

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Just inside China a truck in the convoy tows a howitzer past caves dug in a hillside by Chinese troops. At this point the Chinese stopped the Japanese penetration of Yunnan, the Chinese province which adjoins Burma. Later they crossed the Salween River



A pontoon bridge is moored in the broad Irrawaddy River, which runs past Myitkyina and Mandalay south to Rangoon. In the first jeep at right is General Pick, commander of the road builders. Between Ledo and China, Pick's men built 600 bridges.



to push the Japanese back. In January they joined other Chinese troops and Americans driving east through Burma. In the stretch where two drives met, U. S. tanks ran up and down the road to clean out the Japanese, and the way to China was open.



Crossing the Salween the trucks roll over a suspension bridge built by engineers. The upper Salween flows through mountains and gorges. The engineers also built a road from Myitkyina through the mountains in case Japanese held the drive south.

*A Promise that is
more important today
than ever*



THOSE IN THE KNOW - ASK FOR

**OLD
CROW**

A Truly Great Name

**AMONG
AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES**



Men derive a deep satisfaction in finding to-day's Old Crow *unchanged*—despite wartime conditions. Not as plentiful, of course, as in pre-war days, but you should be able to get Old Crow if you *keep asking for it*.

TODAY, AS FOR GENERATIONS, *Bottled-in-Bond*

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York • 100 Proof

champ



YOUR HAT

FROM EVERY ANGLE

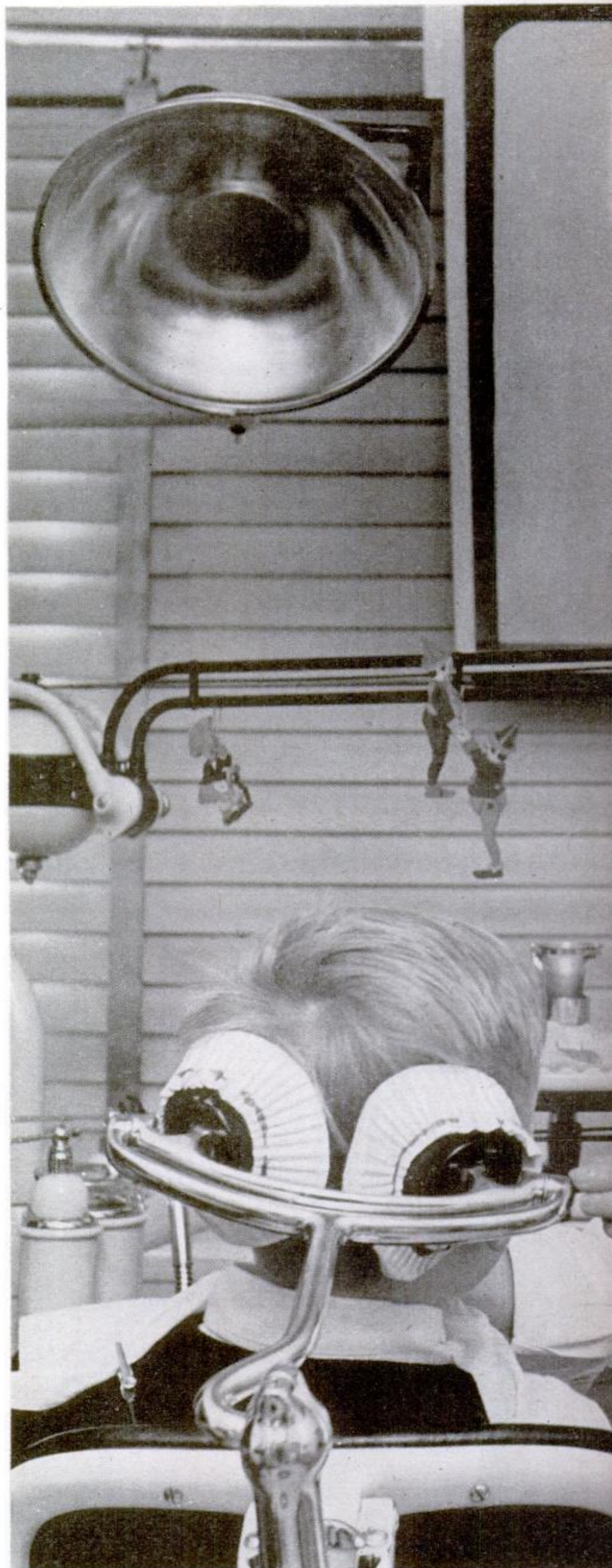
W-I-N-N-A-H — THE CHAMP

You walk in your favorite men's store—you ask for the Champ—you are handed your size—it looks good. You put it on—it looks better. You eye the price tag—it looks great...in fact, the greatest hat value you have ever seen. Gentlemen: meet *The Champ*—from every angle it's *your* hat for Spring.

● Shown in the season's smartest blues, grays, browns, tans and coverts. \$5.00—\$6.50—\$7.50

● CHAMP HATS • Made by LA SALLE HAT CO., PHILA.

MISCELLANY



IN NURSE'S CHAIR YOUNG PATIENT IS ENTERTAINED BY LITTLE MARIONETTES

FUN AT THE DENTIST'S

New York doctor provides toys, movies, rewards to enlist the cooperation of his young patients



HANGING FROM APPARATUS AND ANIMATED SOUND CARTOON ON THE SCREEN

There is a dentist in New York City who has found a way to destroy some of the distrust which children feel on their first visit to him. When the patient arrives, he is ushered into a wonderful playroom with gay wall decorations done by a patient, and a great many toys. After a few minutes in the playroom he goes into the nurse's office where, while she cleans and probes, he watches a movie cartoon (*see above*). Having found that a trip to the dentist is fun, the patient cheerfully goes on to the dentist's chair where entertainment stops. But the dentist is a pleasant man, and after he is through, many children remember more of the toys than the drills.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"Rings the bell!
Tastes best! It's swell!"

says

SUSANNA FOSTER



See Susanna Foster in
"FRISCO SAL"
a Universal picture



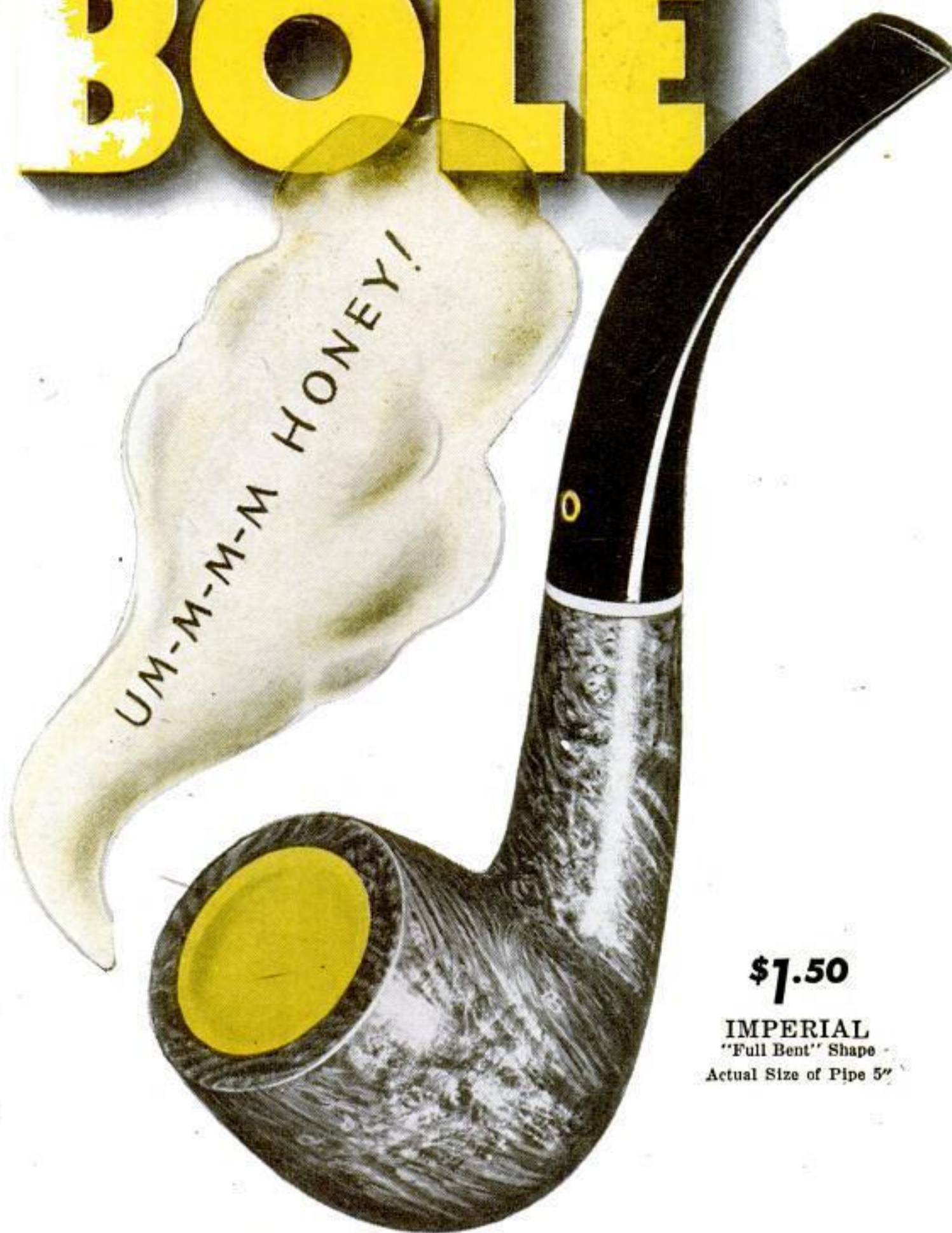
"MY TASTE-TEST WINNER!" says Susanna. "I tried leading colas in paper cups, picked Royal Crown Cola far above the rest! It's a grand fresh start!" Try R C today! 2 full glasses in each 5¢ bottle. ("Incidentally," says Susanna, "keep on buying War Bonds!")

ROYAL CROWN
COLA

BEST BY TASTE-TEST



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\$7.50

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"Full Bent" Shape
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HONEY

cures your smoke

Yello-Bole Pipes are treated with real bee's honey. You can fill a new Yello-Bole with tobacco, light it, and enjoy a mild, pleasant, agreeable smoke, right away—then and there. There's no "breaking-in," as with some pipes. No period of "getting the newness out of it." Yello-Boles start sweet, and *stay* sweet, and agreeable. The honey keeps curing the smoke. If you can't get one immediately, it's because men at war are getting theirs—but your dealer is being supplied with his share, as available.

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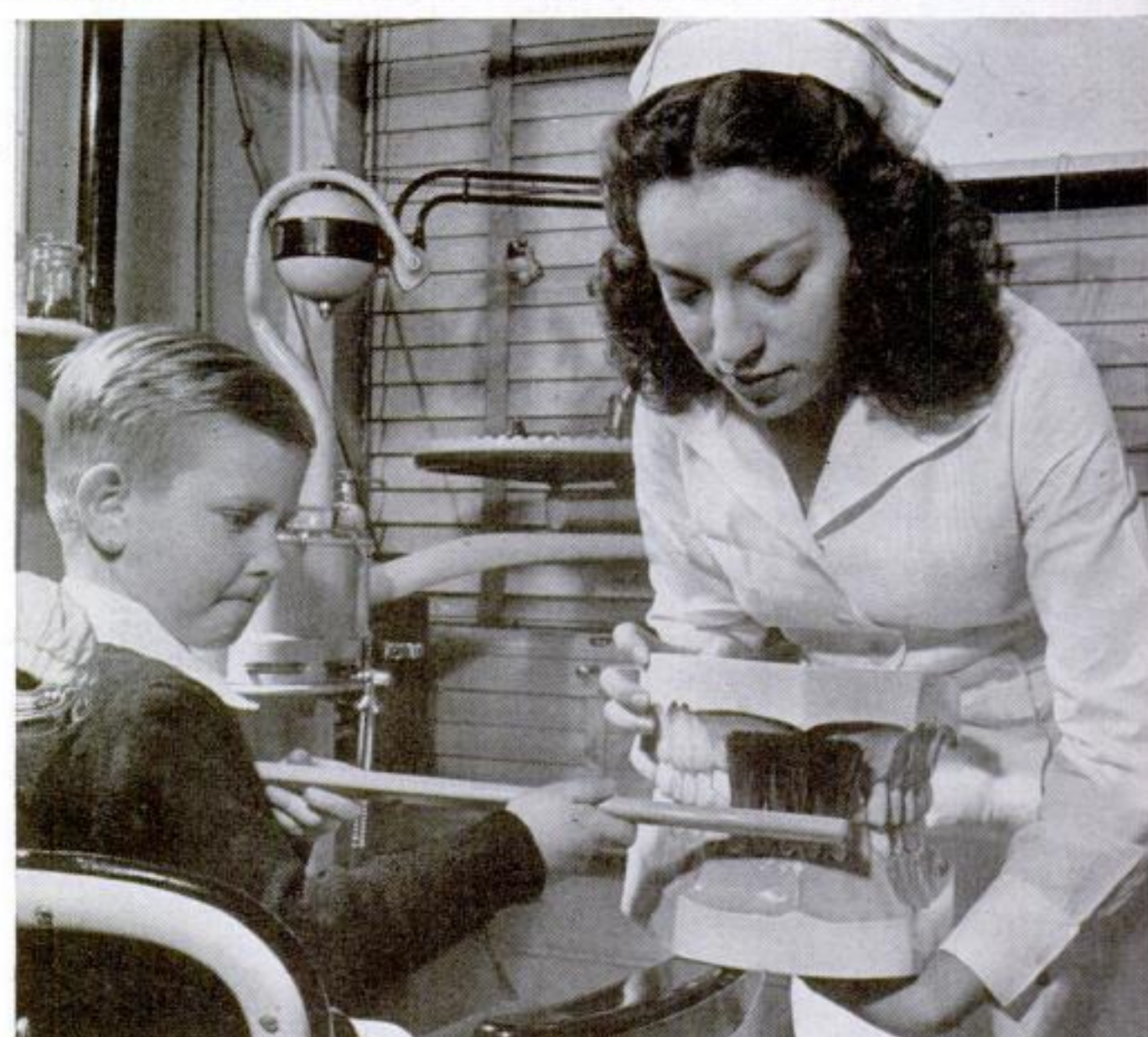
YELLO-BOLE STANDARD \$1



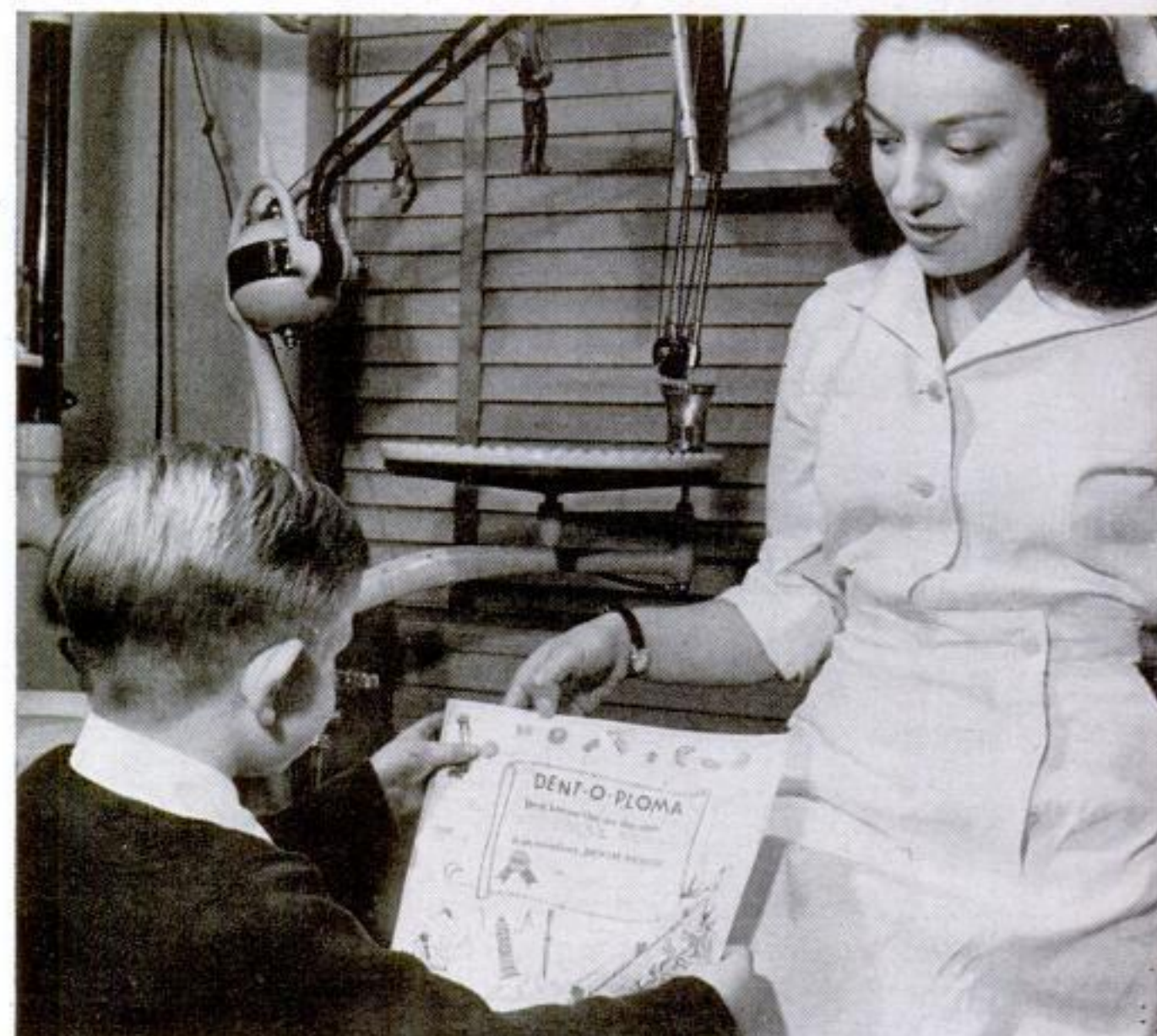
Fun at the Dentist's (continued)



In the playroom children relax and generally forget they are facing the unknown. Although their dentist treats many adults, nearly all Saturday patients are children.



In nurse's chair a little boy is taught how to brush his teeth. By explaining what the dentist will do, the nurse quiets fears built up by the sight of complicated machinery.



After the ordeal patient is given a certificate decorated with smiling teeth, dancing toothbrushes. Sometimes the dentist gives baseball bats, model airplanes as rewards.



... may I urge you to hold on to
all the War Bonds you buy.

I.W. Harper



Distilled in peace time and Bottled in Bond
under the supervision of the U. S. Government.

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the gold medal whiskey

since 1872



Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Bottled in Bond, 100 Proof. Bernheim Distilling Company, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky

So glad to see you... Have a Coca-Cola



...or today's friendships help make the future

Down where springtime is on the way... and on up north from there... sentimental is the word for them all. Miss America, G. I. Joe, Mom and Dad, you and the folks next door just naturally want to make friends. When you meet up with someone whom you are glad to see, try the greeting *Have a Coke*. When you invite people to share *the pause that refreshes* with

ice-cold Coca-Cola, they know that you have your hand out and your heart open. Next time you meet, they will want to be the first to say *Have a Coke*.

* * *

Our fighting men meet up with Coca-Cola many places overseas, where it's bottled on the spot. Coca-Cola has been a globe-trotter "since way back when".



It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called *Coke*.

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